

# DISCOVERIES

A KIRKUS service for self-published and independent authors

A war erupts on a heaven-like planet and spills over to Earth, embroiling a cast of characters in the desperate birth of a new age for mankind.

Early on in Lavanway's complex, problematic work, a main character has a dream. When he wakes, he finds the dividing line between dreaming and waking disturbingly blurred: "It had been going on before I dreamed it, and it had continued after I awoke." Readers who grapple with Lavanway's dense, incantatory prose for more than a few chapters will feel the same way: the threads of his narrative are often completely lost in the profuse detail of his imagined alternate reality—but the ultimate sensation also has some of the good qualities of being trapped inside a dream. On one surface level, this is a very old story of rebellion in Heaven. In the perfect alien world of Antecedeon, all is peace and harmony among its older and wiser inhabitants, when gradually younger spirits, dubbing themselves the New Order, grow impatient with the perfection all around them (and with Antecedeon's wise and benevolent solitary male patriarch—no explanation is offered why a perfect world would need such an anachronistic feature). As the New Order spreads its resistance across space and dimensions to Earth, a story evolves that is both evocatively detailed and maddeningly vague. Lavanway has the courage to envision what seems at first to be an entire cosmology, and that's no small undertaking. He has a vigorous talent for description, which is often pitted against sentences such as, "One of the main reasons behind the World Order's campaign to bring immortality and immersive interconnectivity to the global population was to preserve the World Order's bank of human assets and ensure control over the human resource pool upon which the World Order elites floated." The work shares the apocalyptic, phantasmal sensibility of the biblical book of Revelation, and includes a section at the end citing specific religious passages that inspired much of the story.

A taxing text, but readers prepared to do the work will find some grand and gripping concepts here.

<http://www.kirkusreviews.com/book-reviews/fiction/ilyan-kei-lavanway/earth-sink>

Kirkus Discoveries, Kirkus Media LLC, 6411 Burleson Rd., TX 78744

[discoveries@kirkusreviews.com](mailto:discoveries@kirkusreviews.com)

## Reader Reviews

Please verify these reviews by visiting:

<http://www.amazon.com/Earth-Sink-ebook/dp/B003ZYEY7S>

**\*\*\*\* Impressive**, October 11, 2010

By **J. Taylor**

**Amazon Verified Purchase**

**This review is from: Earth Sink (Kindle Edition)**

A very interesting and descriptive account on the last days of earth. In general, I'm quite drawn to this type of science fiction. The only thing that would have made this more interesting and perhaps more personal to me is to have told this story from the perspective of a developed character living on the earth. He started to do this a few times (i.e. Johnny, his girl and their fast car), but fell a little short. This was almost like a futuristic-metaphysical James Michener novel without the sub plots of the actual people living in the area he describes. Earth Sink is extremely graphic, which I found a little offensive and extremely dark at times. However, later when I went back to read Revelations, it's not as if you would have to stretch too far for his descriptions to be congruent with the descriptions in the Bible. The last days could be simply horrific for the wicked. This author does better than most describing just how horrific it could be. Really enjoyed his vision regarding biotechnology, quantum computing, artificial intelligences and it's future role for mankind.

**\* Read the sample first.**, September 23, 2010

By **Lee Walke**

**This review is from: Earth Sink (Perfect Paperback)**

I encourage anyone considering this purchase to take advantage of the "sample" feature. An Excerpt: "What really puzzled my brother and I was the fact that well into our telephone conversation it became evident that our mutual dream did not end when I awoke; nor had the dream commenced when I had begun dreaming."

## Reader Reviews

Please verify these reviews by visiting:

<http://www.amazon.com/Earth-Sink-ebook/dp/B003ZYEY7S>

**\*\*\*\*\* Electrifying**, September 21, 2010

By **T. Chuntraruk**

**This review is from: Earth Sink (Kindle Edition)**

The moment I started reading it I could not put it down. It's very well-written. Lots of imagery. Very thought-provoking. Parts of it were scary. The author is very knowledgeable. I highly recommend this novel.

**\*\*\*\* A MUST READ!!!**, September 21, 2010

By **D. Mar**

**This review is from: Earth Sink (Perfect Paperback)**

Eye opening and thought provoking!!! ...Lavanway's distinct use of imagery keeps the reader enthralled in the book's detailed storyline yet troubled over its apocalyptic predictions. Great read!!!

**\*\*\*\* behind the darkness**, August 23, 2010

By **mmx**

**This review is from: Earth Sink (Perfect Paperback)**

"Very riveting... even terrifying... And wow... State of Affairs is quite a dark chapter. I like how you framed the underlying principles. One can easily draw a comparison between what is good and what is evil by your illustrations. Your explanation and warning in the Preface was needed...there is some very offensive and graphic stuff that many will find sickening. I hope those that do read your book will not miss the value of your message. If they are overly critical of the darker material presented in the book, I fear they will. What you wrote in the Postface and the references you included are really what made the book for me."

## About the Author

My full name is Ilyan Kei Lavanway. As of the time of this printing, I live in the State of Florida. I am a Christian, a family man, and a United States citizen. I was born in Washington State in 1967. I am the oldest of seven siblings. I grew up in Central Washington.

I served as a full-time missionary for two years in Buenos Aires, Argentina for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I also served on active duty in the United States Air Force for nearly 14 years. I left the Air Force as a captain. While attending Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC), I completed a Bachelor of Arts degree in Mathematics at the University of Washington in Seattle. While on active duty as a Minuteman InterContinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) launch officer, I earned a Master of Science degree in Space Studies at the University of North Dakota. After leaving the Air Force, I attended Westwood College South Bay Campus in California to begin learning art and animation, and then relocated to Florida where I completed an Occupational Associate degree at The Digital Animation and Visual Effects School (DAVE School) at Universal Studios in Orlando, Florida.

I have enjoyed a lifelong passion for aviation. I spent my youth flying single engine aircraft, every type I could get my hands on and my wallet to accommodate. I took a newspaper delivery route at age 14 and paid for my own flying lessons. My first solo flight was five days after my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, and I earned my private pilot license on my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday. After returning from missionary service in Argentina, I earned my instrument rating. Incidentally, I never flew for the Air Force.

As life became complicated, the cockpit time of my youth faded into the past. I eventually became a published author. I have never lost my fascination for flight, and with that fascination, I enjoy a deep appreciation for the grandeur of nature and the cosmos. Over the years, I have experienced countless apocalyptic dreams during my sleeping hours, and so vivid and interesting were they that I decided to compose a book about the end of the world and about the state of mankind as the end approaches.

# EARTH SINK



ILYAN KEI LAVANWAY

Cocoa, Florida

EARTH SINK

Copyright © 2010 Ilyan Kei Lavanway

Cover design and art © 2010 Ilyan Kei Lavanway

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means without permission in writing from the author.

Third impression draft 2012

Printed in the United States of America by

Morris Publishing®

3212 East Highway 30

Kearney, NE 68847

1-800-650-7888

**Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication**  
***(Provided by Quality Books, Inc.)***

Lavanway, Ilyan Kei.

Earth sink / Ilyan Kei Lavanway.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9768004-3-9

ISBN-10: 0-9768004-3-8

1. Human beings--Fiction. 2. Good and evil--Fiction.  
3. Theological anthropology--Fiction. 4. Science  
fiction. I. Title.

PS3612.A9326E27 2010

813'.6

QBI10-600096

## Table of Contents

Preface .....	1
Chapter Zero: The Greater Good .....	5
Chapter One: First Estate .....	101
Chapter Two: Meridian .....	123
Chapter Three: Proxy .....	137
Chapter Four: State of Affairs .....	159
Chapter Five: Repercussions .....	247
Postface .....	411
References .....	417

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK



## **Preface**

I first began drafting this story on the 5<sup>th</sup> of December, 2007. This is a work of fiction based on my personal beliefs, speculations, imaginations, and perspectives, and a few dreams I have experienced over the past several years. I have applied my imagination to creatively embellish scriptural events and global circumstances as I imagine they could be. In no way is this work intended to be interpreted as prophetic. This work is not to be taken as doctrine or revelation. It is simply a story. It is intended to provoke thought. It is graphic and descriptive. Some readers may find portions of the story to be extremely disturbing, offensive, and controversial. It is not for the squeamish reader.

While the scriptural background underpinning this work is embellished for dramatic effect, a few unembellished scriptural references are provided following the Postface. The references provided are by no means exhaustive; they are intended to serve as a starting point for anyone inclined to

pursue related topics further. Readers are encouraged to study and pray and arrive at their own informed conclusions.

My dreams are written in first person. My intent is to describe my dreams on a personal level with as much clarity as possible, as accurately as I can remember them. The accounts of my dreams are not embellished.

The remainder of the text, written mostly in third person or narrative form, and in second person, includes my own personal speculations and imaginations, many of which may not be scientifically realistic. But then, the way things are going, who am I to suppose that everything will follow science as we currently understand it?

Approximate Timeline of Earth's Mortal History

**4000 BC**

1<sup>st</sup> Millennium

**3000 BC**

2<sup>nd</sup> Millennium

**2000 BC**

3<sup>rd</sup> Millennium

**1000 BC**

4<sup>th</sup> Millennium

**1 BC - AD 1** Meridian of Time

5<sup>th</sup> Millennium

**AD 1000**

6<sup>th</sup> Millennium

**AD 2000**

7<sup>th</sup> Millennium

**AD 3000**

8<sup>th</sup> Millennium

**AD 4000**

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

## **Chapter Zero**

### **The Greater Good**

History repeats itself. How far back does that go? How long will it continue?

Mars, that red planet, that small desert world that has intrigued man for centuries, has beckoned to man on Earth to look and observe, and be warned. There was life on Mars. There was.

But, this is not about life on Mars. Oh, no. This hits much closer to home.

On a vast and distant world, a world you don't remember, in a time veiled from your mind, there thrived a great, synergistic human civilization. Let's call their world Antecedeon. Civilization on Antecedeon was harmonious and industrious. Individual freedom and personal accountability were coupled with unfeigned love, mutual respect, and pure intent. It was a perfect society and a perfect family.

At first glance, one might be tempted to think of this vast society as some sort of Utopia. But, this was far superior to

any Utopia. In this perfect society, not everyone was equal or the same. But, that was by individual choice, not by force or circumstances against one's will. Basic principles of equality were honored. Men did not oppress women. Women did not manipulate men. Children honored parents. Parents respected and loved children. Children did not quarrel with each other. Individual characters, personalities, interests, desires, plans, efforts, gifts, talents, and abilities were as varied and diverse as snowflakes; no two were identical, yet no two were in conflict. Everyone had equal opportunity to become what they wanted to become and to explore whatever they wished to explore. Nobody was forced to take any particular course; nor was anyone prevented from taking any particular course.

In this vast world, there was no hunger or thirst, no disease or decay, no corruption, no pain or affliction or injustice of any kind. Nobody was crippled or sickly or deteriorated. No one suffered from any type of emotional, mental, or psychological ailment. Life was actually fair.

Babies were born without the pains and travails of labor. They were born with bodies of exquisitely pure and refined matter, an incorruptible and indestructible type of matter composed entirely of photons of light. The light of which they were composed was of extremely high energy and was characterized by frequencies far exceeding the gamma portion of the electromagnetic spectrum.

While their parents enjoyed immortal, perfected bodies of flesh and bone, children in this vast world were not born with bodies of flesh and bone. They were born as spirits. As spirits, they grew to their prime, and then never aged.

They were human spirits; they were not strange, vaporous, nebulous, formless entities. These human spirits looked like humans, just the way normal, healthy, youthful human bodies of flesh and bone look. The only difference was that they had not yet received bodies of flesh and bone.

The inhabitants of Antecedeon, and the inhabitants of countless worlds belonging to the same order as Antecedeon in countless other universes created by endless generations of progenitors, could communicate and move about simply by thought. Of course, these individuals were completely capable of walking and talking the way you might think, but they were not limited to such means. One needed only to imagine or visualize the location he or she intended to visit, and then simply choose to be there, and one would instantaneously be there.

This was nothing like what you may have seen in science fiction movies where people had to activate some sort of machinery and then the individuals being transported or teleported dematerialized in one location and then rematerialized in a different location in a process that took several seconds and was accompanied by a titillating light show. No, this was far beyond anything so rudimentary. This was much simpler. One's own mind did all the work by independent thought. No third party was required to activate any type of intricate technical system; no weird light show; no delay time; no dematerialization and rematerialization; no risk of ending up inside some solid object or merged with some foreign life form; no risk of being anatomically rearranged into some grotesquery at the destination; no special devices to

be worn. The process of instantaneous self transport was every bit as simple and natural to the inhabitants of Antecedon as walking is to you or to most people you know. It was indeed a learned skill, just like walking is a learned skill, but the learning process was entirely instinctive and intuitive. Even recently conceived spirits could learn to do it almost immediately.

The process by which these people moved about had much to do with the interaction of the two hemispheres of the human brain. The process by which they communicated was similar. They had no need to utter spoken words. They had no need for communication devices to address large numbers of people or to span large distances or long periods of time. Communication could be accomplished entirely by thought, instantaneously, regardless of distance. This was a bit beyond what you might call telepathic communication. Communication by thought was an immersive capability and experience. One could instantaneously share entire experiences, sensations, visualizations, sounds, sights, tastes, smells, feelings, emotions, and viewpoints all by thought, with as few or as many individuals as desired, regardless of distance, and regardless of time.

Of course, the youngest generations on Antecedon were spirits who had not yet received bodies of flesh and bone, so in their current stage of life, in their current estate, they were inherently incapable of certain types of experiences. To some degree, they could simulate and imagine sensations like taste, smell, and touch, but they could not actually experience such sensations as spirits without bodies of flesh and bone.



Progenitors had bodies of flesh and bone, and thus were able to experience the fullness of every type of sensation.

I saw a human brain with its distinctive hemispheres pulsating energy between each other. I could not understand how so much time had passed. I thought it was a dream, but I was not sure. It felt real. How was it possible that my brother, who lived some 2,000 miles away, was present with me in my dream and was seeing exactly what I was doing in the dream? How could anyone be in two different places in space or in time at once? In my dream, I was flying, levitating, physically moving through the air over a wheat field. As I flew, I was explaining to my younger brother watching from the ground how it was possible for human beings to fly, that it had something to do with the interaction of the left and right hemispheres of the brain oscillating the energy of thought back and forth at a frequency that created some kind of resonance, effectively amplifying the energy to a scale useful enough to move one's own body through space, and maybe through time as well.

"Check this out," I called to my brother.

I could see my brother leaning against a telephone pole at the side of the field. I swooped low and fast over the wheat, and then looped up, over the power lines, completing several loops in the air while my brother watched.

Then, I awoke suddenly to find myself back in the living room of my parents' house, laying on the sofa bed where I had gone to sleep that night while visiting my parents. It was late at night. I was so fascinated by the reality of my dream,

and by the presence of my brother in the dream, that I telephoned my brother immediately.

“I had this really weird dream, and you were in it, and I was flying...” I began explaining the dream to my brother.

Before I could get more than a few words out, my brother exclaimed: “Yeah, I know. I was there watching you from the ground by that telephone pole, and you were doing loops over the wires!”

What really puzzled both my brother and I was the fact that well into our telephone conversation it became evident that our mutual dream did not end when I awoke; nor had the dream commenced when I had begun dreaming. It had been going on before I dreamed it, and it had continued after I awoke. My brother witnessed the parts of the dream that I had missed while awake. My brother described to me over the telephone exactly what I had been doing in the dream, without even first hearing my description of what I was doing. He not only described to me exactly what I had been doing, but he described it accurately from his own perspective, from precisely where he was standing in the dream. He accurately described what I had been doing at the very moment I had awakened.

My brother went on to describe things I had been doing in the dream even after the part where I had awakened. In other words, when the dream had ended for me, it had continued for my brother. From my brother’s perspective, I was still present in the dream as my brother had continued in the dream for some moments after I had awakened.

Perhaps it was not my dream in the first place. Perhaps it was my brother's dream and somehow I was in his dream. From how my brother described it, it was apparent that he had been watching me fly around in this dream even before I had begun dreaming I was flying around seeing him watching from the ground. He had observed everything I had been doing in the dream, before, during, and after the part I had dreamed. Did one of us create the dream in the mind of the other?

How could two people, thousands of miles apart, who had been out of touch with each other for months suddenly dream the exact same dream and interact with each other in that dream? Was it even a dream at all? I only call it a dream because I do not know what else to call it.

Are some dreams independent of the people who dream them? Do some dreams exist autonomously? Is it possible that sometimes when we dream dreams, we are not actually dreaming them but observing them or stepping into them while they are already going on, like stepping into a simulator that has been running scenarios starring us even before we stepped into the simulator? If so, then who created the scenarios? Did we create the scenarios ourselves before we were born? Are some dreams a parallel span of time, or a glimpse of a possible parallel existence? Are some dreams a means of transport to times and places veiled from our conscious awareness, masked from our waking memories? Are some dreams not dreams at all, but simply memories of things we have done, or imagined doing, as spirits before we were born?

I think it is possible that some dreams are fleeting remnants of an innate but dormant or veiled human ability to use the power of thoughts to instantaneously communicate not only words, but emotions, experiences, imaginations, premonitions, visions, sights, sounds, smells, touch, taste, and other sensations, anything the human brain can process. I think some dreams are flash-backs, flash-forwards, lateral flashes, or fleeting recollections of a veiled but innate human ability to transport oneself through time and space by simple thought, instantaneously.

On Antecedeon, it was more natural and commonplace to use thoughts to communicate, transport, design, and create, than it was to use tools and technology. That is not to say there were no tools or technology around. Tools and technology had definitely been developed to extremely advanced levels. While tools and technology supplemented this great society, the functioning of the society did not depend solely upon tools and technology. Antecedeon, like countless worlds of the same order, was a place where infinite knowledge and eternal increase and advancement were either being enjoyed or could become available to all inhabitants, depending on their individual desires and decisions.

Progenitors and siblings of progenitors had created, inhabited, and populated worlds of the same order as Antecedeon without beginning or end. The events going on among the youngest generations on Antecedeon seemed new to the youngest generations, but those events had timeless and eternal precedent if viewed from the perspectives of the progenitors' generations.

The generations of progenitors all the way back to the ancients had chosen a course of existence that had enabled the progenitors to advance to the highest degree of eternal life, having bodies of flesh and bone that had not merely been made immortal, but perfected and glorified. You could not guess their age or their generation by looking at them. Progenitors all the way back to the ancients were every bit as handsome and beautiful and youthful and vibrant and vigorous as the youngest generations who were spirit bodies. This is the story of the youngest generations of this incomprehensibly multitudinous human family.

Theirs was not a society of volunteers. Nor was it a society of mindless drones. Nor was it a society of competition against one's neighbor. It was certainly not any type of hive or group consciousness, but rather an intelligently well ordered society of independently thinking, reasoning, sentient male and female individuals endowed with personally fulfilling individual identities, aptitudes, roles, and assignments. Every individual was a respected role model for someone. Every individual was assigned to some endeavor that was designed not only to benefit the whole society, but more importantly to encourage and sustain the development and expansion of individual potential and personal joy and fulfillment. Roles and assignments were not dictated. Everyone was encouraged to take initiative and to consistently create good works of their own volition.

No role or assignment was random or trivial; nor was any role or assignment trite. Every role and every assignment was selected by deliberate and careful mutual agreement between

the individual and the great governor who is the loving and omniscient patriarch of this vast human family. Every role and every assignment was afforded to the right individual for the right reasons, being entirely relevant. There were no busy-work assignments, and there were no fake roles conjured up for any reason.

Most individuals were more than happy to assist others as needed, and most individuals would graciously accept assistance as well. Interestingly, every assignment was actually fun; the process and the journey were as desirable as the anticipated result and destination. Each assignment was designed for the mutual edification of all participants. Assignments stimulated communication and inspired cooperation, social interaction, and a sharing of insights, perspectives, efforts, ideas, and responsibilities while generating progress. Help was always available if needed. Joy was as great or greater in the successes of others as it was in one's own successes.

Nobody tried to take all the credit for accomplishments or achievements. Nobody aspired to do everything for everyone. No one sought to lift or exalt oneself at the expense of another. There was no need for such treachery here. Nobody entertained such thoughts.

Every person had at his or her disposal ample fortune and ample means to expand roles, magnify assignments, and develop and enhance personal interests. Fortune here had nothing to do with money; there was no monetary system the way you might think of it. The simple trading of labor, efforts, and ideas, and a common foundation of compassion,

pure love, and open communication were sufficient to perpetuate prosperity among the denizens. There was always plenty of everything for everyone. There was no need to ration resources, nor was there cause for concerns regarding the overpopulation of any particular region or the oversaturation of any field of expertise. No one claimed exclusive ownership of any information or idea or concept, but rather everyone encouraged the honest pursuit and the unrestrained sharing of education, knowledge, skill, wisdom, joy and happiness. There was no confusion or disorder. Self discovery, personal development, charitable service, and a mutual quest for perfection were inseparably intertwined into the whole ideology.

Now you may ask, in a perfect society, why would anyone be on a quest for perfection? Well, perfect society is not necessarily synonymous with perfect individual. A perfect society may have among its citizens a number of imperfect individuals who are on a quest for perfection. In other words, though a society may be perfectly organized and founded upon perfect principles, it may include a multitude of imperfect individuals who are at various stages of personal development as they head toward individual perfection. Such was the case here.

In this vast civilization, there was no religion, at least not the kind you might imagine. It was not needed or wanted. No one sinned. No one wanted to do wrong by anyone, for all had pure hearts and sincere intentions. No one sought to deceive, coerce, manipulate, or take unfair advantage of another. Nobody was ignored or unappreciated.

No one shirked, for work was not burdensome or overwhelming, nor was it viewed as a sacrifice or a compromise. To these people, work was fun and fulfilling in and of itself, as well as in the results produced. Whenever an idea was conceived, there were ample resources and plenty of interested and enthusiastic souls willing to pitch in and help experiment until the idea could be refined into an effective plan or design, or until a more desirable course of action could be discovered.

Individual desires for solitude, private pondering, and meditation were deeply revered and respected. People were not looked upon as useless or selfish for spending the majority or the entirety of their days alone. No one was critical or injurious toward another for any reason. Nobody thought to find fault, but sought instead to edify and beautify everything and everyone around them.

The people were not enslaved by any manipulative economic designs. They were not beholden to any corrupt political agendas or unjust forms of absolutist government. Every law in force was sensible and vital and served a valid and specific purpose. There were no unnecessary laws. None of the laws were trivial, vain, trite, or selfishly enacted for the benefit of one group at the exclusion of another. Nor was any law enacted for the sake of the law itself, nor for the sake of the lawmakers, but only for the welfare of the people. Every law was lovingly and intelligently set to facilitate the eternal progression and happiness of the people. If there were individuals who would exclude themselves from any aspect of eternal advancement, it would be only by their own desire



and choice, in consequence of their own deliberate and informed individual decisions, and not by some act of oppression by another.

There was no cap or limit placed on anybody's personal advancement, capacity, or potential. Everyone was free to progress and to develop his or her own character, potential, and interests. Each person did so to varying degrees and at varying paces, individually, according to his or her several desires, efforts, and decisions. For the most part, everyone was learning and growing in a positive direction, refining individual character traits, becoming wiser, better educated, more observant, and increasingly proficient in various roles and assignments and in various personal endeavors and activities of choice, all while developing deep and abiding relationships with each other. The people kept a perfect balance and a mutual harmony. Their society was the epitome of symbiosis and the very definition of synergy.

No one had any enemies. Nobody sought to make enemies. Everyone knew and acknowledged everyone else. The people treated each other with love, dignity, and mutual respect. Eons had passed in peace and prosperity and learning. Everyone was genuinely happy and enjoyed unsullied liberty. Eternal prosperity and peace seemed assured and were even taken for granted.

The worth of the individual was as great as the worth of the society, for without the individual there could be no society. While individual worth, character refinement, mutual edification, learning, cooperation, patience, kindness, and all virtues culminating in charity were held as high ideals,

individual agency, meaning the freedom to choose for oneself and the inherent responsibility for the effects of one's own choices, was the foundation of everything upon which this people's very existence rested. Were it not for the continued and proper application of individual agency on the part of their progenitors, these youngest generations could not have come to be.

Among all the wonderful elements of happiness and prosperity so freely enjoyed by this vast human society, individual agency was the highest, deepest, most profoundly imperative and abiding principle. This society flourished for one simple reason: individual agency and its inherent individual accountability were the absolute root and core of everything. Individuals were never to be forced, coerced, threatened, manipulated, or deceived into doing, thinking, feeling, perceiving, or understanding anything against their will, nor were they to be stifled or inhibited or prevented from anything that would be of eternal value to themselves or to others, no matter what greater good might appear to be at stake.

The only thing of greater fundamental worth than the individual was individual agency. In this perfect society there were no wars or contentions or crimes, because everybody valued and respected individual agency above the individual. Differences of ideas and opinions and desires were handled with dignity and mutual respect. No one misused individual agency. No one attempted to violate, impose upon, infringe upon, or in any way nullify the individual agency of another.

Inherent to individual agency were individual identity, individual gender, and individual accountability. The preservation of individual agency was of utmost importance. It was by far the highest priority in every decision-making process and in every interpersonal relationship. In fact, individual agency was always, without exception, esteemed as the greatest good.

As all things were founded upon individual agency, individual agency was definitely worth fighting to preserve, if ever there would be a fight within a perfect society. Upon the fundamental foundation of individual agency, an overarching, irrevocable, and unalterable decree was set and passed down through all generations: every blessing, every result of a given application of individual agency, is predicated upon a precise law inherent to that application of agency. It is simple cause and effect, but profound and eternal.

To enable individuals to attain the highest degree of eternal life, such as that enjoyed by the great governor who is the omniscient and loving patriarch of this vast human family, a law was set that focused every application of individual agency and the associated results toward the formation and nurturing of eternal families. The focusing law was simple and eternal: the hearts of the children must turn toward their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers must turn toward their children. Every other law was in some way preparatory or subsidiary to this focusing law. All laws and all principles and all ordinances were inseparably intertwined, integral parts of this one larger, eternal whole.

The reason underpinning these laws was simple: the great governor and patriarch had no greater desire or purpose than to perpetuate the immortality, perfection, joy and happiness, and eternal life of his posterity, generation after generation, forever. Above all of his innumerable creations and designs, his children occupied the most endearing chambers of his heart. All of his endeavors and creations were in some way or another designed for the benefit and enjoyment and profit of his posterity.

The highest degree of eternal life could not be attained alone. It could only be attained by effecting and maintaining proper marriage between a man and a woman. In other words, eternal marriage between a man and a woman was the master key to the highest degree of eternal life. There were many lesser degrees of eternal life, but every lesser degree, though infinite in duration, was of finite scope. Those individuals who chose to settle for some lesser degree could not have posterity. The highest degree could only be unlocked with the master key, eternal marriage. Only within the highest degree of eternal life could posterity be enjoyed, hence the importance of eternal families.

Visualize the various degrees of eternal life as concentric spheres of existence, like the layers of an onion. The inner layers are the lesser degrees, or lesser spheres, being smaller and more limited in scope than the layers or spheres above them. Those who choose to settle for one of the lesser degrees can inhabit that layer or sphere commensurate with their application of individual agency to abide in the laws pertaining to that layer or sphere. They may also freely move

among any layers or spheres below the one in which they reside. However, they cannot at any time access a higher layer or sphere. This is because they knowingly chose not to apply their individual agency to abide in the laws pertaining to a higher layer or sphere during the season in which they were afforded every opportunity to apply their individual agency to abide in every law.

Like the layers of an onion, there is a distinct boundary or gap or gulf separating the lower limit of any given layer from the upper limit of the layer below it. In other words, the floor of any given layer or sphere lies above the ceiling of the layer or sphere below it. Likewise, the ceiling or upper limit of a given layer or sphere lies below the floor of the layer or sphere above it.

So, what about the highest degree? The highest degree has a floor but not a ceiling. Imagine an onion having an infinitely thick outermost or highest layer. That highest layer or sphere has a floor that lies above the ceiling of the layer or sphere below it. But, obviously, there is no layer or sphere above the highest layer or sphere, so the highest layer or sphere has no ceiling, no limit. It extends outward, onward, and upward to infinity. It is free to grow and progress, expand and advance indefinitely, for there is nothing above it to confine it or to restrict it. That is the type of sphere in which the great governor and patriarch resides. That is type of sphere representative of the highest degree of eternal life, the only sphere in which families can exist and posterity can be enjoyed, which means eternal increase without limit.

The focusing law and subsidiary laws were set to afford every man, woman, and child sufficient opportunity to apply individual agency toward the formation of families wherein each person could grow and enjoy eternal advancement and eternal increase. Without the focusing law and its subsidiary laws, everything related to eternal families and the eternal advancement of entire generations would come to naught.

You might be inclined to assume this was a society of perfect human beings. But, it was not. It was a perfect society, but not all of the people in it were perfect. The progenitors were perfect, but the youngest generations were imperfect. The youngest generations had limitations. They were spirits. They had not yet been endowed with bodies of flesh and bone like the bodies their progenitors now enjoyed. The youngest generations had not yet been born into bodies of flesh and bone in a mortal condition that would afford them further experiences that would be imperative for their eternal advancement. They had not yet been tested and given the opportunity to prove themselves willing to lawfully exercise their individual agency in a mortal probationary condition, meaning a mortal, imperfect setting wherein they would be subject to the physical manifestations of things they could only visualize or simulate in their mind's eye currently. There was much to be learned and accomplished before advancing to the point of being born into a mortal body of flesh and bone on a mortal world. These youngest generations had not yet reached that point in their eternal existence, but that point was not far off. These youngest generations were on a quest for perfection, and their passage

through a mortal probation would become a prerequisite to the fulfillment of that quest.

The progenitors of the contemporary generations had achieved perfection through the course of experience and through their willingness to lawfully apply their own individual agency in accordance with the laws set forth to enable them to successfully endure their own mortal probations on the mortal worlds created for them to inhabit, in their own mortal bodies of flesh and bone. Some time after their mortal probations were completed, their mortal bodies were quickened or resurrected to a perfected, immortal condition. Then, because they had chosen, of their own volition, to lawfully exercise their individual agency and to abide within the laws pertaining to eternal advancement before, during, and after their mortal probations, they were enabled to continue onward. They were enabled to form their own eternal families and enjoy eternal increase, endless posterity, and boundless prosperity in the highest degree of eternal life, that life they currently enjoyed.

These loving parents were attempting to impart their wisdom to their posterity so that their posterity could eventually achieve the same perfection, if they desired to do so. Achieving such perfection would inevitably require the willing and lawful exercise of individual agency in their current world as spirits, and then in a mortal world, in mortal bodies of flesh and bone, and then in a resurrected state wherein their bodies of flesh and bone would be quickened to immortality. It is imperative that you understand that at no time in human existence would individual agency cease to be

the greatest asset and the fundamental prerequisite to eternal advancement.

There was a protective decree in force that made it impossible for any being or any power to strip away or destroy anyone's individual agency, unless that individual deliberately, willfully, and knowingly chose to forfeit his or her own agency, being entirely aware of the full ramifications of such a decision while persisting in that decision beyond a point of no return. In other words, nobody can take away your agency; nothing can force you to relinquish your agency. However, you have the power to give up your own agency if you choose to do so. If individuals forfeited their own agency before being born into a mortal body of flesh and bone, they could never regain their agency. Nor would they ever be born into a body of flesh and bone to be enabled to continue forward on their quest for perfection. They would be halted. They would ultimately banish themselves to a ghastly state of utter blackness, a state so unimaginably dreadful they would desire to completely cease to exist, but of course no one can cease to exist. Thus, they would have chosen to suffer unbearable torment forever.

In their current estate, there was a fundamental level of development beyond which the youngest generations would never be able to progress collectively or individually unless some specific measures were implemented to enable them to continue their quest toward becoming perfected human beings. By and by, there came a season in which the youngest generations began to realize that their entire existence would stagnate. The youngest generations would be deadlocked in a



perpetual stalemate unless something could be done to prevent the all-encompassing societal and personal atrophy they faced.

For the first time in their history, the youngest generations encountered a threat. Not a threat like you might think. Not a threat of violence, bombs and bullets, swords and spears, famine, or plagues, or other forms of physical obliteration, but the threat of interminable stagnation. The threat of knowing there is something more, but never being able to reach it. The threat of damnation, being damned up like a river, unable to move onward in the course that so clearly and invitingly lay ahead yet just out of reach forever.

This great and endless stagnation would overcome these youngest generations unless they could be born into bodies of flesh and bone. As spirits, there was no way for them to prove their willingness to lawfully apply their individual agency in a mortal and imperfect world of tangible adversities, sicknesses, injustices, distractions, temptations, tragedies, and limited time. As spirits, it was impossible for them to demonstrate their willingness to sacrifice physical comforts, material wealth, and personal time. How could they master their own flesh and become gods if they had no bodies of flesh and bone of their own with which to learn and practice self mastery?

It was one thing to be spirit bodies in a perfect society in a perfect world where they could easily pledge to abide by every law. But, it would be quite a different matter to remain committed and faithful to those same laws when plunged into an imperfect society on a mortal and imperfect world awash

with harsh experiences, prolonged uncertainties, and tangible oppositions that could currently be depicted only as simulations in the mind's eye. Without bodies of flesh and bone, these youngest generations would be unable to advance beyond the status quo. They would be unable to experience the complete fullness of life enjoyed by their progenitors. Without bodies of flesh and bone, they would have to remain single, without opportunity to marry and to procreate infinite generations of posterity and find joy therein. Spirits are incapable of procreation. They cannot have offspring.

As in all worlds populated by thinking, reasoning, intelligent people, everyone recognized this foreboding stagnation with increasing urgency. Thoughts were shared, ideas were formulated, commonalities of opinions coalesced, and debates eventually ensued as everyone sought solutions to this new and ominous condition. From the point of view of these youngest generations, this great stagnation was a new experience, completely unprecedented. They had never encountered anything remotely like it. However, to their progenitors, this great stagnation was not without precedent. Their progenitors had experienced this same type of threat in their distant history. The progenitors had foretold and warned of a similar situation these youngest generations must inevitably confront. But, for the youngest generations, hearing about something they had never faced was quite a different matter than actually facing it.

Long before this threat of interminable stagnation reared its head, progenitors had begun diligently preparing the youngest generations regarding what to expect. Not just from

the threat itself, but also from the dynamics of their society that would change as a result of this threat. With deliberate and appropriate timing, as the youngest generations began expressing an interest in their heritage, their parents shared stories and unlocked immersive recordings of intricate, detailed histories of the progenitors to their posterity. The parents also unlocked immersive simulations that had been carefully designed with omniscient foresight to prepare these youngest generations, collectively and individually, for what they were about to face.

These immersive recordings and simulations could be described as virtual reality, or synthetic experience, on a highly advanced level that not only included audio and visual stimuli, but tactile, olfactory, and taste sensations, as well as thoughts and emotions and memories and awareness. The content could be stored in the form of light, in data storage systems of infinite capacity. Such systems could be accessed by thought, by any number of individuals, instantaneously and simultaneously. Any amount of data archived in such systems could be transmitted and shared directly by human thought among any number of individuals.

While sensations of touch, smell, taste, and sound could be simulated for the youngest generations who were spirits, such sensations could not be fully experienced or comprehended without bodies of flesh and bone. Learning of events of past eons and experiencing simulations of future conditions was revealing, edifying, fascinating, inspiring, educational, thought provoking and sobering. But, hearing stories and experiencing immersive recordings of histories

and simulations of futures could never supplant the real thing. There was simply no substitute for personal experience. At some point, all revelation, preparation, and training must be called into action and proven in the field.

The time was at hand for a momentous undertaking that would affect the future condition of this vast society as a whole as well as every individual member of the society, without exception. No one was exempt. The threat of the great stagnation was no one's fault. It was not the result of some cosmic anomaly or historic mistake or negligence, or some hidden corruption or conspiracy or political agenda. It was simply an inevitable turning point, or decision point, in the course of all eternal human existence. Every generation faced it at some point in their existence. It was sort of like puberty, but infinitely more comprehensive in scope. How these youngest generations would choose to handle it would become a decisive factor in whether or not they would be able to continue their quest for perfection.

For the first time in their existence, these youngest generations began to experience situations that tested their individual agency and their loyalty on an intimately personal level. These situations would follow them into their mortal probations on the world that would be created for them, the world that would become a mortal and imperfect world, the world they would soon inhabit.

Though the threat of the great stagnation loomed as the first form of destruction ever encountered by the youngest generations, their personal relationships solidified in heretofore unparalleled manner, as did their bonding with

their progenitors. Armed with an ever vivid recollection of what was at stake, progenitors spared no expense in preparing their posterity for what lay ahead.

All of the progenitors, even the ancients, demonstrated a sincere and unrelenting concern for the youngest generations facing this great stagnation. Their concern was both collective and individual down to the most personal level anyone could need or want. In as many cases as needed, each individual received personal assistance from multiple mentors assigned to just that individual and no one else, devoted and dedicated to compassionately sustain and assist that individual according to his or her needs and wants. This marked the greatest outpouring of love, devotion, concern, and activity expressed by the progenitors in the entire history of the youngest generations of this incomprehensibly multitudinous society.

Now, it is imperative that you understand that while all this was going on, the great governor and patriarch of this vast human family had already conceived a master plan for the best interest of his offspring, a plan which held in highest regard the sanctity of individual agency and individual identity and individual gender. He wisely and patiently withheld the fullness of his great master plan for a season, to allow his children to exercise their individual agency, to grow and learn and seek and reason and practice as much problem-solving cooperation amongst themselves as possible. This allowed them to discover for themselves the significance and the reality of what their progenitors had been trying to teach them. Having to act on their own volition enabled the

youngest generations to independently come to comprehend the fact that they would inevitably face eternal stagnation unless a solution bigger than themselves could be developed or discovered.

Circumstances among the youngest generations began to stimulate a tremendous amount of detailed and careful deliberation and planning, and there would be many, many proponents of various ideas addressing not only the issues at hand, but also the issues that would inevitably precipitate from the manner in which the more immediate concerns were handled. Little by little, the great governor and patriarch shared more and more of his master plan as his children became able to understand it, enabling them to make informed and timely decisions in their many deliberations. In spite of the orderly and loving manner in which the master plan and all its associated preparations were patiently presented to the youngest generations, what lay ahead would prove to be anything but harmonious. This once contiguous and flawless society would never be the same again, ever.

Since the great governor and patriarch upheld principles of order, the ensuing chaos could not be allowed to escalate unchecked. Something had to be done. As the great stagnation began pressing down upon this vast human family, the great governor and patriarch calmly called the whole of his youngest generations together. He called for their loyalty and support in appointing one individual from among them who would not only be willing, but prepared and capable to bear the unfathomable weight of responsibility of breaking the threat of the great stagnation, breaching it forever, and

then defining a simple and clear pathway through the breach and onward toward eternal individual and familial advancement. Simply breaching the great stagnation would not be enough. Each individual would need personalized and ongoing assistance during the journey through the breach. It was not going to be an easy trip. The one appointed to breach the great stagnation would bear the ongoing responsibility of guiding, forgiving, and caring for each individual as each individual made efforts to lawfully exercise personal agency along the way.

According to the master plan of the great governor and patriarch, the act of breaching the great stagnation and affording every individual an opportunity to continue onward to the highest degree of eternal life had to be a simple and singular event, infinite and eternal in scope, and so clearly and plainly defined that even the weakest of individuals would be able to easily understand the example and the instructions that would show them how to navigate the breach and advance beyond it. Breaching the great stagnation could only be accomplished by one individual, alone, on behalf of everyone who could ever have existed. While the master plan had already been prepared by the great governor and patriarch long before these youngest generations were ever conceived as spirits, the issue at hand which required their mutual consultation and their sustaining vote was who would be appointed to breach the great stagnation.

Breaching the great stagnation would inherently involve single handedly absorbing the full impact of every possible sequence, combination, and permutation of individual

experiences, choices, and consequences, played out on infinitely many parallel timelines of infinite duration. Absorbing the full impact of every possible individual life would have to be accomplished as real, tangible experience in a mortal body of flesh and bone, subject to every degree of weakness and frailty, temptation and passion, emotion and feeling, rage and hatred, doubt and fear, sickness and derangement, pain and affliction, pride and humiliation that every possible mortal being from the weakest to the strongest could ever possibly experience. It was not merely a matter of absorbing the impact of every life that currently existed among these youngest generations, as that was a large but finite quantity. It was a matter of absorbing the full impact of every life that ever could exist, which is an infinite quantity. It would inherently involve the infinite weight of all possible lives and experiences, choices and consequences, circumstances and conditions, all being absorbed willingly and completely by one individual, alone, in a mortal body of flesh and bone. Like a singularity, a singularity wherein an infinitely large mass of infinite density would be concentrated into one infinitesimally small volume. Can you imagine the pressure such a vessel would bear? Pressure more than enough to force blood out of every pore of a mortal human body, and do who knows what to the spirit occupying that body. But that is what it would take to breach the great stagnation in a manner that would allow those who would pass through the breach the ability to advance onward to their fullest potential. Was every individual life worth it?



The impact absorbed would be the same regardless of the number of individuals entering the breach. Breaching the great stagnation could only be done by absorbing the infinite impact of every possible life, independent of the actual number of individuals who would choose to enter the breach. It would be the same whether an infinite number of individuals, or only one individual, or zero individuals would choose to enter the breach. The process of breaching the great stagnation was designed selflessly to afford every individual the opportunity to enter the breach and advance through it and beyond it. But, that process would never force or coerce or deceive anyone to enter the breach or to advance through it, or to advance to any degree beyond it. That was entirely up to each individual to decide. That is extremely significant. It illustrates the individual and singular nature, and the infinite and eternal scope of the process of breaching the great stagnation. It indicates the unfathomable love demonstrated by the one who would single handedly bear the infinite demands of the task. It reveals the infinite worth of each individual life, regardless of the world upon which each individual would experience mortal probation.

Only in this way could everyone among the youngest generations be enabled, if they would so choose, to advance onward into a life of never-ending increase and eternal joy, just like the life the great governor himself enjoyed with some from his own generation and the generations of his progenitors. For the first time in their lives, these youngest generations understood that their eternal advancement would rest solely and completely upon the shoulders of one man

who, like themselves, had not even begun his own mortal probation yet. That was unsettling for many; they were to put their entire hope and faith and eternal future into the hands of one man, on the promise that he could and would fulfill the infinite demands of the task before him.

Just what exactly was this great stagnation? And what was this breach everyone kept talking about? The great stagnation was the status quo, the condition of indefinitely remaining as spirit bodies without bodies of flesh and bone; the condition of not being able to advance to the next phase of life.

The breach was the way to advance beyond the status quo, into the next phase of life where individual spirit bodies would be born into mortal bodies of flesh and bone on a mortal and imperfect world. Individuals could not advance to higher degrees of life until they had first endured a temporary period of mortal probation. They could not be prepared or equipped to advance further until they could be tested as mortals and gain experience as mortals. They would have to be allowed to prove their willingness to lawfully exercise their individual agency amid tangible, adverse circumstances and harsh experiences, including the adverse consequences of their own errors as well as the injustices caused by the errors of others. They had to be allowed to learn by their own experience to distinguish between good and evil, so they could choose for themselves what degree of eternal life they would attain.

But, there was one glaring, inherent paradox. This paradox compounded the troubling nature of great stagnation. As soon as the spirit bodies of these youngest

generations would be born into their mortal bodies of flesh and bone on a mortal and imperfect world, they would be permanently tainted with the corruptible attributes of their mortal condition. They would be unable to ever advance to any degree of eternal life, because mortal life was inherently temporary, meaning their mortal bodies would eventually die. When their mortal bodies would die, these spirit bodies would leave their mortal bodies behind, and then these spirits would be right back in the same old dilemma of not having a body of flesh and bone. They would once again be mere spirit bodies with no way to advance onward to eternal life of any degree, no matter how well they had chosen good over evil during their mortal probations. In other words, without some type of intercessory act of eternal efficacy and infinite scope, the test of mortal life would be inherently impossible to pass. That would be compounded by another dilemma.

Not only would these spirit bodies be unable to regain their bodies of flesh and bone, but their very nature as spirits would be inevitably tainted, their characters forever marred by the harrowing exposure to mortality. Although these spirit bodies would remain indestructible, meaning they could never cease to exist, they would be drained of so much of their original energy and purity that they would no longer be able to coexist with their progenitors.

Think of a spirit body as a battery that starts out new and fully charged, able to emanate intensely pure light of specific, energetic wavelengths and powerful amplitudes. Mortal life would be like placing a load on that battery; a load that would drain it of its original charge, depleting it and rendering it

incapable of ever again generating light of such purity, intensity, and stable wavelengths and powerful amplitudes as it had once emanated. If such a depleted battery were then placed back into an environment with new or fully charged batteries, the depleted battery would inhibit the flow of current among the fully charged and new batteries, effectively polluting the whole system, making a once perfect and flawless system suddenly riddled with imperfections, reducing it to a lower state of purity or a lower degree of functionality. Try putting a depleted battery into a flashlight along with a new battery and see what happens.

Spirits departing their mortal probations would be like depleted batteries. They would not be able to return to the sphere in which they were originally born as spirits, the sphere where their progenitors reside. They would instead be marooned in a state of utter blackness, lost and doomed forever, thrown out as trash, like empty, useless batteries. That would be their doom, unless someone could alter the nature of their internal chemistry and make them rechargeable.

That could not be done by just anyone. It would have to be done by someone who would have within himself the infinite capacity to recharge them to a fully restored charge. It must be done by someone who would be capable of restoring them to their casings of flesh and bone. Someone capable of making their restored casings permanently refined, indestructible, incorruptible, exquisitely polished to a flawless condition, an immortal and perfected condition, just like that of their progenitors. It would have to be done by someone

who could make it possible to regain the full company and fellowship of their progenitors; someone both capable and willing to absorb the infinite weight and trauma of their fallen and polluted condition, and afford them, at his own personal, individual expense, a way out of their ghastly condition, a way to regain their bodies of flesh and bone, but making them immortal and perfected, purging them of impurities, wiping them clean of the stains of imperfection they would unavoidably acquire during their mortal probations. This would have to be done by someone both capable and willing to intercede on their behalf, a mediator. Only then would these youngest generations be enabled to enjoy advancement in the highest degree of eternal life. Only then could they become equal to their progenitors and attain the way of life enjoyed by their progenitors.

Visualize the great stagnation as a thick, impenetrable wall of a large but finite sphere surrounding you like a shell, and you are stuck inside. You can move about within the sphere, but you can't venture beyond it. You can't even venture into the thickness of the material of the wall.

Visualize the breach as a narrow canyon or tunnel that penetrates straight through the thick wall of the sphere. Consider being born into a mortal body on a mortal and imperfect world, which is a temporary condition, as the beginning of your trek through the breach, through that narrow canyon or tunnel that leads straight through the thickness of the wall, toward the outside of the sphere, where you will then find yourself inside a greater sphere.

Visualize your trek through the narrow breach that leads through the thickness of the wall as your journey through mortal life on a mortal and imperfect world. As you travel through the thickness of the wall, you will find that the material of the wall is porous. The wall, as experienced from within the thick of it, has many tributary fissures, crevices, cracks, caves, pits, and holes that lead various distances in many different directions that diverge off the course of the beach and burrow into the material of the wall. But, these never lead through the thickness of the wall. They never emerge outside the wall into the greater sphere that lies beyond. They are all dead ends. The only path that goes anywhere is the path through the breach, that straight and narrow canyon or tunnel that leads directly through the thickness of the wall to the outside of the wall, into the greater sphere that lies beyond the one in which you started your journey.

While you are inside the sphere, encompassed by the inner surface of its wall, you cannot know by experience the thickness of the wall or the nature of its material. But, you know there is only one way into its thickness, and there is only one way out of its thickness. In other words, there is only one way through the thick of it. The wall, as viewed from either the inside or the outside, has only one opening that leads all the way through its thickness. The material of the wall, as viewed from within the thick of it, is a porous labyrinth of countless diverging dead end paths and pits in which one could easily become trapped or lost.

It is crucial that you understand, the one appointed to breach the great stagnation would not only willingly bear the infinite burdens of every possible life experience, but he would also bear the infinite responsibility of willingly remaining without error or deviation of any kind during his monumental task of cutting the breach through the thickness of the wall. In other words, he must be someone who would be both capable and willing to do the infinitely difficult work of cutting a path through that impenetrable wall all by himself, while at the same time choosing to apply his own individual agency to stay the course and remain unblemished, never allowing himself to fall into any of the porous pits and divergent fissures within the thickness of the wall, never ceasing his task prematurely. If he were to fail or refuse to finish the task he started, he would leave an incomplete tunnel that would only lead into the depths of the material of the wall and provide no exit or escape to the outside of the wall, and these youngest generations would remain imprisoned in eternal stagnation.

It is imperative that you comprehend how important it is that this mediator clearly define and mark the path leading through the breach in the thickness of the wall. If he were to just breach the great stagnation, that impenetrable wall, but not provide an example and instructions on how to navigate the breach, it would not seem to be so straight and narrow and simple. A little way into the trek, you would quickly become confused and disoriented by the gaping fissures and pits and divergent paths in the porous material of the wall's thickness, and you would become trapped and lost, losing

sight of the true path through the breach. The path would become unrecognizable without specifically designed markers placed just for you with loving and omniscient forethought by the mediator himself. He knew you well enough to know what you would recognize if you were to search out the path and the guides he had positioned for you along the way. But it would be up to you to seek that path and those guides. Nobody was going to force you to look or to act.

Why was it so important that the breach through the great stagnation be perfectly straight and narrowly defined? What would it hurt if the one appointed to breach the great stagnation chose to indulge himself in a few minor course deviations while cutting through the thickness of the wall? Or, what if he were to take a break partway through the wall and widen out a section of the breach so he could stretch out and comfortably rest on his laurels or run around a bit and enjoy a few diversions before continuing his task of cutting completely through the wall? Wouldn't the end result matter more than the methods used or the boondoggles taken along the way? Wouldn't it matter most that he completed his task of boring a path through the thickness of the wall? Who cares how straight it is or how narrow it is, as long as it goes all the way through the wall, right?

Imagine yourself as a tiny ant trying to navigate your way through a perfectly straight tunnel someone had drilled through a thick sponge. It would be difficult enough to discern between the cavernous pits surrounding you and the tunnel right in front of you. It would be difficult enough to navigate the breach, even though it is perfectly straight and



precisely and narrowly defined. Given the porous labyrinth of pits and gaping, divergent fissures and crevices surrounding you, imagine how much more difficult it would be to navigate a wide and crooked path through the thick, porous, labyrinthine material of the wall, especially if the width of the path was varied and riddled with voluminous voids. Even with perfect instructions, staying on course or finding your way back to the course after you would inevitably deviate would be all but impossible for even the most adept individuals, and completely out of the question for the weaker and less capable individuals.

Remember, the entire plan of the great governor and patriarch was designed to be simple, straight forward, and clearly and narrowly defined. It was designed to enable even the weakest of individuals to navigate the breach and triumph over the great stagnation, and to progress onward to the highest degree of eternal life, if they would choose to apply their individual agency to abide in the laws leading to that result.

How, exactly, does the one who would breach the great stagnation serve as an effective mediator? Why is such a thing even possible? Visualize the mediator, the one who would breach the great stagnation, as an individual capacitor, a perfect, ideal capacitor, capable of absorbing an infinite charge and offering zero resistance. This mediator or perfect capacitor, having absorbed the full and infinite charge of every possible life, would be capable of meting out as much charge or current as needed, as fast as it would be needed, at any time it would be needed, for any number of individuals

simultaneously, according to their several needs, but only if they would choose to connect themselves to his circuitry, and if they would invite him to become a part of their circuitry.

Whenever individuals, during their mortal probations, would inevitably be unable to bear the complete load of their own imperfections and the loads placed upon them by their imperfect environments, this mediator, the perfect capacitor, would be there with infinite supply to bear the balance of the load, to meet the demands of the full load. This mediator, like a perfect capacitor, would also be able to recharge any number of individuals who would choose to remain connected to him, or in other words, as many as would allow him to remain connected to them. In the very act of bearing the loads and damping the surges that the individuals would be incapable of handling for themselves, this mediator would be bleeding enough current through the individuals to recharge them to their full individual potentials, as long as they would choose to accept his help. However, he would never force even a portion of his charge upon them against their will, nor would he overload them at any time. Since he would have already absorbed the full weight of every possible life experience, he would be intimately aware of each individual's limitations and circumstances, and he would be forever careful and sensitive so as to never burn out even the weakest of components or individuals. Such must be the character of this perfect mediator, the one who would be appointed to breach the great stagnation.

At this point, on Antecedeon, the sharing of ideas devolved into increasingly contentious debates, with various

individuals vying to either be the one appointed or to offer up suggestions regarding whomever they thought should be the one appointed to breach the great stagnation and save these youngest generations of this vast human family. Now, you may ask why anyone would aspire to be the one to breach the great stagnation, given the incomprehensibly excruciating burden involved.

Well, maybe not everyone thought a single individual should have to bear the whole burden alone. Maybe somebody would posit an alternative solution, a better option, a way to circumvent the master plan designed by the great governor and patriarch.

But, with omniscient forethought, the great governor and patriarch had lovingly designed his master plan for the individual, eternal benefit of every soul who would be willing to abide in it. It was designed for the eternal happiness of every individual, from the weakest to the strongest. It was designed to preserve individual agency and require individual accountability at all times and in all circumstances. No one would be forced to participate in any portion of this master plan. Nor would anyone be prevented from enjoying the fullness of it. The only possible way for individuals to not enjoy the fullness of this great master plan would be if, somewhere along the course of their progression, they were to choose on their own and for their own reasons that they no longer desired to advance further. Since the master plan was a plan emphasizing eternal individual worth, it could only be sealed into effect by one worthy individual. That individual must be one who had willingly prepared himself specifically

for the task, one who would willingly accept and bear upon his own soul the full and infinite weight of the breach.

The one who would breach the great stagnation according to the master plan of the great governor and patriarch would be endowed with the capacity to absorb the eternal effects of individual errors. It was understood that individuals would inevitably deviate from the lawful use of their agency from time to time as they would be learning by personal experience to discern and to choose between good and evil once they were subjected to mortal life on a mortal and imperfect world.

However, there would be conditions placed upon the individuals entering their mortal probations. The absorbing of the eternal effects of the consequences of unlawful exercise of individual agency required individuals to do all in their own power to correct themselves and to make restitution, and to avoid repetition of the error, and then commit or recommit themselves to follow the specific instructions and tasks revealed and exemplified by the one who would breach the great stagnation on their behalf. Only upon a specific set of conditions could the eternal effects of individual errors be mitigated or completely lifted off the shoulders of the person who committed the errors. In this way, whatever impact would be left beyond the control of erring individuals would be swallowed up by the one who breached the great stagnation, enabling individuals to progress onward, uninhibited, as far as they would individually desire to advance. There was absolutely no other way or means by

which individuals could advance beyond the great stagnation. This made it simple. There was only one way.

The one who would breach the great stagnation was capable and willing to condescend below all things largely because he loved his fellows more than himself. His infinite love was coupled with infinite capacity to endure. He was the only individual among these youngest generations who had no breaking point; he simply would not break, no matter what. He was lovingly and intuitively aware that he had the capacity to bear for others what they could not bear for themselves. He would give himself willingly to be their mediator, and he would not force anyone to accept his terms or conditions. He would simply make himself available for anyone and everyone who would choose on their own to follow him.

The only conditions he would place on them would be that they do their honest best in applying their individual agency to follow his guidance through the breach in the great stagnation, and to make every effort to correct their individual errors and deviations, getting themselves back on the defined course through the breach that he had single handedly opened for them by his own infinite travails. He would invite and encourage, but never force or coerce individuals to commit or recommit themselves to the lawful exercise of their individual agency. His guidance included putting the welfare of others before oneself while exercising individual agency with earnest effort, accomplishing as much good as possible within individual capacities and circumstances. He would make up for whatever you lacked,

as long as you would do your honest best. Since he knew everything about you, he would be capable and responsible to judge whether you were indeed doing your honest best. You were not going to pull one over on him. You were not going to get away with anything. All who would choose to follow him would be accountable for their own choices and would retain their own individual agency. All who would choose to follow him completely, with exactness and enduring determination, not just partway, would become enabled to achieve their own eternal lives. Half-assing it would not get you far.

Those who refused to follow him would be allowed to refuse, as such was their prerogative, but they would also be accountable for their own decisions. If they did not want to follow him or let him make up the difference for their errors and imperfections, then they would prefer to be left unto themselves to bear the weight of their own human experience and all its undiluted consequences all by themselves. By so choosing, they would deplete their own individual capacities and limit themselves to some lesser degree of eternal life, some lesser estate beyond which they would never be able to advance. In other words, every individual was free to advance as far as he or she desired, and nobody was obligated to advance to any particular degree.

So, back to the question at hand: why would anyone covet the appointment to be the one to breach the great stagnation, given the infinite weight of travail and responsibility it would entail? Considering the high visibility of such a task, the eternal recognition alone was tempting.

If there were some way to grab all that prestige while avoiding the infinite weight of the task, wouldn't that be an irresistible prospect? If there were some alternative way to breach the great stagnation without concentrating the whole weight of the task on just one individual, wouldn't that be a better alternative? Some thought so.

One polarizing alternative was presented by a well esteemed man of high standing and lofty aspirations. This man was a spirit among the youngest generations, but he held a position next to the great governor and patriarch, and was intimately familiar with every facet of the government. He knew the power and the potential of these youngest generations. He was a factious, but gifted organizer. He was a charming, charismatic figure of tremendous popularity and renown. He proffered his alternative plan with such allure, and with such subtly convincing rationalization and cleverly veiled threats, that for various reasons an entire third of the population of these youngest generations of this vast human society chose to rally around him and to advocate his alternative, at all costs.

Under the cunning and crafty direction of their revered and esteemed organizer, the one-third of the population who advocated his alternative began calling themselves The New Order. That one-third of the population did not stop at merely going their own way peacefully. They campaigned for the complete and hostile subjugation of those who refused to consent to the alternative proposal. It was their way or no way. Therein lay a dilemma. The plan of the organizer of The New Order required the use of every individual.

No one could be left out, as that would not only leave his plan incomplete, but it would leave an opportunity for dissension. He simply could not have that. His secret plot was to nullify all possibility of being challenged. He demanded that everyone be at his disposal, without question. The premise of this esteemed organizer's alternative seemed invitingly plausible, hence the allure.

Spread the wealth. Well, okay, that actually means, you the people spread the burdens and labors amongst yourselves, while he, the organizer, will be the one appointed to control all the wealth and power for you. That was part of the thought process of the organizer of this so called New Order. That would appear to be the least painful, requiring only a little sacrifice from everyone, and absolutely zero effort or sacrifice from him. He sought to spread out the burden of breaching the great stagnation. After all, many hands make light work, right? Spread the burden over the backs of every individual among these youngest generations. That way, he surmised, everyone would share the weight of the task, and the task would be so widely dispersed that it would seem light and easy for everyone, while the outcome would be everything anyone could ever want. All you would have to do would be to ask the organizer to divvy out some of that wealth and power he would be holding for you, for safe keeping.

The organizer of The New Order campaigned on the promise that under his plan, nobody would fail. He flaunted his policy of no soul left behind. He accused the great governor and patriarch of being calloused and negligent.



The organizer of The New Order pointed out that leaving individual agency in the hands of mere mortals would only allow failures and uncertainty and inequality to fester, and would result in unspeakable tragedies and injustices. He insisted on pointing out that the loss of souls under the plan of the great governor and patriarch should be seen as cruel and intolerable to anyone who truly cared about others. Thus, the organizer of The New Order fantasized that his own plan was infallible and irresistibly alluring. He erroneously rationalized that little or no effort could secure infinite returns. He arrogantly expected his celebrity status to overpower the process of individual reasoning. He supposed his zero risk proposal would be unanimously accepted when compared to the high risk plan of the great governor and patriarch.

When the organizer of The New Order saw that the other two-thirds of the population of these youngest generations were not buying into his attractive plan, he was shocked to his very core. How could anyone turn down such an offer? Those pious fools, he thought. If they don't wake up and see the light, they will just have to be subdued and brought in line and made to see. If they will not give up their agency for the greater good, then they must be stripped of it for the greater good.

He foolishly supposed he could push everyone through the great stagnation by preventing them from erring, hence lightening their burdens of consequence. That way, all individuals would breach the great stagnation for themselves. He would convince them that only by total compliance to his

alternative, and by giving him all the credit, could they make it through the great stagnation. However, he himself would conveniently slip through the great stagnation effortlessly, after everyone else had done all the work of breaching it and rendering a wide and easy myriad of pathways through it. He could choose any number of intersecting paths of indulgence and still emerge unscathed and in total control. Everyone else would do all the work and give the organizer all the credit, believing all the while that it was the organizer of The New Order that had done it all for them.

Since his cunning plan involved attempting to distribute an infinite burden over a finite number of individuals of less than perfect individual capacity, the entire plan was a farce and a lie, and completely impossible. His backup rationale was that there would be no infinite burden to bear if he could preclude every individual from erring. That way, there would be no adverse consequences to be absorbed by anyone. He supposed he could create perfect bodies of flesh and bone for every spirit, and then force everyone to abide in every law so that nobody could be lost or left behind. But, of course, he would make everybody believe there was indeed an infinite burden to bear and that he was the one bearing it for them, so they must forever remain subject to him. In other words, no one could ever be his equal. Any way you shake it, the inherently flawed plan of the organizer of The New Order is still a total farce. He would, in fact, be like a completely empty, discharged capacitor sucking up everybody else's energy, making everybody else share in bearing the load to juice him up, and then he would leave them depleted and

forever inferior. The organizer of The New Order was in every way the antithesis, and the arch nemesis, of the mediator whom the great governor and patriarch had in mind from the very beginning.

The organizer of The New Order secretly and privately plotted to arrange events so that everyone else would end up bearing amongst themselves the burdens of the task of breaching the great stagnation, while the infinite and eternal benefits would flow to himself as the sole beneficiary and executive. He wanted everyone else to shoulder the burden while he alone would hold all the spoils, and then he alone would decide who among his constituents or subjects merited what and when and for how long. Since it was his idea, well, actually it was not even his idea, but as long as it was a popular idea, he insisted on taking all the credit for it. He did not stop there. The organizer of The New Order coveted the whole government and all the power and glory and devotion and creations and possessions and dominions of every man, woman, and child who would ever exist, including the great governor and patriarch himself.

His plan was to usurp the government, and then abolish everyone's individual agency, except, of course, his own, after which he would force all individuals to do their own work of breaching the great stagnation for themselves, with no agency to choose their own paths as they made their way through the thickness of the wall, or through their mortal life on a mortal world. Rather than pre-ordaining individuals to enable them to fulfill a particular course or mission in mortal life commensurate with their desires and needs and potentials, he

would pre-destine every individual to a set course or mission that each person would accomplish with absolute certainty, regardless of individual potential or individual desires or individual needs. He wanted to render personal development impossible. Along with instituting the false concept of pre-destiny, he would pre-indoctrinate and preprogram every individual to do only his bidding and nothing else, automatically, like a drone on autopilot.

Nobody would even be capable of thinking a dissenting thought or expressing an opposing opinion, or questioning his motives or his methods. Nobody would be capable of even formulating a question, or harboring a curiosity for learning, or conjuring so much as a fleeting intent of taking the risk of exploring dead-end paths. Nobody would be burdened by having to make distinctions or choices between good and evil. Conveniently, the organizer of The New Order would shelter himself from any possibility of looking like the bad guy if punishments or justice had to be meted out. Since no one would be allowed to err, there would be nothing to punish, no call to justice, so he would always be popular. Everyone would be pre-indoctrinated and preprogrammed to worship him. This way, every individual would advance onward, without exception, and no one would be lost or left behind. Then, the organizer of this insidious plan would enjoy all the spoils and the power and the glory forever, at your eternal expense.

He may have initially promised to reinstate everything to you, telling you that you were only temporarily giving up your individual agency, and that you were giving it up for a greater

good. But, he would be lying. He had no plans or intentions whatsoever to reinstate your individual agency to you once you had given it up to him. He was imposing a colossal scam that would bring about dire eternal consequences.

The bottom line would be that the organizer of The New Order would have ridden your collective coattails through the great stagnation. He would retain for himself his own individual agency, but cleverly shift the burdens of his accountability onto your backs. He would strip you of your individual agency while leaving you to bear the full weight of his accountability as well as your own accountability. In other words, he would get all the prestige and adoration and the power and the creations and possessions and dominions, while you would pay the price and be left with nothing. Sound familiar?

Doesn't that sound inviting? Wouldn't you like a plan that would guarantee that no matter what would happen in mortal life, you would not even be capable of questioning your destiny or deviating from the course of eternal progression? You would never have to worry or think for yourself or make any decisions or sacrifices. You would involuntarily do what you were preprogrammed to do at precisely the time you were preprogrammed to do it, like your heart beats in your chest and keeps you alive with no effort or thought on your part. Imagine your entire being, including your thoughts and emotions and feelings, all functioning on preprogrammed, involuntary reflexes and involuntary impulses. Imagine your memories being continually altered in such a way that you could never recall an unpleasant occurrence or a painful

circumstance in your entire life. You would never even recall losing your individual agency.

In no uncertain terms, The New Order was a rebellion against the great governor and patriarch and all who remained faithful to him. The organizer of The New Order arrogantly assumed he had the best, well, the only, plausible solution to the great stagnation. He coveted honor, prestige, and power so intensely that he had conjured up a most insidious subversion. If he were not appointed to breach the great stagnation in accordance with his own designs, then he would grab the position by strategy and cunning and crafty deceit and veiled threats. Then, when things would become confrontational, he would stir up insurrections and incite others to carry out the direct confrontations while he would play the well polished, articulate problem solver, remaining cleverly in the limelight as everyone's favorite celebrity. He would delegate the dirty work and the unpopular issues to his minions and his fall guys. He would claim the praise for the triumphs and the popular issues. His design was foolproof. Or so he thought.

With the great stagnation becoming an increasingly disconcerting predicament, things needed to change. The organizer of The New Order campaigned to push his own proposal forward with exaggerated urgency and haste so as to preclude anyone from discovering the hidden motives and the horrid, eternal ramifications behind his evil designs. He wanted to implement his own plan and put into force his own laws before the people could figure out that all along he had sought to gain everything at their expense. He dreaded the

possibility of people discovering that the so called salvation he proposed meant total oppression and meant the people would forever be treated as lesser beings and left with nothing of their own, not even their own basic individual agency. If things went his way, he would be lauded as the one who breached the great stagnation and saved these youngest generations of this vast human family. But, really, it would be the people who would have breached the great stagnation for him, at their collective and individual expense. In short, the organizer of The New Order sought to exalt himself and debase everyone else.

The innocence of the whole society of these youngest generations, and the innocence of its individual citizens, was henceforth and forever shattered by the encroachment of emotions and thoughts and operations never before experienced among them. For the first time in their existence, these youngest generations began to feel the pangs of fear, sadness, doubt, confusion, anger, envy, and most insidious and destructive of all, pride. Pride, jealousy, deceit, and betrayal became manifest in the highest courts, instigated by the organizer of The New Order and his closest allies. The organizer of The New Order and a few other individuals of high esteem, all of whom one would least suspect of malice, betrayed themselves to selfish ambitions. They set in their own hearts the intent to betray the whole human family in an increasingly feverish attempt to snatch the government and usurp power. Indeed, the thirst for power became a most bitter thorn, threatening to utterly abolish individual agency.

The organizer of The New Order had once been devoutly loyal to the great governor and patriarch. But that was during times of fair weather, so to speak, when his loyalty made him look good in the eyes of others. This time, upon becoming aware of the ramifications of the impending stagnation, his loyalty was unexpectedly tested. What had started as a personal and private conflict in his own heart, between his loyalty and the allure of grandeur, had coalesced into a deceptive design fueled by self-serving intent, accompanied by an exaggerated campaign that escalated into a full scale war. That war and its eternal aftermath irreversibly fractured this entire human family. Small and simple things can lead to the greatest accomplishments or the gravest of tragedies.

Eventually, the entire population of the youngest generations polarized themselves into two opposing camps. One camp was the rebellion, who called themselves The New Order. The New Order consisted entirely of those who, for whatever personal reasons, knowingly and deliberately chose to forfeit their own individual agency, placing their votes, their trust, and their hopes in the charismatic but deceptive organizer of The New Order. Their ranks included one-third of the population of these youngest generations.

The other camp was composed entirely of those who, to some degree or another, and for various personal reasons, chose to retain their individual agency. They chose, with various degrees of conviction, to support or at least consent to the master plan of the great governor and patriarch. This camp included the remaining two-thirds of the population of these youngest generations. Though the two-thirds fought to



retain their individual agency, they were not all equally valiant or equally loyal to the great governor and patriarch.

There were no undecided individuals left in some neutral zone. There was no such thing. In this case, neutral meant you did not value your own individual agency and had therefore forfeited it. Such forfeiture placed you in opposition to the master plan of the great governor and patriarch.

Although the ranks of the rebellion smugly referred to themselves as The New Order, in reality there was nothing new or ingenious or creative about what they were attempting. Such New Orders had been tried at one point or another during nearly every generation of the progenitors. These so called New Orders had, without exception, catastrophically failed, resulting in eternal tragedies of immense proportions. The very premise of every so called New Order was inherently doomed by its own nature for one simple reason: it stifled individual agency. Once individual agency was subdued, the neutralization of individual identity inevitably followed, and that was invariably accompanied by the ubiquitous debasement of individual gender.

In every previous case in which a so called New Order had been organized, it had been organized when a set of generations had reached a point of stagnation in their eternal advancement, a point of stagnation similar to what this current set of young generations now faced. Every previous New Order was organized to prey on the imperative need for change. Every previous New Order thrived on chaos, stirred up discord, and sought to usurp power and annihilate

individual agency. Every previous New Order had attempted to enslave, loot, and spoil the very souls of every man, woman, and child. This current New Order was no exception.

How could such an inherently evil design gain so much popularity among denizens of a perfect society where eternal truth, liberty, light, and intelligence were freely available to everyone? This New Order gathered as many as one-third of the population of these youngest generations largely through flattery and false promises of power and dominion, fame and glory, possessions and conveniences, pleasures and luxuries, all without personal sacrifice or hardship. Many among the one-third who joined The New Order chose to surrender themselves to the fearsome and vehement and well articulated threats of reprisal toward anyone who either refused to join The New Order or contemplated dissention from The New Order after having joined. The threats were so convincing that many preferred to give themselves over to the New Order rather than stand their ground and retain their individual agency.

Many imagined it would just be easier to forfeit their individual agency and thereby be released from all accountability. They subscribed to the false notion that by avoiding the fight, by being passive peacemakers, or by appeasing the proponents of The New Order, they would be taken care of by The New Order. The spoils would be handed to them. Their every need and desire would be met without effort. They fancied it would be easier and more comfortable to go along with The New Order than to

struggle for personal growth and endure the injustices of others' choices, the hardships of uncertainty, and the specter of accountability, the specter of having to face the consequences of their own choices, and for that matter, the specter of having to make decisions at all. They arrogantly refused to bear the humiliation of having to acknowledge personal errors and flaws and shortcomings. They feared and loathed the vulnerabilities and discomforts that would be associated with having to correct themselves in a mortal and imperfect world. They abhorred the injustice of being expected to endure and forgive the errors and the malicious acts of others.

Many who promoted The New Order joined it because they had allowed themselves to become so enraged at those who did not see things their way, and so filled with vile hatred and abhorrence toward anyone who valued the preservation of individual agency, that they could no longer fathom the concept of liberty, nor could they endure its company. Instead, they sought to utterly abolish liberty. The New Order vilified all that was good, and revered all that was evil. The New Order was a two-sided coin; nothing short of spirit terrorism on one side and mass spirit suicide on the other. But, the advocates of The New Order would never admit that, not even to themselves. Persisting in their state of denial, they rationalized and justified themselves to the n<sup>th</sup> degree.

Many of the individuals who chose to join The New Order wanted complacency as well as power and influence and possessions. They wanted to be esteemed above their fellows at the expense of their fellows. They fearfully and

stubbornly opposed the concept of selflessly enduring unpleasant circumstances. They supposed being expected to suffer and sacrifice for the sake of personal growth and for the benefit of others was a cruel and unjust demand, too much to ask. They lulled themselves into false security, vain ambitions, and empty hopes founded on expectations of unlimited indulgence without consequence. They began to expect immediate gratification of their every need and desire without exerting any effort or self-restraint. The cost was simply to relinquish their individual agency to the cause, and to the organizer of the movement. They chose to willfully and obstinately abandon their personal agency and individuality for The New Order's version of a new greater good. They were foolish enough to believe that some greater good could be served by handing over their individual agency and by seducing and coercing others to follow suit.

It is imperative that you understand that at no time was it possible to force anyone to join The New Order, although it was desperately attempted. Those who joined The New Order did so of their own free will and choice, while they still had free will and choice, or in other words, while they still had individual agency and the ability to exercise it. They had cast their vote while they still had a vote to cast, and in doing so they had voted away their own right to have a voice. They were willing to forfeit everything for a stake in a convenient, eternal lie. They fancied hope in the lie, the lie that promised them change at a time in their history when change was imperative. They wanted change so badly they never stopped to evaluate what type of change they were about to embrace.

Nor did they care what the eternal ramifications of that change might entail, as long as their immediate concerns were being addressed to their satisfaction.

Some harbored the notion that they could pretend to declare allegiance to the organizer of The New Order, ride his coattails to coveted and lofty positions, and then, either by strategy or by direct confrontation, strip him of his position, seating themselves in his stead to subsequently execute their own despotic plans at the expense of the masses. They were filled with guile, as was the organizer of this so called New Order. In fact, the organizer of The New Order had become the epitome of guile, for he had sought to cozy up to the great governor and patriarch and then, coveting the great governor, sought to displace him.

A common denominator among all who chose to support The New Order was the false notion that they had figured out a way to circumvent the requirements of the great governor and patriarch, surmising a shortcut through the great stagnation and onward to a life of eternal indulgence, unchecked vanity, unbridled passions, pleasures, bliss and convenience, uninhibited by the burdens of individual accountability, responsibility, and consequence. In other words, they conjured up their own selfish version of the life the great governor and patriarch enjoyed. They envied all of his abundance but wanted none of his responsibilities. They became so swollen with pride that the very idea of admitting they were wrong and correcting their errors or making restitution was beneath them. Those who persisted in such pride were willing to suspend their own individual agency

until it was utterly dissolved out of their souls by their own covetousness and greed for a stake in the power grab. They wanted what their progenitors enjoyed, but they wanted it without exerting their own efforts or making selfless sacrifices as their progenitors had done.

The advocates of The New Order sought not only to rise above the station of their progenitors, but to utterly subdue and displace their progenitors by cunning and by craftiness upon which they intended to boast and further indulge their own pride and their own lusts. Humbling themselves to depend on some intercessor or mediator to make up the difference when they would fall short and make mistakes was beneath them. They did not want to be beholden to a mediator. They would rather call themselves free, not bound by any law or subjected to any unpleasant consequence. However, The New Order's version of freedom would lead them to complete and eternal captivity.

Those who subscribed to The New Order wanted the certainty of never being allowed to make a mistake. They desired the security and the assurance of never having to suffer the consequences of making a mistake. They felt they were above such demeaning conditions. They would not condescend to save their own souls, let alone anyone else's. Certainty and safety became more valuable to them than liberty, accountability, and individual experience. They did not want cause and effect. They wanted to bypass the cause and skip straight to the effect, denying what was plainly obvious, defying the very nature of existence. Even animals understand cause and effect.

New Order proponents either knowingly and willfully aligned themselves with the organizer of The New Order or allowed themselves to be seduced or coerced or deceived into promoting the organizer of The New Order as the one who should be anointed to breach the great stagnation and provide for their every want and need, without their doing anything for themselves. After all, he was only requiring their individual agency, their total conformity, their unquestioning obedience. Their obedience would be automated without any effort on their part. They would not even have to try. They would be painlessly pre-indoctrinated and preprogrammed according to the will of the organizer, and then set on predestined courses from which they could not deviate. Their outcome and their reward were assured beyond any doubt.

The organizer of The New Order must know what he's doing, his constituents surmised. After all, he held a highly visible station of honor, power, influence, and wisdom next to the great governor and patriarch. The organizer of The New Order was popular, charismatic, articulate, well educated, and well groomed for the position, and he wasn't asking anyone to do anything difficult or take any apparent personal risk, so he must be right. He was promising exactly what people wanted to hear. Plus, the organizer of The New Order was not requiring people to place their trust in some mediator who, by some future act, would supposedly make up the difference for their errors and imperfections. Why not just avoid the possibility of error to begin with?

The organizer of The New Order promised full disclosure and transparency of process; no secrets, no

favoritism, and no special treatment. Unlike the great governor and patriarch, the organizer of The New Order claimed he was not going to put any kind of blindfold or veil over people's minds and expect them to exercise faith. Nor was he expecting them to exert fervent efforts to apply their own individual agency to follow some restrictive and confining set of laws supposedly designed to guide them to the highest realms of eternal life. The organizer of The New Order twisted or hid the truth about genuine laws that were designed for the eternal benefit of the people rather than for the sole benefit of the lawgiver. He fed the people lies and drilled them with his own laws which sounded better and more accommodating and permissive, but were designed to serve no one but himself.

Why choose to obey the laws of the great governor and patriarch, laws that require self denial and sacrifice and discomfort and stress, laws that yield little if any immediate returns? Why tolerate the unfairness and inequality that would result from some being more obedient than others? How absurd, reasoned the advocates of The New Order. Why go through all that effort and thought and inconvenience and disparity? Why toil through the angst of decision-making and the weighing of consequences when you can just get yourself preprogrammed and set on a predestined course with an absolute guarantee of an apparently attractive and equalized outcome, all for the low price of your individual agency? Why not ensure total equality for everyone? Why not temporarily loan your individual agency to the organizer of The New Order in exchange for his personal guarantee of lofty prestige



and bounteous booty for all? Place your hopes and your allegiance on the organizer of The New Order; he is ready to act now! Never mind what history has shown. This time will be different, because the organizer of this New Order has everything under control. Why rely on some futuristic promise of a mediator who requires you to follow blindly through harsh experiences and unpleasant circumstances? Why trust some mediator who has not even been in a mortal body of flesh and bone himself, yet presumes to be your perfect guide, and wants to brainwash you into self-incrimination, requiring you to admit your flaws and faults while groveling for some distant hope of forgiveness? Why deal with guilt when you can be guaranteed a guilt-free existence? The New Order is easy street; it's tomorrow's solution today. It's a sure bet, right?

Proponents of The New Order further surmised that the great governor and patriarch must be losing his grip on reality. They accused the great governor and patriarch of holding stubbornly to ancient traditions that should have faded out of style eons ago. This was the new era of change. Why couldn't the great governor and patriarch see that? People are tired of his old and steadfast ways. The people must try something new, and they must act now, before it's too late. Such was the rhetoric and the call to action from the ranks of The New Order.

The organizer of The New order, and those who joined The New Order, began using their gifts, their talents, and their abilities as weapons. The innate human ability to communicate instantaneously with any number of individuals

was being grossly abused by The New Order and its organizer. The organizer of The New Order began attempting to subtly, and then not so subtly introduce thoughts, imaginations, feelings, emotions, desires, perceptions, and intentions into the minds of others. But, this was not an edifying stream of communication or an altruistic sharing of information. This was a perfidious endeavor to impose his mind and will upon others without their consent or invitation, and ideally without their awareness. This was an astute campaign to compel others to think and act the way the organizer of The New Order wanted them to think and act. It was mind control in the most advanced form. There were no drugs or devices or technologies in play. This was far more progressive and intimate than that. This was done entirely by the power of thought and by the artful influence and manipulation and baiting and seeding of emotions and desires and appetites and passions and curiosities and interests. It was accomplished by remote suggestion, projected indoctrination, immersive superimposition, involuntary revelation, and many other methods and techniques, most of which were so covert and underhanded there were no names for them.

At first, most people perceived these imposing ideas as strange and uncomfortable, fleeting glimpses of possibilities and scenarios and fantasies that, up to this point, had never so much as crossed their minds. Such impressions were completely foreign to them. Initially, many such thoughts, emotions, feelings, visualizations and manifestations were easily discernible. However, some were so subtle they were

barely noticeable until much later. These confusing and titillating and at times shocking notions were starkly contrasted against the clear and simple backdrop of truth and virtue and serenity to which the people had been accustomed their entire existence. The introduction of corrupted notions was accomplished largely by exploiting the increasingly disconcerting and distracting threat of the great stagnation. People's minds had already become concerned and troubled by the impending stagnation, and troubled minds are easy prey. Never pass up the chance to exploit a crisis, right?

Some of the more imaginative individuals had been inherently aware of the possibilities of duplicitous operations. But, they had never thought to explore or entertain such possibilities. Little by little, one-third of the population of the youngest generations chose to delve into these initially subtle, persistent whisperings until they had completely embraced and assimilated into their souls everything these persuasions entailed. The individuals who experimented with and gave place to the disingenuous coaxing and the furtive coaching of the organizer of The New Order eventually gave no place to anything they had once held so dear.

The one-third who joined The New Order did not do so passively. They wanted something. They wanted everything. They wanted for themselves and not for the welfare or benefit of anyone else. They displaced their once meek and noble pursuit of mutual edification and illumination with consuming obsessions for intrigue, machination, self interest, and self aggrandizement.

The New Order made progressive attempts to turn every innate human ability and capacity into an ultimately destructive tendency, conjuring up and applying all kinds of individual and mass deceptions. The New Order attempted to inject twisted realities, perilous curiosities, unfounded offenses, altered perceptions, irrelevant concerns, taunting distractions, irresistible compulsions, obsessions, complacency, confusions, insults, doubts, fears, and contempt into the minds of the two-thirds who were fighting to retain their individual agency. If the organizer of The New Order could not get you to forfeit your individual agency, then he and his entourage would undertake to compel you and to trick you into misusing your individual agency, getting you to apply it unlawfully and destructively against yourself and against everyone within your influence.

What amounted to civil war among these youngest generations on Antecedeon was not fought with physical weaponry or technology like you might imagine when thinking of warfare. This war was fought with minds and thoughts and intentions and perceptions and desires and awareness. The human mind and the abilities and capacities of the mind were the weapons. This was a far more horrific, terrifying, and tragic war than any war that could ever be fought with bombs or bullets, swords or spears, computers or media, or other tangible technologies. This was worse and more profound than what you might be tempted to call psychological warfare. It was deeper than merely a war of wills.

The safety of your thoughts was gone. The tranquility of your mind was no longer a refuge. Those two-thirds who valued their individual agency were forced into a situation where they had to fight to preserve their individual agency. That included fighting to preserve their very identity and their ability to discern and value individual gender. They could not simply retreat into a safe house in some hidden location, or escape to some secret dimension to wait out the battle. They could not just sit back and remain neutral or passive, waiting for it to all blow over. The enemy would remain determined to actively and individually seek them out and either recruit them or destroy them with extreme prejudice. All individuals among the two-thirds who wanted to retain their agency had to exert the whole energy of their being to remain alert and vigilant at all times. They had to spend every moment on guard to keep control of their own thoughts, as well as watch over each other to protect each other, lest their own individual agency and the agency of those beside them be left vulnerable to the manipulations of the enemy.

All of this treachery came about because of the deliberate misuse of individual agency by others, starting with the organizer of The New Order who sought to impose his own will to achieve his own ends by his own means, at the expense of everyone else. The willful forfeiture of individual agency by those who decided they wanted a piece of what the organizer offered had brought about the rise of The New Order and with it the advent of evil and malice among these youngest generations on Antecedeon.

Those among The New Order had forfeited their individual agency. They sought not only their own self aggrandizing ends, but they attempted to forcefully draft the remaining two-thirds into The New Order. Those among the remaining two-thirds could not stay on the defensive. They had to take the offensive. They had to fight not only for their own individual agency but for the individual agency of each other. There were many individuals among the two-thirds who could not or would not prevail alone. There were many individuals of varying degrees of capacity and strength and conviction and loyalty who desired to retain their individual agency but would be incapable of doing so if left alone in the fight. Many needed help. It became imperative that everyone remain aware, attentive, and supportive toward everyone else, uniting to take and maintain the offensive in this grievous war.

Mind cloaking, mind tapping, and mind tampering were among the most prevalent and effective means of warfare. What was once a harmonious and serene society of peace and prosperity had been rent by an unimaginably fierce civil war of souls.

One of the most fearsome methods of warfare involved active deception jamming, mind spoofing, and hijacking the innate human ability to self transport. If an enemy could manipulate your thought energy by using his own thought energy, he could force you out of your place, literally transporting you to any location of his choosing. An enemy could also conjure up an environment in which he wanted to immerse you. By tampering with your abilities to self

transport and create environments, an enemy could generate catalyst emotions that fed on themselves and tuned your thought energy to resonate self destructively. This way, the enemy relieved himself of the effort he had initially exerted to displace you or confuse you. Then, the enemy would be able to redirect his energies toward other attacks on someone else. The enemy was far more effective once he had gotten you to lock yourself into the place where he wanted you to be, or out of the place where he did not want you to be. The adversary endeavored to turn you into your own worst enemy. He would leave you to your own devices once he saw that you would persistently gravitate toward the environment he had conjured up to ensnare you. Once you bought into his lies, you were on your own, and he owned you.

The enemy, the New Order spirits and their organizer, endeavored first and foremost to either recruit you or draft you into their cause. But, if they could not succeed in their attempts to recruit you or to draft you, they would attempt to banish you forever from the vast and beautiful world of your progenitors, to exile you and all who stood by you into a state of utter blackness and horror and torment and misery. This was not only a fight over territory and birthright. This was a war over who you were and who you would become and who you would be with.

This was a fight for your individual ability to think what you would choose to think. This was a fight for your individual capacity to feel and to reason and to learn and to love and to emote and to relate. This was a fight for your own individual identity and the ability to recognize and be

recognized by loved ones. This was a fight to preserve your individual countenance and the integrity of your heart and mind and every fiber of your being. If you did not strive with all the energy of your soul to retain control of your being, then The New Order would seize control of you, enslave you, consume you, and dispose of you.

This fight, this war stirred up by The New Order and its organizer, would have you become unrecognizable even to yourself. It would attempt to leave your countenance fallen, contorted, and convoluted into a demonic grotesquery, epitomizing vile, raving fury and abhorrence toward liberty and all that is good or pure or virtuous or innocent. It would have you become a vessel of darkness, wrath, filth, and terror. It would have you pretend to be the opposite of what you were becoming. It would have you be afraid of everything and everyone, including yourself. Your own reflection would be among your most horrifying nightmares. You would become your own arch nemesis, and that nemesis would prevail.

The legions of the New Order sought to make their heinous and diabolical imaginations become your inescapable reality. They campaigned so convincingly that you would become unable to recall or imagine anything beyond that which The New Order had contrived. Calling this mind control might be an understatement. This was the projecting of foreign perspectives directly into your mind's eye while at the same time injecting emotions and manipulating actual events and environments around you to validate those perspectives. It would start with what you already knew and



felt and desired, and then it would be perturbed, insignificantly at first, then permuted a bit more, and then eventually imposed with such persistence and allure and force that if you did not exercise every fiber of your soul and every photon of light in your being to hold your ground, retain your identity, preserve your agency, and hold onto what you knew, then you would soon be pursuing or embracing those alternate and deviant perspectives headlong with immutable stubbornness. You would label your stubbornness as devotion or firm resolve, all the while convinced that you were following proven facts. Eventually, you would end up creating your own deceptions, lying to yourself, summarily dismissing and then ferociously attacking the very same truth and virtue you once defended.

When you beheld loved ones, you would perceive them as contorted, hideous vessels of wrath accusing you of abominable things you had never even thought of doing or experiencing. Then, in your mind's eye, or in fabricated memories, you would see yourself doing or experiencing those very things. You would become convinced that you had actually done them or experienced them being done to you. You would shrink in shame or lash out in rage over things that simply never occurred in the first place. Or just the opposite; you would commit unspeakable acts of depravity with no apparent awareness of what you had done. You would actually believe and insist that such acts had been committed by someone else. You would persist in these types of mind traps until you had given your whole being over to darkness, and you would have no more intention to wield

light, but to consume and to squelch all light. You would turn and attack all that you once fought to preserve. You would insist that you were in the right and that everyone who disagreed with you was wrong.

You would conjure up your own defeat, insisting you were lost when you were not lost even for a moment. You would perceive all doors ahead of you to be closed against you, and you would believe you had already tried to open those doors and had found them locked against you. You would convince yourself of this without ever having tried to open such doors in the first place. You would panic as if all doors ahead of you were locked to you, when not a single one of them was ever locked.

You would hover around things you knew you did not want. You would grasp onto false notions you knew were not true. You would question and deny that which was once plainly obvious to you, and you would insist that you had never known. You would blame others but never acknowledge you might have made a mistake. Or worse, you would feign noble intentions, pretending to acknowledge you had made a mistake, but then you would devise more devious ways to perpetuate the same mistake, seeking all the while to cloak your intentions from those around you.

You would become obsessively curious and give place to desires you had never before entertained, and you would yearn for a body of flesh and bone with which you could proceed to experiment and indulge such desires. Your intentions behind choosing to retain your individual agency, and your motives for choosing to be born into a body of

flesh and bone would turn away from what may have once been pure intent. You would alter your intent, and you would choose to retain your individual agency so that you could experiment with your own newfound lusts, adding impetus to the cause of The New Order as a willful, intentional insurgent, or as a gullible and malleable pawn among The New Order's legions of coconspirators in the flesh.

You would choose to remain among the two-thirds who retained their individual agency so that you could be born into a body of flesh and bone, but you would be an infiltrator and a stealth agent among the two-thirds. You would retain your individual agency for the sole purpose of pursuing your own unlawful lusts and devious fantasies and vain ambitions. You fought for your individual agency, but you fought for the wrong reasons. You fought for selfish reasons, and The New Order saw you as an enemy. But, The New Order considered that you were an enemy who could be manipulated to forward their cause while you were in the flesh. The New Order knew they could never have a claim on bodies of flesh and bone of their own because they had already forfeited their own individual agency. They had knowingly subjected themselves to their revered organizer. They had insisted and persisted in placing their votes and their hopes in his alluring but atrocious lies. You, on the other hand, would be among the vast majority of the two-thirds who retained their agency and who would be born into mortal bodies of flesh and bone.

You would be more powerful than all the spirits of The New Order for the simple fact that you would have a body of flesh and bone of your own, and they would never have such

bodies of their own. Doesn't that seem like a great privilege? You would be among the majority. Not only would you be among the two-thirds that retained their individual agency, but you would have your very own body of flesh and bone, and you would be among the overwhelming majority, even within those two-thirds, because most of those among the two-thirds would persistently misuse their individual agency while in the flesh. That would put you in the best of both worlds, right? You would be among the victorious majority on Antecedeon, and then you would be among the overwhelming majority of the two-thirds while in the flesh. The majority rules, right? There is safety in numbers, isn't there? You would be on the winning team in the end, right? That's what the New Order wanted you to think if you insisted on keeping your individual agency, and if they could not prevail against you on Antecedeon.

Shocked and enraged by the fact that he was losing the war, and appalled that his armies were outnumbered two to one, the organizer of The New Order launched a parallel strategy aimed at the eventual self-decimation rather than the immediate, overt destruction of the two-thirds who chose to retain their individual agency. This strategy was one of his most deceptive operations. While continuing to engineer and execute subtle distractions and direct assaults and confrontations of the mind, his parallel objective was to analyze your individual interests and aptitudes and curiosities and passions, and then engineer specific thought processes exactly matched to you, to your mind, to your manner of thinking, to your individual character traits.

The design was intended to be undetectable to you, but glaringly visible and easily trackable to the organizer of The New Order. Seditious thought processes were engineered to self fabricate and implant within your mind devious and addictive fantasies, passions, lusts, and conceit. Phobias, manias, curiosities, tendencies, and temperaments would be imprinted, awakened, excited, and manipulated to unbalance, invert, and pervert your id, ego, and super-ego. You would eventually want to overcome or explore every facet of all these parts of you, but you would realize you could not overcome or explore any of them unless you had a body of flesh and bone. That realization would make you want to retain your individual agency so you could get a body of flesh and bone so you could overcome or explore these thought processes and constructs in a tangible venue. One of the designs of the organizer of The New Order was that if he could not get you to forfeit your individual agency while you were still on Antecedeon, then he would get you to alter your motives for retaining your agency, counting on you to then exercise your agency unlawfully once you had reached a level of individual accountability during your mortal probation.

The organizer of The New Order was banking on two possibilities. Ideally, he was counting on your never discovering the seditious and self fabricating nature of the implanted thought processes. Such ignorance would lead to your wanton exploration and unabated indulgence into those thought processes, which would in turn trap you onto a course of destruction and hold you on such a course until you

would descend beyond a point of no return, like falling below your own personal spiritual Schwarzschild radius.

Should you somehow identify the implanted thought processes and recognize their nature, the organizer of The New Order was counting on your attempts to either suppress them or overcome them. Suppressing a thought process is not the same as overcoming it. The organizer of The New Order was well aware of the distinction, and had a strategy for each possibility.

It was his design that the act of suppressing seditious and lustful thought processes would place them into a dormant state, a sort of standby mode, in which they would be inactivated and buried into your subconscious by your quest for virtue and truth and self mastery, but not entirely purged from your spirit. They could then resurface or be reactivated again and again during different periods of your mortal life, triggered by various circumstances and events you would encounter, particularly when you would be distressed, distraught, or feeling guilty or inadequate or offended or lonely.

On the other hand, if suppression into a standby mode should fail, then your conscious efforts to face and overcome the implanted thought processes would keep those thought processes in the forefront of your mind, always on your conscience, where they would function as an infinite loop. Your constant awareness of the undesirable thought processes would make you dwell on the very things you were trying to overcome, and that would fuel temptation, which would lead to indulgence, which would produce guilt, which

would spawn insecurity, self-doubt, and a multitude of other personal vulnerabilities that would combine to re-initiate the loop all over again. The organizer of The New Order saw this as a win-win situation for him and a lose-lose situation for you. Infallible, he supposed. You could keep your agency and get your flesh-and-bone body, but he would see you destroyed one way or another.

The organizer of The New Order was banking on the high likelihood that if you succeeded in retaining your individual agency and were born into a mortal body of flesh and bone, then he would be able to awaken, excite, and manipulate dormant thought processes through a series of trigger events and circumstances at specific points during your mortal probation. Once awakened, it would only be a matter of time before those thought processes would self-perpetuate. Such thought processes were designed to autonomously mutate to remain less discernible to you. If you did manage to identify them, there was always the likelihood that the very fact that you became aware of them would eventually hook you into an interminable loop. Consider the countless times you have heard people attempt to justify themselves by claiming they are just wired this way or that way, or by saying that's just the way they are, there's nothing they can do about it, so they just accept it and then embrace it as part of their identity, part of who they are. Many even go the extra mile and proactively advocate the very things they should be trying to overcome and avoid.

Think of these implanted thought processes as extremely advanced, dynamic viruses, capable of independent,

autonomous intelligence, but assimilated into your intelligence and your individual identity. Not mere physiological viruses. Not computer viruses. These are viruses encoded into your very mind and soul, into your very being, into your very nature, into your very identity. The most devastating of such processes are often the ones you put in place yourself, through your own choices, and by willfully exposing yourself to various pernicious influences. By diabolical design, access is all that is needed to initiate and sustain dissoluteness. Progressively easier access affords exponentially more ubiquitous incontinence and inescapable addiction. The mind is the frontier upon which the factious strategies and tactics of The New Order are most effective. Environments and circumstances are merely catalysts and accelerants.

Put a carrot on a long stick and then fasten the stick to a donkey's back so the carrot dangles in front of the donkey. Then, just sit back and watch as the donkey walks itself right off a cliff. The donkey wants that carrot so bad he will fixate on the carrot and remain oblivious to the perils of his environment. The world is full of asses chasing whatever tempts them. Manipulating the two-thirds in the flesh would prove, in many ways, easier than entrancing the one-third on Antecedon. The vast majority of the two-thirds, once in the flesh, would always seek the lowest level by default.

The organizer of The New Order had set up stealth systems and sleeper systems by which he would track you and compile a database of every facet of your life, your decisions, your behaviors, your words and, if possible, your thoughts.



Even if the organizer of The New Order and his allies were to be blocked from gaining direct access to your thoughts, they could anticipate and predict your thoughts by observing the fruits of your thoughts, the effects of your thoughts, and the tell-tale signs of your thoughts. They did not always need direct access to your thoughts to affect your thoughts. They had designed and launched personalized, prescient viruses against you during the war on Antecedeon. You would carry those viral traits right through the veil and into the flesh as you entered your mortal probation. The organizer of The New Order had established means by which he would track and analyze and cross reference everything, every detail, right down to the direction of the gaze of your eyes, the expressions of your face, the twitches of your nerves, the inflections of your voice, the involuntary responses of your vital organs, the firing of synapses in your brain, things you would likely never notice or even be capable of noticing in yourself.

The organizer of The New Order would fuel implanted thought processes after such thought processes had been triggered. Not only did he devise weapons and means to bring you down, but he would make you one of his weapons, one of his diabolical instruments. He would use every means at his disposal, and at your disposal, to get you to enmesh yourself in a path of destruction in which you would persist beyond a point of no return. His job would be so much easier if he could get you to destroy yourself and as many around you as possible rather than him having to do it all himself. Better for him if you should deceive yourself into losing all

hope of redemption, denying simple truths and virtues you once knew to be so plainly obvious, enshrouding yourself in a cloak of hypocrisy and guile, persisting in a sinking, self-perpetuating spiral until you had given up all desire to correct your course, or until you had forfeited your capacity to self correct and purged yourself of any willingness to seek or accept intervention or rescue. If you did not hold fast to what you knew, you would end up accepting false notions as if such false notions had always been true, as if you had always known them to be true, as if there were nothing you could ever do to change yourself.

While the great governor and patriarch had patiently allowed the proponents of The New Order every opportunity to reason and to present their alternative and to make their case and to gather their ranks and wage their war, he could not and would not allow them to infringe indefinitely upon the individual agency of those who chose not to join them. This civil war on Antecedeon had been permitted to escalate to a point where the open and unabated campaign to usurp individual agency and to displace spirits from their birthplace and their birthright against their will had matured beyond any willingness to stand down or to reconsider. The war had been allowed to intensify to the point where many innocent spirits were right on the cusp of being forced beyond what they could resist, right on the precipice of not wanting to surrender themselves to The New Order but being simply exhausted and confused beyond their individual capacity to endure, being pushed beyond their individual limits to the verge of utter, eternal destruction. Many were at the point

where, even with the sustaining influences and the loyal powers of their loved ones, they would crumble if the war were allowed to rage any longer upon the face of Antecedeon. Enough was enough. It was time to send the fight outside. Take the war off of Antecedeon lest the sanctity of Antecedeon be polluted forever.

Instead of exploring all the options and accepting guidance and correction at crucial turning points during their development, The New Order and its organizer wanted everything, impatiently, at the expense of everyone else, including at the expense of the great governor and patriarch himself. While they could have freely chosen to stand down and to reconsider their course and to reapply themselves in the already perfectly designed master plan of the great governor and patriarch, and thereby magnify their own individual agency in liberty and eternal happiness and eternal increase, they chose instead to knowingly and willfully persist in fundamentally flawed and fraudulent designs, and in vain, self-serving, paradoxical ambitions. Their decision to persist in such atrocious asininity had ultimately stripped them of the very agency they once possessed. At some point in their existence, they would inevitably be left with absolutely zero freedom, zero power, zero esteem or glory, and zero influence, not to mention zero possessions. That point in their existence would come upon them swiftly. For whatever reasons, one-third of the population of the youngest generations chose such a course. What had started as an alternative movement had coalesced into a rebellion which in

turn had escalated to spirit terrorism. It had culminated in an unfathomable mass suicide of souls.

This mass suicide was not the kind you might imagine. This was far worse. Those individuals who chose to follow the organizer of The New Order were fully aware of what they were doing, but they did it anyway. Just like a suicide bomber knows he is going to destroy himself, but he chooses to follow some perverted ideology or some deceitful leader of some diabolical cause. He follows with such blind stubbornness that he is willing to destroy himself for even the chance of destroying those around him who do not agree with his ideology.

Of course, spirits cannot be physically destroyed. Being composed of matter as refined as light, spirits cannot be ripped apart or dismembered or vaporized or blown to pieces. However, they can be destroyed in the far worse sense of being depleted of light and influence and power to affect anything or anyone around them. Spirits can be destroyed in the sense of being attenuated to such negligible energy levels that they are utterly imperceptible even to each other, becoming darkness, unable to ever be acknowledged or remembered, having no more capacity to act, but only to be acted upon by everything, even the very space that surrounds them and penetrates them. They can be destroyed in the sense of being confined to a singularity, where space and time are infinitely distorted, and where the souls confined to such a state are forever deprived of any and all interaction, and where they are pressed with the agonies of their own hatred and rage and greed and envy and guilt, and where the ever

vivid pains and horrors and tortures they have intended for others fall back down upon themselves and replay in an endless loop, becoming concentrated, multiplied, and amplified to immeasurable proportions. The repercussions sent out from these doomed souls would resonate back to them infinite fold. Their once widespread works and influences would be concentrated into the infinitesimally small volume of their reduced and damned souls, creating unimaginable pressures, pressures that would never be released, pressures from which they could never escape. The destruction of a spirit is a terrifying prospect, and that is exactly what the one-third sought to inflict upon every last individual among the two-thirds. That is what the one-third had chosen for themselves, and their course was set. They could no longer self correct. They could no longer be rescued even if they should want to be. They knew it. The one-third could not bear the thought that anyone should fare better than they, and so they sought to seal every soul to the same fate they had brought upon themselves.

The one-third of the population who constituted The New Order, along with their organizer, were decisively and abruptly exiled from the world of their birthplace. They willfully forfeited their birthrights, and they willfully forfeited all possibility of advancing in their eternal existence. In fact, they would not even get through this very stagnation they so adamantly insisted on breaching. They were locked in a far worse type of stagnation for all eternity, and this by their own choosing. They would never be able to navigate the breach and obtain their own bodies of flesh and bone with which to

act. They would never experience a full complement of senses with which to feel.

The exile of the one-third who called themselves 'The New Order' had two phases. The immediate phase of their exile was their confinement to the earth, where they would be exposed to that which they coveted most, where they would be constantly teased and tantalized by that which they could never have and could never become. They would be surrounded by that which they had forfeited any and all rights to enjoy. The final phase of their exile would be their ultimate banishment into a singularity of total blackness. The anticipation of their final condemnation would loom before them and torment them throughout their immediate phase of exile, making their condition all the more terrifying. They had chosen this and had willfully brought this upon themselves. They were left without excuse.

During the immediate phase of their exile, they would be trapped within the material of the wall surrounding the breach, but unable to access the breach to pass through it. They would be confined to behold the two-thirds pass through the breach, where the two-thirds would receive bodies of flesh and bone. The spirits of the one-third would be unable to occupy any other space or time. This would be their temporary confinement where they would be forced to witness the entire process of the lives of the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency. The exiled New Order spirits would have to watch, writhing in covetous greed, envy, jealousy, hatred, and rage, helpless to satisfy themselves, while the two-thirds would be born into mortal bodies of flesh and

bone to live out their mortal probations. This would be the case until all the generations of the two-thirds had completed their mortal probations, collectively spanning a period of some seven millennia.

The New Order spirits had chosen to prefer the lies of the organizer of The New Order rather than apply the plain and simple, eternal truths of the great governor and patriarch. They had actively sought to usurp the individual agency of everyone in this vast human family. They had lied to themselves. They would eventually lose the company of their fellow conspirators. They would see those who stood with them turn against them and betray them and despise them, after which they would go away, each one, to a private and solitary state of unquenchable torment, forgotten and abandoned, with no spoils, but only eternal dread, remorse of conscience, unfulfilled greed, unbridled rage, and unrequited hatred, never to receive the company or flattery of anyone ever again. Their eternal torment would be exacerbated by the glaring, ever-present awareness of what they could have become and what they could have enjoyed, if only they had chosen differently before it was too late.

The New Order spirits would be eternally tormented by every sorrow and heartache, every insult and lashing, every insecurity, fear, agony, and pain they had ever intended to inflict upon others, and then some. They would be indefinitely confined to a horrific singularity, a singularity wherein the infinite weight of every possible affliction of every possible human experience would be compressed upon them individually, an infinite weight forever concentrated

upon each of them. Nobody would be able or willing to lighten their burdens. They would be unable to communicate even amongst themselves, for they would each occupy a solitary partition within the singularity, an impenetrable partition, like a solitary isolation cell within an inescapable prison, but far worse. They would not be able to move, so confined would be their imprisonment. They were utterly hopeless; they had no hope for themselves and no one had hope for them.

Imagine being claustrophobic and then being immobilized in a straight jacket so tight it crushed you so you could not move even a finger. Imagine being terrified of the dark and then being suspended in pitch black with total sensory deprivation, pressure cooked by your own fears, guilt, and anguish, compounded by the weight of every pain and fear and guilt and sickness of every possible life. Imagine all this with the full awareness that you had been forgotten forever, abandoned, left in this inescapable condition with no hope of relief. That would pale in comparison to what the one-third who called themselves The New Order would ultimately face.

These New Order spirits had utterly depleted their own worth, each of them becoming an absence of light, utter blackness. Eventually, they would be literally imprisoned in a singularity, unable to move, forever alone, in total blackness, with no light, no warmth, no structure upon which to stand or sit or lay or lean, not even the presence of other matter in any form, as matter is energy, which is light on some level of the electromagnetic spectrum. They would remain suspended



and pressed in a condition of interminable horror, devoid of light or esteem or glory or company of any kind. Theirs would be an eternity of self loathing, self hatred, and undiluted terror amid a complete absence of love or companionship or interpersonal communication of any kind.

They would be forgotten by everyone, and they would know they had been forgotten. They would be fully aware of the fact that they would never even fleetingly occupy the thoughts or memories of any being ever again. This is but a fraction of the conditions that would cause them to wail and weep and gnash their teeth, writhing against the immobilizing pressure of their unimaginably excruciating confinement, forever. So terrible would be their condition that no man could know the depths or the intensity of their torment unless he were to be confined to such a condition by deliberately and knowingly forfeiting his own individual agency through the open and active attempt to abolish the agency of another, after having attained a full understanding and then having turned and denied that understanding.

The New Order spirits would be so consumed by their own misery that they would not even be capable of looking to the organizer of The New Order to cast blame on him or to ask why. Nor would the organizer of The New Order be capable of casting blame on anyone else. He would be utterly consumed with the weight of infinite blame and unfathomable shame upon himself. His demise would be at least as dismal as that of anyone and everyone who had chosen to subscribe to his abominable farce of a plan. He would be even more decrepit and vile than his

coconspirators, and he would know it, and he would know that everyone else knew it. Indeed, his plan was an alternative. The outcome and the reward were assured beyond any doubt, absolutely inescapable, in fact. The one-third wanted predestination. They got it.

The final state of the New Order spirits would come upon them swiftly in due time, and that ominous realization loomed inevitably before them, haunting them with unrelenting and horrific anticipation. But, in the mean time, having been decisively exiled out of the vast world in which the great governor and patriarch resides, they had to go somewhere. So, they were spewed out of the vast world of their birth as spirits and hurled onto this earth, the very same world the remaining two-thirds of the population of the youngest generations would soon begin inhabiting. This earth onto which they were forcefully hurled, shrieking with rage and hatred, would become their temporary prison while at the same time serving as the temporary proving ground for the remaining two-thirds of the population of these youngest generations. This earth, nearing the habitable phase of its creation, would soon become the mortal and imperfect world upon which the remaining two-thirds would be born into bodies of flesh and bone for their mortal probations.

Ironically, before their treasonous insurrection, many spirits among the one-third who were exiled had been intimately involved in the design and the initial phases of the creation of the earth upon which they were now confined. They had gotten themselves confined to the very world they had helped design and build. They had built their own prison,

having fallen into their own trap, without any possibility of acquiring bodies of flesh and bone of their own. While concentrating so blindly on orchestrating the entrapment, enslavement, and destruction of everyone else, they had instead scripted their own ruin.

These New Order spirits, after having been hurled onto this world, rushed forth in a mad haste over every part of the earth while it was still in its formative phases. They postured themselves to snatch up and possess every individual body of flesh and bone intended for the remaining two-thirds as soon as each individual among those remaining two-thirds would be born. But, rather than being allowed to summarily displace the spirits of the remaining two-thirds and take total possession of their bodies of flesh and bone, these New Order spirits had been restricted to coexist in this world along with those two-thirds who would be born into bodies of flesh and bone. The New Order spirits would spend their days desperately coveting every experience those two-thirds would have, but the New Order spirits would never be privileged to enjoy such experiences for themselves.

The New Order spirits would be haunted by that which they could never enjoy. Their days on this world would be spent plotting, seducing, deceiving, tormenting, assaulting, attacking, and trying desperately to possess those individuals who would be born into bodies of flesh and bone, attempting to get those individuals to forfeit their own agency, attempting to enslave them, defile them, and destroy them with extreme prejudice, by any means possible. The war the one-third had bitterly lost on Antecedeeon, the vast world

where the great governor and patriarch resides, was a war they could not let go. They would continue to wage that war more bitterly than ever before, right here on this mortal world onto which the remaining two-thirds were about to begin their mortal probations. The New Order spirits knew they had only a limited time before their own condemnation would swiftly overtake them. While that time would span several millennia, it was a finite time. Compared to eternity, a few millennia would amount to a miniscule and fleeting moment.

The New Order spirits were postured to continue the war as soon as the first man and woman from among the two-thirds would be placed into bodies of flesh and bone upon the face of this world. The war would recommence with a subtle campaign to hasten the choices of the first man and woman to corrupt themselves and their world and to initiate their own state of mortality. Individual agency was of such importance, that even mortality could not be forced upon anyone. Those who entered mortality did so of their own free will and choice. The first man and woman in the flesh on this world ushered mortality into the world by their own choice. And it was the correct choice.

The mediator would open the breach through mortality, ensuring that mortality would not be the end of mankind's physical embodiment. The mediator ensured that individual choices made during mortality, and not mortality itself, would determine the eternal estate attained after mortality. In other words, mortality could not be immediately usurped and used as a summary means of eternal destruction. The mediator

preserved individual agency for all who desired to retain individual agency. These facts would prove to be major obstacles for the New Order.

The New Order spirits planned to use the frailties of mortality as weapons aimed at every member of the two-thirds who entered a mortal body of flesh and bone. The sooner mortality commenced on this world, the sooner the New Order spirits could reengage their war against the two-thirds who would be entering mortal probations over the next several millennia; hence, the campaign to hasten the advent of mortality into the world.

The first mortal man and woman upon this mortal world began to populate the planet, conceiving mortal bodies of flesh and bone into which the spirits of the two-thirds entered. As the human species proliferated in the flesh upon the face of this mortal world, the New Order spirits were determined to drag down, possess, and use up as many of the two-thirds as possible, attempting to render every individual among the two-thirds ineffective and miserable in every way conceivable.

But, the great governor and patriarch, in his omniscient foresight, had placed an inherent enmity between the New Order spirits and the two-thirds who would be born into bodies of flesh and bone. That innate enmity was a protective measure designed to preserve the integrity of the interface between the spirits of the two-thirds and the temporal bodies of flesh and bone into which the spirits of the two-thirds would be born. The two-thirds who had retained their individual agency must be allowed birth into mortal bodies of

flesh and bone on this mortal and imperfect world to which they were assigned. They must be allowed the chance to reach an age of accountability without being immediately displaced by the New Order spirits.

If the New Order spirits could not succeed in utterly displacing the spirit of an individual and taking possession of his or her body of flesh and bone, then they would seek to suppress that spirit, trapping that spirit into slavery and torment through every form of addiction and affliction possible. The New Order would attempt to annihilate each spirit's freedom to act, effectively incarcerating each spirit within that spirit's own body of flesh and bone, making his or her body an unholy, torturous prison rather than the temple it was intended to be.

The New Order would turn its tactics toward the perverting of the flesh, preying upon the egoism and the vulnerabilities, desires, appetites, and passions of the mortal mind and the mortal body of every individual, without exception. Their entire purpose was to manipulate and utterly destroy or dissuade the two-thirds away from the mediator who had been appointed to breach the great stagnation. If the New Order spirits could succeed in turning the two-thirds away from the mediator simply by turning the hearts of the children away from the fathers and the hearts of the fathers away from the children, then the New Order Spirits would succeed in foiling the very purpose for which this earth had been created.

Before their final doom to a singularity of utter blackness would completely overtake them, the New Order spirits

would witness the inhabitants of this world receive immortality and inherit some degree of eternal life. Every one of the spirits among the two-thirds who had retained individual agency would be born into a mortal body of flesh and bone, endure a temporary, mortal probation on this mortal, imperfect world that had been created for them, and then leave their mortal bodies as their mortal bodies would die.

At the moment of death, those individual spirits would exit their mortal bodies of flesh and bone. Those spirits leaving their mortal bodies, having finished their mortal probations, would spend some amount of time in a waiting period, in a spirit world upon this same earth, associating with other spirits who pertain to this earth and who had also completed their mortal probations.

In due time, through the power of the mediator who would breach the great stagnation, the spirits who had left their mortal bodies, having completed their mortal probations, would regain their own bodies of flesh and bone. But this time, rather than being born all over again, they would be instantaneously restored to their prime. They would be resurrected to an immortal and flawless condition such that their bodies of flesh and bone could never again die. A resurrected body would not be somebody else's body. No one would be reincarnated into a different form, or into a body of some other person or creature. Reincarnation is a noxious lie propagated to confuse you.

All individuals among the two-thirds would, at some point, be resurrected into their own bodies of flesh and bone,

restored to their prime condition, with no missing limbs, no scars, no disabilities, no frailties, no illnesses, nothing that afflicts mortal flesh and bone. After having their bodies of flesh and bone resurrected, they would each inherit some degree of eternal life commensurate with the degree to which they had chosen to lawfully apply their individual agency during their mortal probations.

The one-third, who constituted The New Order, would subsequently become the forgotten order. They had forever deprived themselves of the opportunity to acquire bodies of flesh and bone of their own. They would forever covet, envy, despise, hate, and seek to manipulate, possess, torture, and destroy those who had one.

As the one-third who constituted The New Order had forfeited their individual agency and had been exiled from Antecedeon to be confined for several millennia to the world they had helped to build, the remaining two-thirds had initially triumphed and retained their individual agency. At great cost, liberty and agency had prevailed on Antecedeon. The spirits who remained with the great governor and patriarch had agreed, or at least consented, to sustain the mediator whom the great governor and patriarch had planned to appoint from the very beginning.

The man actually appointed to breach the great stagnation was the most unassuming, kind-hearted, selfless soul among the entire population of these youngest generations. He was the very first spirit offspring of the great governor and patriarch. He was the firstling, having been born a spirit on Antecedeon shortly after the great governor and patriarch



and his wives had entered their state of exaltation and returned to the full fellowship of their progenitors following the completion of their own mortal probations and resurrections on the world their progenitors had created for them.

The mediator, being the firstling of all spirits born to the great governor and patriarch, had been around for eons. The mediator had been held in reserve for the specific and singular purpose of breaching the great stagnation for all the spirit posterity of the great governor and patriarch. The mediator knew every spirit among these youngest generations intimately. He had helped raise them and had cared for them, laughed with them, cried with them, encouraged them, listened to them, and played with them, much the same way a loving older brother might help raise his younger siblings. He chose to single handedly absorb the full impact of every possible life from the most exquisite heights of joy to the most horrifying and disturbing depths of agony. He had prepared himself to willingly and humbly become the solitary vessel for the pains and guilt and infirmities of every possible life. He did so without expecting anything more from you than your sincere and simple efforts to follow his example and his instructions as he would define the course through the breach in the great stagnation, preserving your individual agency, identity, and gender, and enabling you to reach whatever level of individual potential and eternal advancement you desired.

The mediator who was appointed to breach the great stagnation had spent his entire existence befriending,

supporting, encouraging, understanding, empathizing, and listening to every individual among these youngest generations of this vast human family. He took the initiative to develop an infinite capacity to love every individual as if each person were his one and only friend. He was intimately familiar with every facet of your existence, your dreams and aspirations, your fears and doubts, your weaknesses and strengths, your aptitudes and tendencies, your predispositions and temperaments, all your character traits, and your fullest potential. He got to know you better than you knew yourself. His every thought and decision and action was for the benefit of others; he never once acted selfishly. He mastered his own spirit and he mastered the art of creation. He designed and created worlds too many to count, and life forms too fascinating to describe. He included everyone who desired to be included in whatever he was doing. He encouraged individuals to learn and to actively participate to whatever degree they desired. Such is how the mediator spent his days while residing in the vast world of Antecedon with the great governor and patriarch. Everyone was the better because of him, yet he never once expected any praise or recognition from anyone. Quite the contrary; he was always quick to offer praise and recognition where it was due, particularly toward his beloved father, who was the great governor and patriarch.

The two-thirds of the population who refused to join The New Order aligned themselves with the master plan of the great governor and patriarch. With their various personal reasons and diverse levels of devotion ranging from reluctant, passive acceptance to anxious, exultant engagement, these

two-thirds of the population chose, at least for this season of their existence, to follow the one man appointed by the great governor and patriarch. They at least consented, and at best whole-heartedly and actively sustained the man who had been appointed to breach the great stagnation. They valued individual agency and saw the wisdom in personal accountability, as such would afford them experience and advancement beyond their current conditions and into bodies of flesh and bone.

These individuals understood that in order to enjoy a full and complete advancement into the type of life their progenitors enjoyed, to become equals with their progenitors, the focusing law must be applied. That focusing law circumscribed all truths, building upon individual agency and culminating in the realization of the fullness of individual potential. For that realization to occur, the hearts of the children must turn toward their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers must turn toward their children. Unless this perpetual and abiding law was upheld, everything would come to naught.

The course through the breach in the great stagnation would be a simple and clearly defined course, but it would by no means be an easy one. In fact, it would be excruciating at times. However, it would be well worth the trouble, and it was the only way through. There was simply no other way.

In order to successfully navigate the breach, you would have to apply your own individual agency to willingly abide in the course, and to willingly correct yourself in the event of any deviation along the way through the breach.

Any diversion from the course through the breach would progressively impair you, unless you would decide to seek out the one man who would show you how to navigate the breach, the one man who knew your deviations intimately because he had already borne the full weight of their consequences for you.

That one man was none other than the mediator who had been appointed to breach the great stagnation; that same mediator who had taken such endearing personal interest in every aspect of your existence; that same one who had befriended you and had known you so well. It was him, and him alone, who could show you exactly how to keep yourself on the course through the breach, and show you exactly how to pass through the great stagnation and onward into your own eternal advancement. However, he would never attempt to force you or to deceive you into following him. He would simply guide you through the breach as long as you would choose to follow him. He had always had your best interest in mind, and he would never seek to take anything away from you. He would always honor your individual agency above all else, even if it meant letting you go your own way toward your own destruction, if for whatever personal reasons that is what you would decide to do somewhere along the course. You are the greater good. Your individual agency and your individual identity and your individual gender inherently constitute the greatest good.

## **Chapter One**

### **First Estate**

Antecedeeon. Before Earth was created. The mediator stood on a precipice overlooking a spacious sea of glass. The precipice upon which he stood was composed of pure light. The precipice and the titanic mountain from which it protruded were suspended miles above the sea of glass. This sea of glass was immense. Entire solar systems could easily fit within its circumference. Looking into the sea of glass, the depths of space and the expanses of time unfolded before the mediator as freely as his thoughts flowed. Past, present, and future were all plainly discernable in every detail, ever present before him.

The mediator, who would breach the great stagnation, looked into this sea of glass and searched regions of space, like searching through an enormous, multidimensional atlas with his mind, probing every dimension of space and time. He identified a suitable region of space some distance from where he stood. In that remote region of space he observed

unorganized matter drifting in gargantuan, widely dispersed mists of vapor and dust stretching in every direction.

Anticipating the great stagnation, and knowing in advance what would need to be done, the great governor and patriarch sent the mediator to the same region of space the mediator had been contemplating as he had been peering into the sea of glass. The mediator and his father thought alike. The mediator's task at hand was to organize the matter into a world. The mediator perceived the era of time in which this matter should be organized, and he began his labors to construct a world upon which the spirits of the youngest generations of this vast human family could begin their mortal probations in mortal bodies of flesh and bone. The mediator understood everything that was about to transpire, and he set about his task with deep sobriety.

While the mediator had created many worlds, including worlds upon which many generations of spirits had spent and would spend their mortal probations in bodies of flesh and bone, this particular world was of unusual significance. Upon this world, the mediator himself would endure his own mortal tenure. By design, his mortal tenure would occur at the meridian of the habitable history of this particular world he had been tasked to create. This timing was a symbolic and literal expression of his central and pivotal role. Everything hinged upon him. This was to be his own world in every sense, and he was intimately aware of what that meant.

As he was yet a spirit body himself, having no flesh and bone with which to touch matter directly, he used the power of his thoughts to organize matter according to the designs he

had envisioned in his mind. He could observe every facet of matter, down to infinitesimally small scales. He could perceive every expanse of time, from infinite eternities to infinitesimally fleeting durations, and he could perceive past, present, and future as if immersed in one contiguous, panoramic experience. For any action, he could immediately perceive the reaction. For any cause, he could instantaneously discern the effect. He could visualize every cause and the set of effects it produced, and he could visualize every effect in turn becoming a cause that produced further sets of effects, and so on, without end. He could just as easily trace any effect back to its root cause. There was no chaos in his view, for he could perceive every possible combination of events and every possible permutation of effects with complete clarity and certainty.

He could separate matter and combine matter at will, in any manner he pleased. If he needed a proton, he could either extract one from an existing atom if there was one handy, or he could assemble one from scratch. If he needed an electron, he could likewise extract one or assemble one from scratch. If he needed a positron, which is an anti-electron, he could simply reverse the spin of an electron, or he could just assemble one from scratch. He could assemble matter by concentrating energy into discrete volumes of space. By simply imagining in his mind's eye, he could set in motion the dynamics needed to impart stability to the material, to whatever degree he desired. He could organize matter from energy just as easily as he could extract energy from matter. He could endow discrete particles of matter with specifically

designed properties that would cause them interact in any manner he wished.

The mediator perceived time, space, energy, and matter as one contiguous, dynamic fluid, one great whole. Different types of matter were nothing more than rearrangements of various concentrations of energy endowed with specific dynamics, occupying specific volumes for specific times. There was no such thing as empty space. There was no space that had no purpose. There was no space that did not belong to some intelligently governed dominion. Nor was there any dominion that did not occupy some amount of space for some duration of time. Time itself was nothing more than dynamic arrangements of energy and matter occupying specific sequences of space. It was all interchangeable; it was all part of the same substance.

I saw a close-up view of a slightly hazy, grayish-colored sphere loosely resembling a ball of tightly interwoven elastic threads in constant relative flux. The surface, if you could call it that, for there was no distinct solidity, was enshrouded in a translucent, gray haze. The haze seemed like some type of an atmosphere. There was no distinct transition from atmosphere to surface, but the density of the gray haze seemed to increase exponentially with depth. The denser topography had a stringy, swirling appearance, as if the entire sphere were a violently dynamic, fluid body with powerful storms resembling elongated, elliptically shaped typhoons with starkly delineated shear zones between concentric currents. In the gray haze, at some depths, there seemed to be violent tornados very tightly wound at the deeper ends and



smoothly opening out and swirling slower at the higher ends. The dynamics of the entire sphere were such that the sphere itself did not maintain a truly spherical shape, but was more akin to a water balloon sloshing randomly, never staying in one exact shape, and never duplicating the same shape.

I intuitively understood that this dynamic sphere represented a single proton, immensely magnified and displayed in slow motion to reveal intricate details and dynamics. The proton was being bombarded with light in the form of individually discernable photons. I watched as individual photons of light impacted the proton and were absorbed into the proton. At first, nothing seemed to happen. But, a few moments into the continuing barrage of photons, a deep fracture opened across a large portion of the proton. The fracture quickly became a gaping chasm in the topography of the proton. The chasm had smoothly rounded edges. There were never any sharp or jagged edges anywhere. In spite of violent dynamics, there was a smoothly rounded harmony that exuded an eerie beauty. I perceived that even a single proton is an entire world on some scale.

I watched as an enormous surge of electrons and anti-electrons, or positrons as they are often called, erupted out of the gaping chasm in the proton. I observed that far more matter and anti-matter came out of the proton than could account for the amount of energy that had entered into the proton in the form of individual photons of light, yet the proton did not seem to diminish in size or mass.

Later, I began pondering this process, and I wondered if this could be representative of other patterns of eternal and

infinite increase. I also wondered if the infinite expanse of space itself acts as some sort of infinite reservoir from which the proton's mass and energy were replenished or reconstituted at the same rate at which the electrons and positrons erupted out of the proton following the photon impact. A perfect system of accounting and balancing was at work in which no compulsion was required. It just worked. It was not random. It was not a fluke. The whole system was designed that way on purpose.

I understand that as electrons and positrons collide, they mutually annihilate in a burst of gamma radiation. Gamma radiation is light, energetic light at extremely high frequency and short wavelength. Perhaps the mutual annihilation that produces this light is a bit of a misnomer. Perhaps it could better be described as a mutual transformation. Together, an electron and a positron, two mutually attracting opposites, unite and transform into a brilliant burst of light, a burst of multitudes of individual photons.

Suppose an electron-positron pair originates from an eruption caused by a photon of light impacting a given proton. If that electron and that positron collide, they mutually transform into a multitude of individual photons of light. A number of those individual photons of light could then be redirected or guided back to bombard the same proton from which the electron-positron pair that had created them originated. Then, there would be another eruption of new electrons and positrons which could then combine to produce even more photons of high-energy light, which could then repeat the process, and so on, without end,

all emerging out of one given proton, all emerging out of one given world, as it were. Also, other protons could be bombarded by the photons of light released by electron-positron collisions. The eruptions of electrons and positrons resulting from photon bombardment of neighboring protons could perpetuate the process exponentially and explosively, generating a never-ending and ever-accelerating cycle of expansion or increase. Seeding universes, are we?

In a way, it would seem like the electron-positron pairs originating from one world were parents with physical bodies uniting to bear innumerable spirit offspring, like a multitude of individual photons of light. Many of those individual photons of light would then go onto a world, like a proton. While on that world, they would be instrumental in causing other sets of electron-positron pairs to arise. Some of those pairs would subsequently unite and transform to release more photons of light, and the cycle would be repeated.

At any rate, it seems that from certain vantage points, under certain conditions, it is possible to achieve perpetual energy flow, perpetual motion, perpetual increase, whatever you care to call it. It seems entirely possible, in certain systems, to get far more out than what you put in, if you apply correct principles with precise accuracy. Or, perhaps you can achieve infinite returns because an infinite input has already been accomplished, preserving the balance of the whole system. Perhaps, if time and space and energy and matter are all permutations or arrangements of the same substance, then infinite and eternal increase can be initiated

and sustained by applying certain laws of nature that are available and exclusive to the highest degree of eternal life, the degree of life that affords unlimited access to the governing and the application of the entirety of this time-space-energy-matter substance. Perhaps processes such as the photon-proton interaction that produced what I perceived to be limitless quantities of electrons and positrons are self-sustaining processes that, once set in motion by the careful application of appropriate laws, will flow forever without compulsory means. Perhaps some limited portions of those laws may be discovered and applied in lesser estates, but the whole law or the fullness of the law can only be understood and applied within the highest degree of eternal life, the only degree of eternal life where infinite and eternal increase is possible.

On another occasion, I saw what appeared to be black, empty space, completely void of any activity and void of discernible matter. At least, that is how I perceived it. But, I do not believe it was space without purpose. Nor do I believe it was space which did not belong to some intelligently governed dominion. Suddenly, I saw an abrupt, intense flash of bright, white light that originated at a single point and then expanded outward in all directions as an ever expanding sphere. As the intense brightness of the initial flash receded, there appeared countless stars, densely clustered at first, but quickly moving outward from the point where the flash originated. I observed that as the stars moved outward, they grouped into galaxies and clusters of galaxies which in turn continued to move outward in all directions from the flash

point. Although the stars and galaxies moved outward at great speed, I observed there was a blast of gases and dust and other fine matter blowing even faster, much, much faster, outward in all directions from the flash point. I saw that the gas and dust reached far greater distances in much less time than the stars and galaxies.

I believe this was a representation of some phase of the creation of our universe. At first glance, it seems to lend some credence to what many call the Big Bang theory. However, I do not share the commonly accepted premise behind the Big Bang theory. Instead, I believe I was viewing events from only one perspective, from a distant vantage point, looking back toward the exact location and time where the universe was deliberately and precisely placed into its element and set in motion. I believe our universe, and every other universe, was created through various stages according to an intelligent and well ordered, deliberate design. I believe the formation of our universe, and every other universe, was placed into position and set in motion with purposeful precision and with deliberate, well organized timing, at exactly the moment intended, and not by any accident or chance or cosmic statistical anomaly.

I resolutely believe that our universe, and every other universe, was purposefully designed by intelligent, perfected human beings, many of whom are our progenitors, who have, by their lawful application of their individual agency, achieved the highest degree of eternal life. I speculate that our universe, and every other universe, was conceived and organized through a certain amount of careful design and

pre-assembly over a period spanning eons. I suppose that after the careful initial assembly, and after the preliminary combinations of compositions and properties were arranged in the desired manner, the next step would have been what I can only describe as an ignition event, or perhaps a birth event. I speculate that some sort of ignition event, or birth event, was designed and initiated to set in motion the next phase of dynamics from which the objects and events we see today would precipitate according to the original design.

Think of it like the fireworks you might observe on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, Independence Day in the United States of America. You stand outside at night on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, anticipating the fireworks. Since it is nighttime, your eyes perceive a black expanse of sky, seemingly void of any activity or discernible matter. Then, suddenly, you see a bright flash, and out of that initial flash you see all sorts of beautifully colored sparks and lights and patterns expanding rapidly in every direction, some moving faster than others and reaching far greater distances than others. Then you hear a big bang. Does that mean what you saw was some absurdly remote accident that just happened spontaneously, by mere chance? Does that mean what you saw just accidentally happened to occur at that precise time of night, exactly on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, in a place that celebrates a certain event in history? Does that mean you just happened to be in the right place at the right time to witness a cosmic statistical anomaly?

Some intelligent human being had to assemble those fireworks and then ignite them. You may have only witnessed the events transpiring after the fireworks were ignited, but

that does not change the fact that some intelligent human being had to ensure carefully measured amounts of substances and chemicals of various properties were combined in precise arrangements within a precisely assembled vessel, including a carefully designed fuse system. Then, some intelligent human being had to ensure the whole assembly was stored in a controlled environment, preserving it against adverse elements and forces until the moment of its intended purpose. As the arrival of the anticipated moment drew near, some intelligent human being had to ensure the assembly was carefully and deliberately transported to a predetermined location. At some exact and predetermined moment, some intelligent human being deliberately applied a precisely designed incendiary influence, like a lighter or a match, to a specific portion of the assembly, like the end of the fuse. Upon the fulfillment of these prerequisite events, the firework assembly began operating exactly as it was intelligently designed to function, having been endowed with the exact combination of characteristics necessary to allow it to fulfill its intended purpose, or in other words, to fulfill the measure of its creation. Carefully composed and precisely orchestrated chemical reactions and mechanical interactions commenced explosively. While the initial explosion of the fireworks was sudden and abrupt, it followed a set of carefully planned dynamics according to an intelligent design conceived by an intelligent human being. The fireworks explosion precipitated a beautiful display of lights according to an intelligent design. You most likely did not witness or even think about any part of this process except for the very

last few events, those events occurring after the ignition of the fireworks. You only saw the flash in the sky and the subsequent expansion of beautiful lights moving rapidly outward, forming carefully planned patterns and colors. So, by the same line of reasoning, is the formation of the universe really mere happenstance, a random statistical anomaly without purpose? Can you honestly reason that the universe created itself without any deliberate, intelligent influence? It would certainly be more statistically probable for fireworks to assemble themselves, transport themselves, and then ignite themselves, than for an infinitely complex universe to create itself. Fireworks. Universe. Same concept, different scale. Seems obvious, yet few get the picture.

Furthermore, somehow you knew where to be and when to be there to observe the fireworks on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. You were at least somewhat aware of the meaning behind the event, the history it celebrates, what it represents, the freedom you enjoy, and the soldiers who fought to give you that freedom. Might you consider that there is some significance and purpose behind the creation of the universe in which you exist? Could there perhaps be some human history worthy of celebration behind its purpose and its design, some human history that predates Earth, some human history that predates the universe itself? Could there have been battles fought and sacrifices made in distant places and times veiled from your mind, long before you were born, the ramifications of which you now complacently enjoy yet stubbornly deny?



Immediately after I saw what I believe was the initial expansion of our universe, I saw what I can only describe as a close-up of a solar system forming within a galaxy, perhaps within our Milky Way Galaxy. I saw the formation of an Earth-like planet. Maybe it was Earth. I saw interplanetary winds of tremendous force whipping through space, blasting the newly forming planet with dust and gases. Cumulus-like clouds surrounded most of the equatorial zone and portions of the southern regions of the planet. The planet itself appeared light bluish. It appeared to spin with astonishing speed, as if given its momentum by the winds blowing so violently upon it. I could see no distinguishing features to suggest land and water had yet been separated on the surface. I could only see what appeared to be water and cloud bands. Strangely, I recall seeing what I can only describe as a plane of water, like a field of water in space, being blown violently and torrentially toward the spinning planet. As gas, dust, and water accumulated on the planet, I noticed that its mass and size grew. I can only assume this was the formation of the world upon which you and I now stand. I believe it was a representation of the creation of the Earth in its pre-habitable stages, before any life had been placed upon it.

I saw their world. Their world was incomprehensibly vast, far exceeding the reach of any typical planetary body. Its landscapes and beauty defied mortal imagination. I saw rolling hills as far as the eye could see, covered with tall, lush, luminescent grass, white with a subtle hue of green, undulating in a warm, pleasant, gentle, unusually hushed breeze beneath a clear and cloudless, bright, blue sky. It was

almost silent; deeply peaceful. There is no language known among men that can adequately describe such exquisite and breathtaking scenery.

Then, I saw small groups of people dressed in white. Most of them were girls. These groups interacted openly and fluently with one another, but it soon became apparent that they were distinct groups, although part of a greater whole. It also became apparent that at a particular, though not random point in their history, each group began retiring to separate areas within the vast world they inhabited. These areas seemed to be large and unique rooms filled with features uncommon to any of the other areas. In other words, no two rooms were the same. They were not rooms like you might envision with rectangular walls, floor, and ceiling, but rather whole distinct sceneries of various organic forms of nature, like worlds situated within the more encompassing environment of the larger, vast world.

All of the inhabitants of the vast world visited each others' rooms freely while the doors to these rooms remained open. I remember that I visited the other rooms and had friends and acquaintances in the groups that retired to those rooms, but I cannot recall any details about those rooms or the people I knew.

I only remember one room in particular. It was dimmer than the main world outside, like a deep forest with many roots and vines and enormous trees. An old wooden chair with a scalloped back sat a few feet away from an equally aged wooden picnic table beneath a large tree that looked like a giant sequoia.

As a tall, thick, wooden door covered with vines was slowly being shut, I remember there was some conversation with inhabitants of the neighboring areas, as if farewells were soon to be exchanged. I cannot recall the exact conversations. The only words I recall, I do not understand, and these words were spoken within the group of which I seemed to be a member, and were uttered as the door was shut. Someone addressed one of the girls of this room and said something to the effect of: "But you are King Arthur, so take us beyond these walls." That made no sense to me, but then, most dreams are weird, so it's no surprise that inexplicable details get injected into dreams. Perhaps the girl was Eve, the mother of all living, by whom we came into this mortal world upon which we now stand. I don't know.

When the door was shut, it sealed, seamlessly integrating with the surroundings in such a way that it was no longer discernible as a door. The inhabitants of the room would be unable to locate it or recognize it, let alone open it. It seemed as though it was only opened and shut from time to time by someone from the vast outside world who had the ability to operate all the doors of all the areas or rooms to which the various groups of inhabitants retired after communing in that spacious world outside.

As time went on, the opening of the doors to the rooms, and the interactions among the groups, became less frequent and shorter in duration. Each group seemed to spend less and less time outside in the vast world communing with fellow groups. Though nothing was said explicitly, it felt as if each group became increasingly preoccupied by some significant

event that was going to take place, an event that would have an everlasting effect upon every individual member of their group, as well as upon their group as a whole. There was an unspoken realization that very soon nothing would ever be the same.

Each group seemed to be preparing for a similar type of event. But, for some reason, there seemed to be such uniqueness and such urgency about these impending events, that eventually the groups became so occupied with their own specific preparations that they had no time to discuss anything with neighboring groups. Not that there was any lack of interest or lack of concern for what other groups were doing or about to experience, but there was simply no time to explore and share the details with other groups.

Finally, the time came when the doors of each room were shut, and the groups neither saw nor heard from anyone in any of the other groups, as far as I could tell. At least, I recall that being the case for the group to which I pertained. In this group, the very memory of all the other groups began to fade, so engrossed were we in our own urgency.

I assume, perhaps erroneously, that the same type of situation overcame the other groups as well, and that in all likelihood they would not be able to remember us, nor anyone from any group aside from their own. The thought crossed my mind that unbeknown to us, many if not all the other groups could at some point be restored to some degree of interaction with each other, but not with my group until some distant time. It also crossed my mind that my group was for some reason specifically prohibited from retaining

any awareness or interaction with the other groups, at least until some distant time, and after a series of specific events to which my group alone must be subjected. But these thoughts are mere speculation on my part.

Perhaps time is nonlinear. Perhaps time has geometric dimensions just as space does. Perhaps there are cases where history not only repeats itself but parallels itself in separate and distinct timelines. Time may flow at different rates or be perceived differently within different frames or spheres. Perhaps there are nonparallel timeframes, some intersecting and some nonintersecting. Perhaps all of the groups of people on the vast world shared some generalities in the types of events they would face. But, they may have been temporarily veiled from any awareness of details outside of their own course of history, or outside of their own frame of reference, until they would eventually come to some point in their history where a restoration of all awareness would become appropriate. They may have perceived and measured time in completely different ways, depending on the worlds to which they were assigned for their mortal probations. What you may perceive as unimaginably prolonged eons of waiting for some predicted event may amount to a few decades or a few centuries or a few millennia when considered from the perspectives of peoples assigned to different worlds.

For example, say you had a close friend who shared much in common with you. Suppose you each had to move away, and you lost contact with each other for many decades. It is plausible that each of you could have been experiencing

similar types of events in your own lives, unbeknownst to each other. The specifics, the timing, and the chronology may have differed, but the general kinds of events were likely similar, such as each of you graduating from some institute of learning, engaging in some form of livelihood or occupation in your chosen fields, pursuing hobbies and interests, raising your own families, enduring tragedies and hardships of health and economics and failed personal relationships, as well as relishing the joys of successes and triumphs and harmonious relationships. All the while, neither of you was even remotely aware of what the other was doing, but a distant observer who could see the course of both your lives could clearly see the parallels in your experiences, and in the experiences of countless others whom neither of you had known. Then, after some period of time, which may be drastically different for each of you, both of you reach a point where you are able to reunite and relate your respective experiences to each other, and describe to each other or show each other the respective worlds in which you had lived. One of you may feel you had not seen each other for decades, while the other may feel as if you had only been apart for a brief moment.

Consider snowflakes. No two snowflakes are exactly the same, but they share many common traits; they are all made of water which has been temporarily frozen as ice under similar sets of conditions. They are all clearly identifiable as snowflakes. They are all subject to wind and gravity and temperature, regardless of where or when or in what order they precipitate, or how fast they precipitate. Likewise, no two people are exactly the same, but they share many

common traits that make them clearly identifiable as human beings. They are also subject to similar types of influences and conditions, regardless of what world they inhabit, or when, or in what order, or for how long they live in a mortal body of flesh and bone.

I recall that the room in which my group lived was the dimmest and most enclosed of all the other rooms I had visited, though I have no specific memories of other rooms. Strangely, I can remember as much about the vast world outside the rooms as I can about my group's room, yet I have no recollection of the details of any of the other rooms. I feel that at some point in history, various groups, including the one to which I pertain, will rediscover each others' existence and eventually restore mutual interactions and recognize that we all came from the same place, and that we have common progenitors.

As I pondered all this, it soon became obvious what was being represented. The vast world was the place where we lived as spirits before we were born into our mortal bodies of flesh and bone on this earth. The vast world was the place where we lived as spirits before the earth was created. The rooms represented various different planets in their formative stages of planning, design, and creation, prior to their respective inhabitants being born onto those worlds to begin their mortal probations.

I understood that the groups of people dressed in white were the human inhabitants pertaining to those planets before they were born onto their respective planets. It appeared that we could freely visit each others' worlds during

their various stages of design and creation, and that we were all familiar with each other as members of a great, extended family, originating from parents who lived on the vast world in which the rooms were situated. Apparently, we all knew each other quite intimately, regardless of the fact that we were organized into groups pertaining to unique and separate worlds. Our communion with each other was frequent and open at first, but as the time drew near to finalize the creation of the various worlds, and then begin inhabiting them by being born onto them, each group necessarily became so occupied in their particular activities that the doors to the rooms were less frequently opened, and our visits outside in the vast, common world, and to each others' worlds, became less and less frequent and of shorter and shorter duration, until finally the doors to the various worlds were shut and sealed. It seems that the doors were not all shut simultaneously, but they did seem to be sealed within the same general era, according to some previously planned timing.

Not long after the doors were sealed, I recall people beginning to depart from the room my group inhabited. Their departure was extremely swift. Each individual that departed was physically whisked by in a blur until he or she disappeared from view altogether. This happened within a relatively short distance, as if you were standing a few yards away from someone, and then suddenly that person moved as fast as your eye could track while simultaneously fading in a translucent blur, diminishing in scale while accelerating out of view, toward a vanishing point. I believe their departure from



the room represented their birth into the world as mortals. Up until their birth, they were spirits, in their prime, waiting to be born into mortal bodies to grow, live, and die on the world that had been created for them. Upon the death of their mortal bodies, those same spirits would inhabit a temporary holding area, like a waiting room of sorts, a spirit world pertaining to, and existing upon, the same world into which they were born as mortals. I do not recall seeing that spirit world.

I do recall one detail common to all individuals before they departed to be born into their mortal bodies. They did not reflect light. Nor did they cast or receive shadows. They were luminous in and of themselves. They radiated their own light, and they were discernibly brighter than the ambient light.

I did not notice at the time, but in my own speculation later, I imagined if I would have more closely examined the events before me, I should have noticed that the intensity of light radiated by various individuals was not equal. All individuals emanated their own light, and that light shone with an intensity I would have assumed was somehow related to their several degrees of individual development up to the point at which they were to be born into mortal life.

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

## **Chapter Two**

### **Meridian**

Around the middle of Earth's habitable history, some four millennia after the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency had begun inhabiting the earth in mortal bodies of flesh and bone, the single most significant event in the history of the earth transpired. At that point, often called the meridian of time, the mediator who had been appointed to breach the great stagnation was born into his mortal body, amid circumstances of poverty and hardship, to begin his relatively short but decisive and pivotal mortal probation.

The mediator was unique among all the inhabitants who had ever lived or who would ever live on Earth during Earth's entire history. He was the only mortal on this earth ever to be conceived by an immortal, perfect father and a mortal, imperfect mother. He lived his entire, short life in poverty, sorely and unjustly afflicted and persecuted in every way. He spent his strength and his every breath in the service of others. He never once erred. Within a period of

roughly 33 years, the mediator had accomplished infinitely more for the benefit of every being who would ever inhabit Earth than all the philosophers and philanthropists and scientists and inventors and good and honorable inhabitants in all of Earth's history combined could even begin to conceive.

The mediator breached the great stagnation by sacrificing himself at the finale of his mortal probation, and then by resurrecting himself. He was the first and only inhabitant of Earth to have the ability to resurrect himself. The two-thirds, who inhabited Earth in the flesh a few generations at a time over the course of Earth's habitable history, relied entirely upon the mediator's resurrection. None of them could be resurrected until the mediator had completed breaching the great stagnation with his own resurrection.

The mediator had been uniquely endowed by his immortal, perfect father and his mortal, imperfect mother, with the ability to feel every sensation, emotion, and affliction every other mortal would feel, but retain complete power over his own life as well as over the lives of every other being, something no other mortal could do. The mediator was the only inhabitant of Earth ever to have power to preserve his own life as long as he chose, and to relinquish his own life at the time of his own choosing, and then to resurrect himself at will.

Back on Antecedeon, before Earth was created, this specific endowment of power was known and reserved for the one appointed to be the mediator. It was precisely this specific endowment of divine power in the flesh that the

organizer of The New Order coveted. The organizer of The New Order wanted to be the mediator, because that would have made the organizer the one and only inhabitant of Earth to possess unlimited power over life and death, his own as well as everyone else's. Of course, he would not have used such power to control himself, but rather to control everything and everyone else for his own self-serving ambitions. The true mediator, however, was victorious in preserving the plan of the great governor and patriarch during the civil war on Antecedeon. That victory kept the endowment of power in the hands of the true mediator, where it had always belonged.

The true and rightful mediator applied his own individual agency to abide in the plan of his father, who is the great governor and patriarch of these youngest generations of this vast human family, the generations for whom this earth and other earths were created. The mediator willingly subjected himself into the hands of traitors and murderous men, men so vile they would mercilessly torture and assassinate their own god even as he walked among them, rather than believe him and honor him and learn from the miracles he unfolded to them for their eternal benefit.

The mediator willingly mastered himself and chose to apply his unique ability to keep his spirit in his mortal body, forcing himself to remain alive as a mortal while enduring the infinite weight of affliction that would have easily crushed the life out of any other mortal in the blink of an eye. He chose to bear everything he had prepared himself to face, and he went the extra mile to bear what he had never anticipated he

would face, yet he did not surrender his life prematurely in any attempt to find relief from the weight of his burdens. He held his spirit within his mortal body of flesh and bone, against the force of unspeakable agony, against the temptation to find relief through death, until the exact moment when the infinite load he had absorbed upon himself was taken into the core of his soul, concentrated into an excruciating singularity, as it were. At that moment, he was left entirely alone, the one event he had not anticipated and for which he was not prepared, that moment when for a brief period of time, which to him seemed an eternity, the loving and watchful presence of his father, the great governor and patriarch, was withdrawn, leaving the mediator in the same wretched state of indescribable terror and utter blackness that ultimately awaited the one-third and their organizer. After the mediator had descended below all these things, then, and only then, did he relinquish his hold on his body of flesh and bone, allowing his mortal body to die. He separated his spirit from his mortal body, and he went among those spirits who had finished their mortal probations during the first four millennia of Earth's habitable history, establishing among them the same organization of knowledge and guidance and instructions that he had established among those still in the flesh during his own mortal probation. Then, after a period of three days among those spirits, he resurrected himself.

Having long ago mastered the art of creation, and having been endowed with complete control over all the elements of matter, energy, time, and space, he instantaneously reconstituted and refined his own mortal body into an

immortal, perfected state as his spirit re-entered his body. At the moment of his resurrection, the mediator ripped the breach all the way through the great stagnation, literally twisting time in such a way that in an instant, the breach became retroactively and futuristically effective, from eternity to eternity, as if it had always been there, without beginning or end, equally available to those born before the mediator's resurrection and to those born after his resurrection; equally available to those born on this earth and to those born on every other earth created by the mediator, worlds too many to number.

The mediator's selfless act of breaching the great stagnation made it possible for those born before him, as well as after him, to be born at all. Such was the timeless and eternal nature of his act. His act, which he accomplished some four millennia after the two-thirds had already begun being born into mortal life on Earth, was the very act that afforded them a mortal probation. His act was the victory that exiled the one-third and allowed the two-thirds to advance with their individual agency intact.

From our linear perspective of time, it may seem impossible for a prerequisite event to occur chronologically later than events that depend upon the prerequisite event. But, the mediator was endowed with a profoundly comprehensive and eternal perspective. He has the power to control time as easily as he controls matter, energy, and space. He bound time, like an infinite Mobius Strip or Klein Bottle, sealing together the ends of an eternal course that

circumscribes all his creations. Past, present, future, all things are present to him and subject to him.

The mediator's selfless act was the single most momentous event in the existence of these youngest generations of this vast human family. No other event in the course of their existence could ever come close. Among all the offspring of the great governor and patriarch, this singular, pivotal event is absolutely without equal.

The mediator lived his life to perfection in the flesh. He kept himself pure in heart, remaining without guile or fault of any kind. He fulfilled his word and kept his promise. While mortal, he bore the infinite weight of every possible life. He resurrected himself and returned to Antecedeon, to the place of his father who is the great governor and patriarch of these youngest generations of this vast human family.

The mediator, having breached the great stagnation in the meridian of time, left Earth. But, he vowed to return in the fullness of times, near the completion of the mortal probations of those who were among the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency. He would not reveal the exact date of his return, but he warned of signs and events which would precede his return. If there would be any who would choose to watch and remain faithful to him, they would know what to do and when to do it. Those who would ignore him or reject him or abandon his guidance would be caught completely off guard by his return, as if they had been taken by surprise by a thief in the night. He promised that his return would not be as subtle as his birth. It would be absolutely unmistakable and undeniable. He reminded the



generations of the flesh that before his return, the hearts of the children must turn toward their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers must turn toward their children, or all would be for naught.

That provoked the one-third into a furious frenzy. They wanted, at all costs and by all means conceivable, to keep the hearts of the children and the hearts of the fathers far from each other. The one-third had what could be considered an advantage over the two-thirds; the one-third had no veil over their minds or their memories or their knowledge of life on Antecedeon. They remembered every detail of every event and every individual. They knew you. They knew how to turn your strengths against you and how to use your weaknesses to ensnare you, unless you remained extremely vigilant and alert. They knew how to turn you against others, and how to turn others against you.

The two-thirds who had fought to retain their individual agency and had chosen to be born into bodies of flesh and bone had to pass through some sort of spatiotemporal veil that prevented them from remembering what they had known and who they had known before they were born into their mortal bodies. That veil had closed over their mortal minds at some point after being born into their mortal bodies of flesh and bone. That veil had shielded their mortal minds from all previous awareness of their pre-mortal life as spirits, and for good reason: post traumatic stress on a colossal scale.

Their mortal minds would have been unable to endure the memories of the horrors of the war they had fought to retain their individual agency. They would have been

grief-stricken, harrowed up and paralyzed by the horrific tragedies and the eternal loss of one out of every three members of their generations. Even the strongest among the two-thirds would have been devastated and incapacitated should they have entered mortal life unsheltered from the awareness of the impending doom awaiting one out of every three individuals they had ever loved or known among their own generations on Antecedeon. Not only would the trauma of their war memories haunt them, but without the veil, their mortal minds would have been overwhelmed, terrified, and incessantly vexed into cataplexy by the relentless, demonic, intimately personal attacks by the tens of billions of the one-third who had turned against them and betrayed them on Antecedeon. The one-third, The New Order, had become nothing short of demons, human demons, disfigured by uncontrollable, vicious rage, contorted by contempt, twisted by evil wrath, driven and consumed by indescribably bitter and violent hatred.

Imagine one out of every three people you ever knew, including your closest friends and family members, becoming evil, demonic, and fiendish, turning on you with diabolical intent to utterly destroy you and torment you, haunting you day and night. Imagine you were fully aware that such a loved one would never soften towards you, that he or she would never return to befriend you, that he or she was relentlessly pitted against you, hating you no matter how dearly you loved him or her. Imagine how it would rip at your very soul to be fully aware, in vivid detail, that one out of every three of those among your own generations whom you had known

and loved was eternally doomed to the horrors of the ultimate condemnation, a condemnation to which he or she had willfully chosen to be ordained at the climax of the civil war on Antecedeon. Then, imagine trying to endure the adversities of mortal life while burdened by the full weight of such awareness. Overwhelmed, distracted, and preoccupied would be astronomical understatements. If there were no veil over your mind, and you were left exposed to all of this, how well do you think you could fulfill the purpose to which you, yourself, had agreed to be foreordained?

The two-thirds had some significant advantages over the one-third. The two-thirds had retained their own individual agency, and with it, the opportunity to be born into a body of flesh and bone. Those two facts alone made any individual among the two-thirds single handedly more powerful and free than all of the one-third combined. The one-third had neither individual agency nor bodies of flesh and bone of their own. Nor would they ever have such. The two-thirds, at least while in the flesh as mortals, had the advantage of having their minds shielded by a veil. They were not harrowed up or stricken down or haunted by the overwhelming awareness of the conditions to which their foes had eternally subjected themselves. The two-thirds, because of their choices of good over evil on Antecedeon, had formed individual alliances with the mediator who had been appointed to breach the great stagnation. That personal alliance with the mediator could continue forever, or for as long as one would willingly continue to lawfully exercise individual agency. The two-thirds were further protected by a specific attribute of

the veil. The veil included the inherent enmity between the spirits of The New Order and the spirits who had retained their liberty. That enmity was established by the great governor and patriarch in order to preserve the interface that would occur between an individual spirit and the mortal body of flesh and bone into which that spirit would be born. That enmity precluded the New Order spirits from immediately displacing the spirits of the two-thirds and taking possession of their mortal bodies. This innate enmity allowed the two-thirds, who had aligned themselves with the mediator, to reach an age of accountability in the flesh. It allowed individuals the freedom to learn to master their own flesh and to attain a level of maturity of mind and body where they would be able to clearly understand the differences between good and evil, and make choices in the flesh, choices between good and evil, and become accountable for those choices.

To illustrate, consider a newborn baby or a very young child. Such mortal youngsters are not yet accountable for their choices or their actions because they have not yet matured in their mortal minds and bodies to the point of being able to understand the difference between right and wrong, or good and evil. As individuals grow and mature, they eventually become aware of the difference between right and wrong, and they learn how to learn. Individuals eventually become aware that actions and decisions have consequences. To the extent they become aware, and to the extent to which they are capable of learning, individuals are held accountable for their choices and their actions. Ignorance cannot always remain an excuse, because sooner or

later, individuals must learn by experience that ignorance itself becomes a deliberate choice for which they are accountable. In other words, choosing to remain ignorant of a law once you become aware that the law exists is merely a small step away from willfully breaking that law.

Without the innate enmity between the New Order spirits and the two-thirds, the two-thirds would immediately, upon the formation of their mortal bodies, be displaced from their bodies. Their bodies would be possessed, defiled, used up, disfigured, contorted in unimaginably grotesque ways, and then disposed of as refuse by the New Order spirits. The New Order spirits would amass themselves in frenzied, demonic possessions of every last body conceived for the two-thirds. The two-thirds wouldn't stand a chance of living their own lives and exercising their individual agency and enjoying their own bodies of flesh and bone. The New Order spirits would gang-possess and gang-rape them incessantly from the moment of conception. Such demons would immediately rip the spirit matter out of the tangible matter composing the mortal bodies. The New Order spirits erroneously supposed if they could rip your spirit out of your mortal body, then they could hijack your resurrection, escaping their doom while leaving you to their doom. Without the innate enmity in place, they would effectively trade places with you.

I was awake, alert, completely aware, but my body would not move. I was in bed; my body lay still and unresponsive. I could not move even a finger or an eyelid. There were no voluntary responses to my most earnest attempts to invoke

corporal motor activity. I could not utter even the faintest of sounds, try as I might. My involuntary functions were operating just fine. My heart was beating. My lungs were breathing. All my vital functions seemed unimpaired. It seemed like the interface between my spirit and my body was afflicted with some type of anomaly, some type of interruption. I became determined that if I could not move my body, then I would force myself to stand up, out of my body. So earnest and concentrated was my determination to stand up, that my spirit began to stand up, out of my body. But, I could not stand completely upright. I was hunched over, forcing myself up with my arms and legs. A black membrane of some type of matter that felt as thin as light, but elastic and tough, like a rubber sheet, offered severe resistance to my efforts to stand up. I strained against it, but I could get no further than a hunched-over posture. I could get my spirit's head barely a foot or so above my body's head, and I could raise my spirit's back and shoulders slightly. I was bending at the waist; my feet were still pinned down. It was like leaning down to pick up an object, and then straining to stand up while an elastic rubber sheet was draped over me, trying to pull me back down. It was exhausting. The dark membrane that seemed to stretch as I strained against it was unlike anything I can adequately describe. It was not just a single, thin film, but rather an intricate mass of fine fibers that seemed to attach the matter of which my spirit was composed to the matter of which my body was composed. The mass of fibers seemed to fill the volume of my spirit and the volume of my body. It stretched between the two as I

forced my spirit into a hunched-over posture, straining to stand up, out of my body. Each strand of this strange fiber seemed to have elastic properties, but was not tangible like you might think, not like threads or rubber bands, but like intensely concentrated magnetic fields twisted tightly into strings of force. The matter of which these fibers were composed seemed to be made of something like light, but it did not radiate light or reflect light, at least not that I could see; it appeared dark. Perhaps it was made of something that consumed light, or bent light, or distorted light, or negated light. Perhaps it was a dark, demonic substance imbuing every fiber of my being, attempting to keep a death-grip on every fiber of my soul, trying to destroy me from the inside out. After all, the most insidious attacks are waged from the inside, not by direct approach from the outside. While the fibrous matter itself seemed intangible, it was visible, and the force of its effect was definitely tangible, so much so that straining against it proved immensely difficult. My efforts were temporarily fruitful, as I did manage to get my spirit into a hunched-over posture partway out of my body. But, the energy I had to expend to hunch only my back and shoulders and head out of my body was so extreme that my spirit seemed to become exhausted, physically exhausted, and I was yanked back into my body. At that point, I was finally able to invoke normal, voluntary motor responses, and my body functioned just fine.

It is no easy task to separate a spirit from a body of flesh and bone once the spirit inhabits the body of flesh and bone. I imagine that it is likewise no easy task for a spirit to enter a

body of flesh and bone, but the benefits of doing so apparently make the effort well worth it.



## **Chapter Three**

### **Proxy**

The civil war that had commenced on Antecedeon and resulted in the banishment of the New Order spirits to the earth was far from over. That same war was being fueled like a wildfire against the two-thirds who were navigating the breach through the great stagnation, through their mortal probations on Earth. The New Order spirits swarmed about and besieged the two-thirds as the two-thirds journeyed through their mortal probations in mortal bodies of flesh and bone, bodies that were violently coveted by the one-third who called themselves The New Order, the one-third who had forfeited their agency and their right to be born into bodies of flesh and bone of their own.

On Antecedeon, before the earth was created, the mediator, along with the great governor and patriarch, had established a set of laws and ordinances by which anyone could, if they so desired, enjoy continued advancement through and beyond the breach in the great stagnation,

through and beyond their mortal probations, into the highest degree of eternal life. That set of laws and ordinances was mercifully and fairly designed with omniscient forethought.

Mortal probations were not designed to be equitable, nor were they intended to be fair, hence the concept of testing and trial. How would individuals act or react when acted upon by circumstances they could not control? How would they act or respond when facing unfair circumstances, or when afflicted by the unfair and inequitable actions of other individuals? What thoughts would they think, what feelings would they feel, what would they seek in their hearts, and where would their loyalties turn? Would they make every valiant attempt to continue to lawfully apply their own individual agency even when surrounded by others who would refuse to do so? Was it a test of loyalty? Was it a test of self discovery? Was it a test of endurance or survival? Was it a test to see what each individual would do with the material resources placed at his or her disposal? Was it a test to see how individuals would treat each other when some had plenty and others had little? Was it a test of the nature of mortal man on a mortal and imperfect world? Was it a test of obedience to laws and ordinances of an eternal nature while inundated in a temporary period of temptation, adversity, inequality, and uncertainty? Was it a test of faith in things unseen? Was it a test of the initiative of individuals, to see if they would, of their own volition, seek out good or seek out evil when their minds and memories were veiled from all awareness of what they had known on Antecedeon?

Was it a test somewhat like when kids leave the home of their parents and go to college far away, where the kids are suddenly surrounded by unfamiliar and enticing influences and sensations without the immediate presence of their parents, and where the kids face opportunities to choose for themselves what to do and what not to do, without parental figures immediately censoring them and barking at them? Was it a test of patience and persistence and ingenuity and resourcefulness, to see how individuals would act when answers to questions, and solutions to problems, were not immediately placed at their disposal? Was it an opportunity to experience situations similar to what the generations of progenitors on Antecedeon had experienced at some distant point in their own history, to allow these youngest generations to relate better with their progenitors, and to bond with them, and to eventually become their equals?

Such questions were anticipated to become commonplace among individuals experiencing mortal probation. As unfair and inequitable as mortal probation was allowed to be, the eternal laws and the ordinances attainable exclusively during mortal life were designed to be fair and equitable to all who would be willing to accept them and apply them and endure within their bounds. It was anticipated that the vast majority of the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency would find themselves in circumstances during their mortal probations that, through no fault of their own, would prevent them from learning and receiving the eternal laws and ordinances designed for their personal eternal advancement.

A solution had been prepared for that very predicament. It is called vicarious work.

Due to the imperfect nature of a mortal world, and the unfair circumstances that would be encountered by even the most well meaning and innocent of mortal individuals, the vast majority of the two-thirds would finish their mortal probations and die without sufficient opportunity to learn or to receive the laws and ordinances designed for their eternal advancement. So, the mediator, along with the great governor and patriarch, had prepared a way, founded upon the focusing law, to allow the hearts of the children to turn to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers to turn to their children. The focusing law and its subsidiary laws and ordinances required and enabled those who had received the laws and ordinances during their mortal probations to act vicariously on behalf of those who had died without sufficient opportunity to receive the same laws and ordinances. That way, everyone could be allowed fair and equal opportunity to become whatever they wanted to become, and to advance to whatever degree of eternal life they would choose. Individual agency and personal accountability were, as always, at the root and core of it all. The unfair circumstances of a mortal and imperfect world could not forever remain as excuses for ignorance, negligence, or the unlawful exercise of individual agency.

The spirits of those who had finished their mortal probations and were awaiting their resurrections would be able to learn all of the laws and ordinances, and understand the significance of those laws and ordinances, while awaiting

their resurrections. However, since they no longer had their bodies of flesh and bone, they would be unable to perform or to receive the ordinances that were designed to be accomplished in the flesh, as mortals. These ordinances were, with omniscient forethought, deliberately designed to be performed and received in the flesh, as mortals, in order to prevent the demonic one-third from usurping the ordinances and fraudulently forging a way into higher degrees of eternal life where their very presence would defile whatever sphere they could infiltrate. These ordinances were also designed to be accomplished in the flesh, as mortals, because performing and receiving and honoring these ordinances constituted a key and integral aspect of the testing and refining process, the process that underpinned the very purpose of mortal probation.

Vicarious work could only be accomplished by those in the flesh who had become qualified to perform the vicarious work. That qualification was achieved and maintained through personal diligence and an ongoing demonstrated willingness to lawfully apply individual agency in keeping with the laws and ordinances designed to enable eternal individual advancement. To afford these same ordinances to those who had died without sufficient opportunity to receive them in the flesh, a qualified individual still in the flesh could act as a proxy and receive these same ordinances in the name of the individuals who had died. Living males could only act as proxies for deceased males. Living females could only act as proxies for deceased females. That was a measure instated to emphasize and preserve the sanctity and the virtues of

individual gender. It was designed to ensure everyone had opportunity to become personally vested and accountable in the vicarious work, and thereby reap the eternal consequences that would be of benefit to themselves and to those for whom they acted as proxies. It was a selfless and synergistic endeavor.

Those who had received these ordinances while still in the flesh had assumed the responsibility to seek out the names of those who had died without the ordinances. Also, those who had received these ordinances while still in the flesh had willingly taken upon themselves the responsibility to abide in the laws and ordinances they had received, and to prepare themselves to act as proxies on behalf of those who had died without the ordinances. A tiny fraction of a percent of the living would shoulder the responsibility of doing for the dead what the dead could no longer do for themselves. The vicarious work was among the most selfless and eternally significant works of love and compassion possible among human relationships. It was a small and simple principle, yet the sheer volume of work was astronomical. Vicarious work was designed and intended to have immeasurably far reaching, eternal benefits.

This vicarious work was considered nearly on par with the work of the mediator himself, wherein he breached the great stagnation and accomplished for others what others could never have accomplished for themselves. This vicarious work was of a distinct and precise nature. In fact, it was so sacred that it could only be effectively accomplished in specific places constructed and dedicated for the express

purpose of carrying out such work. The locations and structures where this sacred vicarious work was to be performed would be indicated by the mediator himself, through specific mortal ambassadors, commonly known as prophets, who were assigned to represent the mediator among the populations of the earth.

The structures in which this sacred work was performed were commonly called temples by the people who labored within their walls. Only individuals who had willingly prepared themselves to participate in such sacred work were permitted to enter the designated structures or temples in which this vicarious work was performed. This way, the exactness required of the work could not be corrupted or altered or devalued by the insidious influences of the one-third, nor by those in the flesh who were choosing to align themselves with the cause of the one-third, seeking to upset and destroy and pervert every aspect of this sacred vicarious work. Vicarious work was all about uniting eternal families, linking living persons to their deceased ancestors and relatives who had died without opportunity to learn and receive the ordinances of eternal life. Vicarious work was all about enabling deceased family members to receive and apply the same ordinances to which those in the flesh had access.

Think of ordinances like keys or codes that unlock successive hatches or security doors along a narrow hallway, the straight and narrow breach, leading through the thickness of mortal probation toward the highest degree of eternal life. You could only be enabled to advance to higher degrees of eternal life by unlocking, opening, and proceeding through

the doors in sequential order. You could not bypass any door or skip ahead and unlock the more advanced doors. You did not have to open any particular door if you did not want to do so, but you could not proceed beyond a door you were unwilling or unprepared to open.

Vicarious work was, in effect, like an individual in the flesh giving the spirit of a deceased relative the keys or the codes to the doors. That enabled the spirit of the deceased relative to open the doors and proceed as far as he or she so desired, giving the deceased relative the same opportunities as the living, and allowing the deceased relative to decide for himself or herself whether to open a particular door and whether to proceed through that door. In keeping with the utmost imperative of honoring individual agency and personal accountability, the vicarious work in no way forced any spirit through any door against his or her will. Individuals who had finished their mortal probations without opportunity to receive and apply the ordinances in the flesh still retained their individual agency. The vicarious work simply enabled those still in the flesh to provide a set of keys or codes to the spirits of the deceased. After that, it would be entirely up to the spirits of the deceased to choose individually for themselves what they would do with those keys or codes. They could, if they desired, choose to go forward through every door. They could, if they desired, choose to flatly refuse to apply any of the keys or codes, preferring to settle for some lesser degree of eternal life following their resurrection. They were given a season of time to decide.



There was no way to circumvent any of the doors. Any attempt to do so would mean deviating from the straight and narrow pathway through the breach, and you would then get lost and stuck in the many dead-end fissures and pits within the thickness of the wall, the thickness of mortal life and its effects on the spirit. The doors were as impenetrable as the great stagnation itself. The doors could not be penetrated by bodies of flesh and bone or by spirit bodies, nor could they be opened without the proper keys or codes. The mediator and the great governor and patriarch had designed these doors. These doors were put into place by the mediator himself as he breached the great stagnation. This provided stages and security measures for the progress and the safety of those who would follow the path of the mediator through the great stagnation. Regardless of whether individuals were living or dead, they could not open any of the doors unless they had willingly received and applied the ordinances, like using keys or codes. The keys or codes were designed by the mediator and the great governor and patriarch for the express purpose of unlocking the doors that would enable individuals to progress to the highest degree of eternal life.

This was the meaning of turning the hearts of the children to the fathers and turning the hearts of the fathers to the children. This vicarious work was designed to enable families to become linked together and preserved as eternal families. Vicarious work made the concept of separation by death a mute point. In other words, through vicarious work, family ties could not be severed by death. Through the vicarious work, anyone and everyone who so desired could

unlock and advance through all the doors and reach the highest degree of eternal life, where they could remain united as families and enjoy eternal increase, endless posterity.

The one-third, who constituted The New Order, sought to destroy the integrity of families. They would attack individuals and families in every way conceivable, hoping to render the sacred vicarious work ineffective. They would recruit and seduce as many of the two-thirds as possible while the two-thirds tarried in the flesh. They would stir up and propagate lies, false creeds, secret societies, greed, pride, envy, hypocrisy, sorceries, perversions, tyranny, slavery, oppressions and bloodshed among as many of the two-thirds as possible during the mortal probations of the two-thirds. While the one-third could not immediately destroy or instantaneously possess the two-thirds because of the innate enmity separating the two polarized camps, the one-third was determined to exploit every opposition that existed.

Opposition inherently existed in all things, independent of the influences of the one-third or their organizer. However, the one-third and their cunning, gloating organizer feverishly sought out and grabbed onto every opposition and amplified it. They projected every possible type of opposition against the two-thirds. The one-third had plotted to capitalize on chaos and perceptions of uncertainty, endeavoring to turn the two-thirds against each other. The one-third devised twisted and intricate deceptions, hoping to seduce and ensnare and entice the two-thirds beyond some eternal point of no return. If they could get the two-thirds beyond a point of no return, then the work of destruction and damnation

would become self sustaining, which is exactly what The New Order wanted.

The war that had commenced on Antecedon at the apex of the threat of the great stagnation was escalating to fierce proportions on Earth. The vast majority of the two-thirds, both living and dead, had utterly abandoned their virtues and their hope, ignoring the mediator, and in many cases actively pitting themselves against the mediator and everything he offered. The two-thirds were wittingly and unwittingly joining the cause of The New Order in droves. The most upright and honest and well meaning individuals among the two-thirds became so engrossed in a plethora of wholesome but nonessential endeavors that they began to procrastinate and then utterly neglect the vicarious work that would have preserved them and their families.

Now, that was one of the ultimate deceptions. The best of the good-hearted and honorable inhabitants of the earth were too well grounded, diligent, and discerning to be directly tempted into doing evil, or directly distracted away from doing good. So, The New Order simply flooded the good-hearted and honorable folks with an overabundance of opportunities and obligations to be involved in a wide variety of worthy causes and altruistic endeavors and wholesome activities. Overdose them with their own sense of duty. Make them feel they must say yes to everything that is asked of them. Get them to complicate their lives. Get them to pride themselves in how much they can take on in one day.

The honorable inhabitants of the earth would become so overwhelmed in their own good works, becoming so busy

and spreading themselves so thin, they would lose sight of eternal priorities. They would lose their balance. They would undermine their own courage to self evaluate and to simplify their lives. They would become complacent in their busy lives and in their multiplicity of good works. They would assume undertaking more tasks would equate to becoming more worthy. Once complacency had taken root, it would saturate their souls, spreading like a cancer.

The honorable inhabitants of the earth would lose their grip on the priorities of what mattered most, which was the sanctity of families and the vicarious work that could preserve families. As a result, they would comfort themselves into a degree of eternal life that would far exceed the conditions of their mortal probations on earth, but fall short of the highest degree of eternal life. Having become ripe with bovine self satisfaction, they would miss their ultimate goal and end up contently settling for less. Anything short of the highest degree meant they would lose their families, and they would never have families. They would never advance to what could have been their greatest potential, for they would have squandered away their time and their desires and their efforts on a multiplicity of frills and embellishments that were indeed good, but not essential, not pertinent to the quest for eternal perfection.

The organizer of The New Order launched a covert operation against the minds and memories of those who could have been and should have been engaged in the vicarious work. Part of this operation involved closely monitoring and intercepting good intentions as those

intentions began to form in the minds of those among the two-thirds who were qualified to perform vicarious work. Once a good intention to accomplish anything related to vicarious work was detected, a concentrated and ferocious ambush would be launched on multiple fronts to distract and interrupt the thoughts and events that could carry the good intention to fruition. The good intention would thus be isolated, precluding or forestalling the realization of the intended goal. Should the intention survive the ambush and be carried out, sufficient corruption could be injected to cause the action to be done unworthily and inaccurately so as to be invalid and ineffective. Either way, the result was the same; the end goal would be preempted. This deceptive operation of The New Order did not stop at merely intercepting a good intention and preventing or invalidating its associated action. The memory of the individual forming the intention in the first place could be altered so that the individual would remember the intention as if the intention had been acted upon successfully, when in fact, the action had never occurred at all.

Nobody ever considered the possibility that a memory of doing vicarious work for a deceased loved one was not a memory of actually doing the work, but a memory of an intention to do the work. External events and internal preoccupations had been manipulated and exploited to distract individuals away from actually accomplishing the work they had intended to do.

Inaccuracies, negligence, complacency, and procrastination in record keeping and information

management were collateral factors that precluded the actual work from being accomplished. Little mistakes, small details, clerical errors here and there confused the process and made records vulnerable to intentional and unintentional falsification. This made it seem like the work for a given individual had already been finished, when it had not. When information was compiled preparatory to the vicarious work for an individual, that compilation was compromised and permuted retroactively in such a way that the work was erroneously logged as having been completed elsewhere, some time ago. Individuals engaged in information gathering for the preparation of vicarious work for a deceased loved one would come across records indicating the vicarious work had been done for that deceased person, so they would suppose there was no need to do it again, and thus it would never get done.

The New Order understood that one of the most effective ways to ensure no good work progresses is to get good-hearted, honorable people to think positively and optimistically without personal introspection or self correction. Get them to believe all is well when, in fact, all is not well.

Most individuals who could have and should have been doing vicarious work had been procrastinating and deprioritizing it. Other individuals believed they had done it, even though they had not. Memories of having done it were altered memories extrapolated from good intentions, but not founded upon completed actions. This was one kind of deception the organizer of The New Order had generated,

using people's own minds against them. If people had been more vigilant and diligent in keeping personal, hand-written, daily journals, it would have been a simple matter for them to go back to an entry from a specific day and read for themselves what they had actually done that day. Then, if for no other reason than personal peace of mind, they could have had a marker by which to gauge the course of their memories.

A hand-written, daily, personal journal could have been a simple and effective means of recording and verifying the course of one's own memories. There were countless times and circumstances in which a personal journal could have been the sole source of evidence held in one's own hands as a protection and a weapon. The truth is in the details, and the truth could have freed people from deception. People never comprehended that a personal journal, kept consistently, could have served as a low-tech but effective counter-offensive weapon against the attacks The New Order launched against their clarity of thought, their understanding of truth, their perspectives, their perceptions, and their memories of what they had and had not done with their lives. At the very minimum, a journal could have been an invaluable tool when one needed total recall. But, nobody had time for writing in a journal. Life was too busy.

The deceptive operations of The New Order were not all designed to turn good people into evil people. In many cases, it was enough to simply halt the eternal progress of the best and brightest of the two-thirds, precluding them from ever attaining their ultimate potential, getting them to settle for less. The good and honorable among the two-thirds could be

influenced to fall short of their mark simply by herding them into an overabundance of good works and complicated, busy schedules. This deceptive practice constituted a subversive form of social engineering and cultural engineering accomplished gradually, over a period of decades and centuries. While variations of such operations had been underway since Earth entered mortality, these social and cultural engineering operations were particularly effective in the latter decades of man's mortal presence on Earth.

The most dedicated and diligent among the two-thirds became so fixated on juggling multiple tasks to meet the demands of everything they felt obligated to do, they began to cut corners and put quantity over quality. They began to pride themselves on engaging and embellishing so many good works that they summarily neglected to do anything well. They seldom completed anything they started. They seldom logged or recorded any part of anything they attempted, assuming they could always catch up later. They relaxed their attention to detail and blurred their focus on priorities of eternal significance.

The rest of the two-thirds, the vast majority in fact, were approaching an apex of self indulgence. Mankind had been engaged in the process of mortal probations on the earth for well over six millennia. Evil practices inundated every culture and every pocket of society in every part of the world in diverse forms too many to count. The influences of evil had not only proliferated over the globe like an infectious rash, but had become exponentially more severe and flagrant as time passed.



Near the beginning of the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, most individuals had brazenly abandoned any semblance of desire to pursue honorable and worthy endeavors. Most refused to even tolerate individual virtues and wholesome principles. They had turned things upside down. Good was deemed evil, and evil was revered as good. People were perpetuating their own downfall, consuming themselves in their own sordid avarice and carnal lusts, neglecting and rejecting the preservation of liberty and virtues and families.

The vicarious work that was so imperative to the formation and preservation of eternal families had become the farthest thing from anyone's mind. Most people did not even know what it was, and they had no desire whatsoever to learn anything about it, let alone become qualified to participate in it.

The New Order sought to counterfeit and misrepresent every facet of the laws set forth on Antecedeon that govern the proper use of individual agency. The New Order persisted in their campaign to use, abuse, and manipulate the two-thirds while the two-thirds occupied bodies of flesh and bone. The one-third endeavored incessantly to recruit and entice the two-thirds who were in the flesh to accomplish an ultimate master work, a miraculous but sinister and unholy work for the one-third who could never be born into bodies of flesh and bone of their own. That insidious work was a hidden work of darkness planned from way back, during the war on Antecedeon, prior to the exile of the New Order spirits. That secret plan of darkness would be staged by The

New Order with relentless persistence and cunning subtly, but also with incrementally escalated fervor over the entire habitable history of the earth, culminating in a pandemonium no mortal man would anticipate.

The New Order cleverly masked its master plot throughout the entire span of man's mortal presence on Earth. The master plot was effectively concealed by giving the two-thirds everything they thought they wanted, and then by giving them everything they could be convinced they needed. The two-thirds were lulled and seduced into wasting and squandering the days of their mortal probations. The two-thirds overwhelmed themselves. They procrastinated. They shunned every type of personal responsibility. They indulged cupidity and lust. They contended hatefully amongst themselves. They conspired impenitently against each other in every way. The two-thirds categorically stifled themselves. They were obdurate and stupid, and they reeked of cowardice.

The two-thirds in the flesh progressively abandoned any sense of building and sustaining legacies for the benefit of their children and grandchildren and future successors. The vast majority of the two-thirds, while in the flesh, thought only of their present circumstances. In spite of how much they preached green and prided themselves on recycling, they had become a disposable society and a culture of waste. People became quick to pass off their problems, most of which were problems they had created for themselves through their own ridiculous indiscretions. People cowered in indecision and left a legacy of crises for future generations

while seeking cheap, easy, politically expedient short-term solutions. The New Order fueled and capitalized on this deleterious trend from the beginning of man's mortal history on Earth. It was one more way to effectively derail the turning of the hearts of the children to the fathers and the hearts of the fathers to the children.

The New Order maintained a nonstop campaign to distract and deceive the two-thirds into serving the cause of The New Order. Then, as the two-thirds would fall for the campaign plots, the societies and the individuals among the two-thirds would deteriorate and willfully weaken themselves to the point where possessing them, using them up, and then disposing of them would not only become possible, but easy. The New Order attempted, at the very least, to inhibit the eternal potential of the two-thirds, conspiring to compel the two-thirds to relegate themselves to a degree of eternal life less than the highest degree, thus precluding the perpetuation of posterity, preventing the eternal enjoyment of familial relationships. After the two-thirds had served the cause of The New Order, they would be forsaken, like used and outdated toys and broken tools, and The New Order would claim the earth and have its day.

Figuratively speaking, the two-thirds had what could be analogous to a three-legged stool upon which they could stand. They could advance themselves toward the highest degree of eternal life by making decisions and engaging in efforts that would enable them to perfect themselves individually and collectively; they could actively exemplify and proclaim eternal principles of truth as they learned to apply

such principles in the flesh; and they could actively engage themselves in the all important vicarious work for those who had not had sufficient opportunity to receive essential ordinances in the flesh.

This figurative three-legged stool was a primary target in the strategies and the tactics of the enemy. The New Order knew that each of the three legs were interdependent, or in other words mutually dependent upon each other. If The New Order could maim or destroy even one leg of this figurative three-legged stool, then there would be absolutely no way for those who stood upon it to reach the highest degree of eternal life. With any one leg of the stool dysfunctional, the whole stool would eventually topple and fall or be easily knocked down, no matter how well balanced were those who stood upon it.

Interestingly, the only places on Earth where all three legs of this figurative three-legged stool could be planted firmly at the same time were within the designated structures, or temples, where the vicarious work was performed. Outside those structures, only two of the three legs could be planted. Outside the temples, the people could to some degree improve themselves toward perfection, and they could to some degree exemplify and proclaim eternal principles of truth if they would choose to do so. But, outside the temples, they could not perform any part of the vicarious work. That vicarious work was absolutely crucial to the turning of the hearts of the children to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers to their children. That vicarious work was the keystone of the highest degree of eternal life. Vicarious work

was integral and indispensable to the quest for perfection. It enabled the process of personal and familial advancement into exaltation, which is perfection, the highest degree of eternal life. Without it, people would not be able to live together as families or have offspring after their mortal probations would end. Cut that leg off the stool and the other two legs would be rendered useless in the eternal scheme of things. Vicarious work entailed by far the greatest volume of work to be done and there were by far the fewest laborers qualified to do it, and most of them tended to put it off for lesser priorities.

Those who had been qualified and had participated in the vicarious work had always been a miniscule minority among the two-thirds, so they were by far the most critical target of The New Order. The eternal welfare of all humanity, both living and dead, rested upon their shoulders. The vicarious work they were responsible for accomplishing affected every human soul that had ever lived and would ever live upon the earth. The vicarious work could only be performed in a few specific, easily identifiable structures. Only a few hundred such structures existed on the planet, and there was nothing stealthy or secluded about them. They were designed to stand out as a beacon of hope to the inhabitants of Earth. Target the few to damn the many.

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

## **Chapter Four**

### **State of Affairs**

Earth. During your lifetime. On countless occasions, I saw fields of massive tornadoes, mostly in the Midwestern region of the United States, particularly in North Dakota, but occasionally reaching as far as Utah and even California. Many tornadoes were embedded in thick, gray fog. Clouds hung low, right to the ground, engulfing the terrain. I could not see all the tornadoes. I was not afraid, but fascinated. I was alive to experience events that defied contemporary science and logic. I was present to witness acts of nature that had no precedent.

One time, I saw humungous, steep cliffs pushed up out of fresh ground. I could not see their tops, but I intuited that they were like mesas, more or less. They reached hundreds if not thousands of feet into the sky in a matter of minutes. I was carefully making my way along a narrow ledge on the sheer vertical face of a massive cliff that had recently extruded up, out of the surrounding terrain. I remember

clods of dark brown, nearly black, moist dirt tumbling off the face of the cliff as it extruded upward. The cliff was still rising as I was making my way along the narrow ledge, clinging carefully to whatever portion of the cliff face I could grip. I glimpsed other cliffs of varying scale extruding upward, creating an immense maze of canyons with sheer vertical walls. Normally, you would think of canyons being formed over long periods of time by erosion or by fracture and separation of existing terrain. Not so, in this case. I witnessed these cliffs extruding straight up out of the ground. In other words, these canyons were forming backwards; the floor was not dropping lower than the surrounding terrain, but rather portions of the ground were extruding upward, above the surrounding terrain.

Another time, I saw violent thunderstorms and lightning bolts, cloud-to-ground lightning bolts that explosively ripped a channel across the open fields of the farmland on which I was standing. At some point, I was in an old, faded yellow farmhouse in the middle of a wheat field. It was daytime, probably mid afternoon. The house was old and unkempt. A lot of worn out, broken-down items like wooden furniture and picture frames and old paintings and such were lying around, collecting dust on the open-air porch and inside the rooms of the house.

At first, I was out in the field. I started running toward the old, pale yellow house as I noticed the thunderstorms forming with alarming rapidity directly over the fields. Lightning began striking the fields in rapid succession, one bolt after another, in a straight line, cutting a channel into the



fields, parallel to the furrows, and running directly toward me. As I neared the pale yellow farmhouse and got onto the old, wooden porch, I saw a rapid succession of explosions erupting from beneath the ground, ejecting dirt dozens of feet, perhaps hundreds of feet into the air. I could feel the ground shudder from the percussion. The sequence of subsurface explosions progressed in a straight line toward the farmhouse. I could not determine the cause of the explosions, but I imagined subterranean natural gas was being released along some fissure and ignited by the lightning. I do not know what happened next. It seemed as if the house were about to be obliterated by a continuation of these explosions directly under the foundation, but I could recall no more.

One time, I saw a humungous tidal surge flooding California, submerging coastal regions under hundreds of feet of water. I saw people dragged out to sea by intense rip currents. I saw a passing ship, unusually enormous, sailing south, parallel to the coastline, plowing through the frantic crowd that was floating in the ocean several miles from shore. Some grabbed at the bow of ship and tried to climb ladders integrated into the hull near the waterline. Others tried to dive or swim away to avoid being sucked into the screws.

My view from the sea looking inland showed only the tops of the mountains, like islands poking above the water in the San Bernardino area. From where I was floating in the water, I watched from the backside of a massive, swelling tsunami as it plowed inland. Although not directly visible from the backside of the wave, as I was floating atop its swell,

I could sense the immense drop from the top of the wave to the land below and in front of it.

On another occasion, I saw what appeared to be the moon in the daytime sky. I was standing beside my car with my wife, in a residential neighborhood resembling the type of neighborhood you would commonly see in an average town in the State of Utah. I don't know the exact location; it just felt like I was in Utah. The moon looked strange, unnatural. It looked larger than normal in the sky, and it had what appeared to be a faint layer of clouds blotting its surface. Suddenly, it loomed larger and larger in the sky. I recall exclaiming: That's not the moon! It loomed ever larger, until it occupied nearly the entire sky, and then the layer of clouds on its surface abruptly burst outward, toward the edges, in a radial pattern leaving a dark void in the dead center of the disk. It was as if some sudden wind or atmospheric shock had blown the clouds back across its surface as it moved toward us. Then it occurred to me that it was not some wind, but Earth's atmosphere that was forcing the clouds on that thing to rush away from the point of impact. It was slamming into the earth! I hugged my wife and we watched as a gigantic wall of fire and molten debris dozens of miles high rushed at us from beyond the horizon. Within seconds, it engulfed us and everything around us. We felt no pain. I remember instantly afterward, I was flying over an enormous valley of breathtaking beauty. There were steep, high mountains on each side of the valley, similar in scale to the Himalayas. The mountains were covered with plush green trees. The valley floor was carpeted by thick, tall, dark green grass. A river

wound its way through the length of the valley. The air was peaceful and mild. The time of day was either in the early dawn hours or the dimming, twilight hours. I can only assume this was a glimpse of the spirit world that pertains to the earth, or perhaps it was the earth in its millennial state. Perhaps it was not the earth at all, but some other planet, although I think that is less likely.

On one occasion, I was on a train in a war-strewn area of the central United States. It was evening, cool, but not cold. A slight breeze was blowing. The weather was mild. Dark gray stratus clouds covered most of the sky. The sky was an eerie, deep orange, almost orange-brown. It felt like the sky color was not entirely due to sunset, but due to atmospheric contaminants that had been present for so long that it had become commonplace to see the sky like this.

It felt like there was some type of urgent evacuation under way, and war was imminent. I had boarded a train with my family and many other civilians. The trains were of typical appearance, just like trains you would expect to see around the early 21<sup>st</sup> century, which was roughly the beginning of the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth. The trains were well used, old, but surprisingly fast. They were pulled by diesel electric engines with familiar but weathered, yellow and gray colors. The trains seemed to be a mix of passenger coaches and cargo cars hitched together behind the same engine, like the yard was in a hurry to just hitch up whatever was on hand to hold as many people as possible and get moving.

The trains were traveling about 90 miles per hour along flat terrain, leaving a city. I am not sure where they were headed or from which city they had departed, but it felt like we were traveling though the central United States, perhaps Kansas, Nebraska, or somewhere in that general region. The tracks were bright and shiny, like they had been frequently traveled. They arced out a wide, sweeping curve for several miles after leaving the city. There were at least three, perhaps more, parallel sets of tracks. I was seated facing the rear of the train, near a window on the train's starboard side. There was another train running along side the one we were riding, on our train's port side.

What really caught my attention was what was passing us on the set of tracks to our train's right, adjacent to where I was seated: weathered, yellow, automated, single-unit rail vehicles. They were each moving much faster than the trains. These automated vehicles must have been traveling at speeds well over 100 miles per hour.

Some of these automated vehicles looked like simple, rectangular, yellow, half-height boxcars with rounded corners. They were not hollow, but solid, as if cast as a single block of iron. Each one had a large, half-cylindrical depression in the top, oriented lengthwise. A nuclear missile was mounted in each of these bays, lying lengthwise, but angled slightly nose up as if poised to launch on a shallow trajectory.

Some of the vehicles looked squarer. These vehicles were not as long, but were slightly taller. Each of these vehicles had a single dome mounted on top. The domes were split in the middle like an observatory, but instead of a telescope

inside, there was a tactical missile with a nuclear warhead. The missile was not actually inside the dome, but cradled between the two halves of the dome, so as to allow the missile to pivot skyward to adjust its launch angle. The domes appeared to be able to rotate to allow the missile to launch on any azimuth. There was one missile per vehicle, but I saw several vehicles passing us.

The automated rail launch vehicles seemed strange, but not entirely unfamiliar. I remember people commenting to the effect of: They're going somewhere in a hurry; they're really scrambling; they're goin' after 'em!

There was an ambience of concern and urgency, but not panic. It was as if people were familiar with what was happening, like this was not the first time most of them had been in such a situation. It seemed as though life had been like this for most of the time these people had been alive. I noticed there seemed to be very few, if any, elderly people on the trains. I noticed there were not many babies, either, but I did see many children, including pre-teens and teenagers, and a lot of people in their twenties, thirties, and forties, but very few, if any, over fifty years old.

A little over six millennia had passed since the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency and prevailed during the civil war on Antecedeon had begun being born onto the earth to begin their mortal probations in bodies of flesh and bone. Early in the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, most of the Antarctic ice had melted away. The polar ice caps of the north were long gone. In the days when global warming gripped the attention of the

international community, sparking heated political debates and religious fervor, the greatest known immediate natural threat to man's world was the rise of sea level. The melting of the polar ice caps and the melting of Greenland and most of Antarctica and much of the glacial ice around the world had been forecast to cause sea level to rise by nearly 100 feet over a period of decades, but it happened much more rapidly. Thousands of square miles of coastal real estate around the world were under water within five years of the news that Greenland and Antarctica were melting. Global warming, it turned out, was not even remotely caused by man's impact on the environment. Man and his so called carbon footprint had absolutely nothing to do with any of it. It was the Sun.

Major coastal cities had been evacuated, and many were completely submerged. New Orleans, Miami, Galveston, and many, many others were irreparably inundated. After countless man-hours of labor and tens of billions of dollars worth of resources had been spent rebuilding New Orleans in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, it was all for nothing. That was just one of many examples. Florida was gone. The Mississippi River became an expanse of murky water reaching deep into the heart of America. Maps became obsolete almost as fast as they could be printed. Everything was changing. Other countries faced similar predicaments. Entire economies, at least at the general consumer level, came grinding to a halt.

Somehow, the world's elite kept getting richer, and the banks kept growing bigger and more influential, and every nation on the face of the earth had been transformed into

some sort of welfare state. The only jobs available were those the governments felt were important for their own purposes. The only people who could get jobs were people whom the governments had screened as fitting some acceptable profile. Of course, officials denied any use of profiling. Qualifications and work history were of little importance. Mindset, conformity, psychological profile, and ease of indoctrination were of far greater concern. Employment screeners spewed lame pickup lines such as: never mind past experience, we'll teach you all you need to know; if you have the right mindset, we can give you the skills to succeed; elite positions need to be filled, great benefits, great perks; become part of something big; make history today; enjoy the stability of government employment in these unstable times; government is booming and we need you!

Governments, banks, and the world's elite had cleverly engineered a set of circumstances wherein people were so desperate to find employment that they would jump at any job offer with little or no thought regarding the motives behind the job offer or the eventual ramifications of the job. Those in power could profile and hand pick whomever they wanted for any task they wanted, from the most seemingly mundane to the most specialized and covert. Those in power had created a virtually unlimited pool of human resources at their beck and call. Governments, banks, and the world's elite, with their networks of industries, had designed and created a socially engineered workforce that would meet their criteria with nearly 100% fit for years to come.

While economies crumbled, the war machines of the technologically advanced nations kept churning onward, unabated, unleashing death and depravity among the shells of civilization around the globe. The war on terror, which many politicians and activists insisted on sanitizing by calling it efforts to mitigate man-caused disasters, took many turns for the worse, as if the very leaders who professed diplomacy and international tolerance and cooperation had been secretly enabling and instigating terrorism. By secretly perpetuating terrorism, those in privileged positions profited both politically and financially.

Executive despots and cabinets gloried in politically correct semantics, behind which they cloaked their unbridled audacities. Such buffoons defrauded the free world to grab power and fame while categorically neglecting the welfare of those who defended freedom, that same freedom that afforded these so called elected officials their rise to power. Those in power sowed chaos, concealed underhanded associations, funded campaigns through illegal foreign dealings, tipped votes in their favor with bribery, coercion, and fraud, and did absolutely nothing of merit for anyone. They literally got away with murder. They legalized infanticide and then funded it with taxpayer dollars. They shut their ears to the voice of the people once the people seated them.

The nations who had the capacity to win the war on terror were unwilling to act to that end. Strong, decisive leadership was outmoded. Weak-willed, popular celebrity figures and their fanfare and media productions promised change you could count on, but they never promised it would



be change for the better, at least not for you. Contemporary free-world leaders skirted the critical issues and changed the semantics, as if stalling, biding their time for just the right set of circumstances to evolve, circumstances which they themselves and likeminded predecessors had set in motion, all according to their secret playbook. Everything was a conspiracy.

North Korean nuclear warheads struck Japan, Hawaii, Alaska, and various points up and down the west coast of the United States after easily saturating United States missile defense systems that had been left atrociously under-developed due to executive government's despicable lack of interest in a viable national defense. Nuclear exchanges between Israel and Iran left the entire Middle East region destitute and rotting in radioactive fallout. Around the world, flies and maggots and roaches proliferated unchecked in the meat-strewn aftermath. Bodies, heaped like mountains of dung, putrefied in the scorching heat of the day and in the humid weight of the night.

Masses of survivors among neighboring populations soon became sick. They convulsed in violent fits, hurling projectile vomit. They erupted with explosive diarrhea. Blood gushed from every orifice. Their hair began to fall out with clumps of gangrenous scalp tissue still clinging to the roots. The foul stench of putrefied flesh permeated the air. Flies, roaches, and wasps nested, and maggots swarmed inside the orifices and the ulcerated flesh of both living and dead. Extraocular muscles degenerated and liquefied. Eyeballs slid out of their sockets and dangled by the optic nerves like miniature

wrecking balls as people stumbled about. Chunks of ulcerated, seeping, gangrenous flesh clung loosely to exposed bone. Some staggered aimlessly, befuddled, moaning, rotting alive. Others panicked, screaming and flailing uncontrollably in excruciating pain and hallucinatory psychosis. Some walked around naked, with prolapsed colons dangling out of their anuses, dragging on the ground, getting kicked between their feet like bloody, fecal-soaked rags, leaving trails of blood and bile to be lapped up by stray dogs that fared no better.

Many people devoured their own rotting flesh right off their own arms and hands. They drank their own stale urine and lapped up their own bloody diarrhea. They ripped fistfuls of ulcerating meat from their own legs and buttocks to quell their starvation. Others ripped flesh from whomever they could grasp in desperate attempts to eat anything that moved and bled. Many people just dropped dead. Their swollen abdomens ruptured like bags of stale bile, spewing feces, maggots, roach larvae, and urine mixed with dark, foul, polluted blood. Their rotting innards spilled out on the ground like raw sewage. The death toll from the wars alone exceeded one billion over the course of just a few years. The death tolls resulting from calamities of nature over the course of those years easily doubled that figure.

Freedom was nearly extinct. The United States Constitution became unrecognizable, having been purposefully defiled by the very political leadership that should have preserved it. To them, the constitution was merely a means to climb to power. Once they had gained their seats of power, they sought to destroy the Constitution

in an effort to ensure they could not be removed from power by the same means they got there. The rise of socialism in the United States of America was followed almost immediately by fascism. Once socialism and fascism had completely transformed the United States of America, the fall of American sovereignty was inevitable. That, in turn, affected the entire world.

Concurrently, the dissolution of the European Union, the integration of banking cartels and governments, and the overwhelming buyouts by Chinese mega-corporations left the entire global population in shambles. United Nations troops enforced curfews on American soil as well as in every other nation. These troops were authorized to detain, interrogate, or exterminate at will. People were dying faster than babies were being born.

Infant mortality rates soared, not only from natural causes and crimes and acts of war, but mostly from rampant abortions. In fact, abortions had become more common and more readily available than birth control. Government sponsored facilities funded entirely by tax revenues offered free or low-cost abortions without pre-qualifications or medical screenings, while corporations and medical facilities still charged premium prices for conventional birth control methods. Abortions were cheaper than condoms. In one notorious case, a known drug abuser and terrorist sympathizer who had gained an executive seat of power by defrauding an entire nation decided that if girls happened to make a mistake and get knocked up, they shouldn't be punished with a baby! Conspiracies were under way to phase

out birth control and phase in abortion, making abortion a new, more affordable fad. Abortion was one of many agendas being masqueraded as health care improvement. There were so many conspiracies at work it would be impossible to list them all, but among the most perverse was the insidious and escalating war against the unborn. The unborn, of course, were the two-thirds who had yet to enter their mortal probations.

It was all part of a long-term and deep-seated secret operation that had begun as far back as the war on Antecedon. This involved a carefully timed world reform campaign. A deliberate and calculated world depopulation project had been in progress for some time. The global depopulation project employed various parallel methods designed in such a way that if any one of them were to be identified, it would make even the most credible whistle-blowers look like conspiracy nuts or right-wing kooks. Nobody would take such crackpots seriously until it was too late to change anything. Of course, if such whistle-blowers were to garner enough clout to effect a positive change, they would be framed, ruined, or assassinated, either covertly or overtly, according to political expediency.

Homosexuality became rampant and flagrant. Gays and lesbians viciously discriminated against heterosexuals. More gays and lesbians meant less heterosexual copulation. Less heterosexual copulation meant lower birth rates. Lower birth rates and greater abortions meant depopulation. Out with the old and in with the new. Out with chastity, virtue, marriage, independence, and individual liberty; in with moral relativism,

world reform, and a newer, more dependent, more compliant, globalized population and socialist government.

The remnants of world civilization reformed into a reign of darkness and terror. Eventually, even the enforcers and the elites would turn on each other as they would sink themselves into the depths of greed, pride, and hatred. Everything was a power grab. The familiarity of war and conflict and political turmoil lambasted what scarce social structure remained among men. None of the lofty and flattering campaign promises or hopeful scientific predictions came to fruition, unless they benefited the elites first and foremost. Anybody else who happened to benefit from a policy reform or a technical advancement was simply a collateral beneficiary, lucky enough to enjoy what was never intended for him or her, like a dog enjoys a few crumbs that inadvertently tumble off the table of its owners. If there ever were any benefits meant for the masses, such benefits were afforded with ulterior motives and usually involved a popularity campaign for some social engineering scheme the elites had cooked up to further their own interests.

Indeed, the war between spirits on Antecedeon had continued on Earth. Not only did it continue unabated, but it intensified dramatically. The one-third who had forfeited their individual agency, and along with it their opportunity to be born into bodies of flesh and bone, waged a desperate campaign against every individual among the two-thirds who had been populating the Earth in the flesh for some six millennia. Although the one-third, being spirits, were generally unable to physically assault the two-thirds,

the one-third did have the advantage of number over the two-thirds. At any given point in Earth's habitable history, the one-third far outnumbered the two-thirds. How is that possible? How is one-third more than two-thirds? Well, the one-third who called themselves The New Order had been hurled onto the earth all at the same time, before any of the remaining two-thirds had begun to inhabit the earth in the flesh. The two-thirds began inhabiting the earth in an orderly sequence, divided into generations and dispensations of time, birth by birth, not all at once. In other words, the two-thirds were not all present on the earth in bodies of flesh and bone at the same time. In fact, only a small percentage of the two-thirds inhabited the earth in the flesh at any given point in Earth's habitable history, the mortal portion of which would span nearly seven millennia. At any given point in Earth's habitable history, the one-third outnumbered the two-thirds by at least ten to one.

There were a couple of points in Earth's habitable history when the one-third outnumbered the two-thirds by tens of billions to one. Such was the case at the beginning of man's mortal presence on Earth. Such was the case immediately following the global inundation event that occurred during the second millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth. During both of these points in history, the population of the earth consisted of only a few individuals.

Is it any wonder then, that heinous scenes of conspiracy, manipulation, oppression, and senseless brutality swept the global populace? The worst evil coexisted with the best of the good and honest inhabitants of the earth. Honorable folks

had been vastly outnumbered from the moment their mortal probations had commenced. As time went on, even the most upstanding and good-hearted inhabitants were becoming weary and worn down, umbrageous, shady, easily offended and quick to return offense, slow to forgive. Demonic possessions became commonplace and were manifested in so many diverse ways it was difficult for the unwary to discern what was happening.

People feigned surprise over atrocities and tragedies. People exuded vain curiosity. They spread hasty, rumor-mill judgments rather than expressing genuine sorrow and concern and empathy for the suffering of others. Resolve to improve things gave way to idle gossip about things. Questions feigning concern became typical, like: How could this happen? Why didn't we see it coming? Why would anybody do such a thing? Did you hear what happened to so and so? Did you know about this or that going on here or there?

Such were the reactions of the people every time they witnessed or heard about a gruesome tragedy. They felt no genuine emotions. People had become numb and desensitized. Human tragedy and suffering and unnatural, demonic manifestations became coffee-table conversation pieces. Flagrant depravity had become commonplace right under people's noses. Nobody really gave a rat's ass, as long as it was happening somewhere else, or happening to someone else.

Rampant looting and pillaging and brawling escalated to unrestrained murder, barbarism, and cannibalism. Necrophilic

homicide and necrophilic infanticide became common addictions, direct derivatives of pornography and feature length snuff films. Such debauchery ramped up secretly at first, and then, as with every other absurd and atrocious behavior, from transvestite cross-dressing to gay marriages and gay adoptions, to the clergy-sanctioned sodomizing of young boys, to all manner of human trafficking, enslavement, and abuse, evil in every form became more and more acceptable, until it was whole-heartedly embraced as mainstream. But it did not stop there. After achieving mainstream acceptance, previously deplorable practices were openly promoted as recreational and profitable and even healthy.

Gangs of frenzied psychotics, many of them decorated pillars of the community, unable to control their urges, routinely attacked bystanders and people just passing by, eating them alive while raping them in the streets without regard to age or gender, leaving bloody and partially devoured corpses to rot on the blistering pavement in plain daylight. Public officials of high standing would unabashedly engage in open acts of violent rape and necrophilia while devouring the flesh of their victims without regard to image. Nobody tried to stop them.

Gut-wrenching screams rent the pre-dawn tranquility of a Sunday morning. A teenage honor student gave birth to a miraculously healthy fetus in a toilet at the home of a clergyman who had taken her in off the streets several weeks ago, after her single mother had been mutilated and eaten raw by her high school guidance counselor. Her birthing screams



had awakened the clergyman's wife, who rushed to the bathroom to see what was happening, but was too late. The girl was already eating her live fetus while the umbilical cord dangled in the placenta that was spattered all over the toilet bowl. Chewing out the abdomen of the writhing fetus, the girl scowled at the clergyman's wife, determined not to share her fresh meal. The clergyman's wife stared at the girl in utter shock, appalled and incensed beyond words. Then, without warning, the clergyman's wife ripped the tank lid off the back of the toilet and bludgeoned the girl repeatedly until her skull was a shattered, bloody pulp, oozing brain matter and spinal fluid onto the white tile floor.

"How dare you keep food from me after all I've done for you, you little whore!", shrieked the clergyman's wife, as she snatched the squirming, hemorrhaging fetus from the mangled girl's limp hand and bit off its face.

Chewing angrily, the clergyman's slovenly, obese wife rolled the dead girl's carcass into the tub and flayed her. She devoured most of the fetus, tossed the remains on the floor with a loud, gooey slap, tidied up, and went to the kitchen to cook breakfast for the family, now that she had something to cook. The dead girl's skin hung as a shower curtain from the rusting steel rod above the tub. With a subtle splat, splat, splat, the residual blood dripping off the girl's hide mottled the tile floor along the edge of the tub. Flies began buzzing around, looking for a fresh meal and a warm breeding ground.

"Gimme some food, you fat, bloated cow!" the clergyman bellowed from the back room while sodomizing the

neighbor's dog and wrenching the scrotum off a dead prospective new church member he had stripped and butchered a day prior, during a baptismal interview, just for questioning the integrity of local church leaders. "I can't be late for church! That self-righteous, bung-hole superintendant of clergy wants to have a special meeting this morning about the proliferation of scandalous behavior and debauchery among church leadership. Like that porn-crazed, dung-slamming, swine-copulator has any right to lecture me!"

Such unconscionable turpitudes were not isolated; they occurred daily everywhere. Suppliers bred humans and harvested organs for anything from transplants to genetic research to fine dining. Restaurants served human testicles and fetuses as delicacies. Entrepreneurs moonlighted as butchers and videographers. They hunted down pregnant women, sliced them open, ripped their fetuses out and placed the fetuses in incubators to keep them alive and fresh until they could be sold to the highest bidder on the internet. They left the women to die, or carved them up and sold the meat, organs, blood, and snuff clips online. Homeless men and neighborhood boys were castrated for their testes and then prostituted to the homosexual majority.

Not only did crimes go unpunished, but almost everything that was once considered a crime was either being ignored by law enforcement or was gaining legal approval in the courts. At the same time, nearly everything that was once considered an inalienable right under principles of liberty was either being criticized and attacked harshly or declared illegal by the judiciary forces. The only people that went to prison

were good, honest, respectable folks, anyone who got caught standing up for principles of liberty and truth and moral values. Prisons, indoctrination facilities, and other detention structures were packed with those who were overheard expressing disagreement with government policies and policy makers. Detainees included many who were accused of denouncing mainstream practices, practices that amounted to the wanton indulgence of countless diverse perversions that were gaining vigorous protection under new laws in the name of equality, fairness, and the right to do whatever the hell you wanted as long as it would not cast the government or its officials in a negative light, or in any way create the impression of undermining the authority of those in power. There were numerous catch-all crimes, such as conduct unbecoming of a citizen, intent to dissent, slander of acceptable practices and those who engage therein, hate speech, hate crimes, and obstruction of profitable advertising. People could be accused and convicted for any number of these types of vague, catch-all crimes, regardless of what they had actually said or done or intended, and regardless of the circumstances.

The New Order that was organized on Antecedon had amassed an army of dissenters, snitches, moles, oppressors, and power-hungry elites, as well as multitudes of easily manipulated, sly, and disreputable middle class and poverty dwellers from out of the two-thirds as the two-thirds went through mortal probations in bodies of flesh and bone. Material wealth, sensuality, sensationalism, immediate gratification, and political influence were effective incentives

used to corral the two-thirds as stolid cattle while in the flesh. Those among the two-thirds who actively favored the seductions and the allure and the threats of The New Order initiated and promoted a movement they called The World Order. The World Order proponents had played themselves right into the hands of The New Order, becoming the arm of The New Order in the flesh, unwittingly making themselves expendable pawns to The New Order.

The United Nations was actually nothing more than a precursor, a sleeper cell, from which The World Order would materialize. The World Order materialized as a body of elected officials, ruling elites, and international banking magnates. Many were voted into power by majority vote among the once free nations, including the United States of America. Some forced their way into power by tyranny and oppression. Others bribed and bought their way into power by voter fraud and backdoor funding through terrorist networks and elite special interest groups, and by calling in favors from influential colleagues. Still others climbed and clawed their way through the vines of politics, posturing themselves to seize upon every opportunity for further power and influence. A few rose, or were groomed, out of the ghettos, to bring fresh perspectives and a flare of novelty and sensationalism to the table. They capitalized on rags-to-riches and something-from-nothing themes that easily got attention. Not that personal advancement was a bad thing in itself, but it was all too often misused in devious plots to manipulate the sympathies of the masses for ulterior motives.

Expanding the venues and the influences of The United Nations, heads of state from every nation met in closed-door summit meetings with banking magnates, leaders of mega-corporations, representatives from renowned universities, and scientists from every field and discipline. They deliberated and decided on many issues. Secret plans that had been in subtle play for centuries began to coalesce and merge into broader scope, gaining wider degrees of acceptance. New plots were hatched and set in motion, capitalizing on the secretive foundations of long-running currents of influence, feeding and proliferating on the confusions and the addictions and the desperation of the masses, like lethal bacteria being cultured in a Petri dish, awaiting mass distribution.

The World Order consolidated all nations under one governing body. The once distinct and diverse nations of the earth aligned themselves under the movement they collectively called The World Order. Then, they formally denounced their once distinct and diverse sovereignties. They became collectively and officially known as The Aggregated States of Sion.

The various national leaders and heads of state became arms or delegates of the overall governing body. Nations and states retained their original names for the sake of geographical delineations only. They relinquished all sovereignty to the overall governing body, that governing body being The Aggregated States of Sion. Heads of state became Delegates of Internal Countries and Kingdoms in the Aggregated States of Sion. Due to the lengthy nomenclature

of this new designation, and due to the long-standing familiarity with the term World Order, most people simply continued calling it The World Order in everyday conversation. In official documents and during official proceedings, the global society or World Order was formally recognized as The Aggregated States of Sion. Its various heads of state were officially recognized as Delegates of Internal Countries and Kingdoms in the Aggregated States of Sion.

The World Order promoted one consolidated religion. All independent belief systems were abolished by law. World Order religion was completely intertwined into World Order politics; they were virtually the same. Things were coming together. The media became the greatest propaganda tool of the day. Whatever the news reported, that's what the people believed. It was like the news was disseminating revelation, and everyone was a believer. Of course, The World Order controlled every facet of the media.

A few decades after the commencement of the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on earth, the global society had propelled itself into an abysmal state of holocaustic degeneracy. The once subtle and insidious evils of the world festered and erupted into bold, blatant, targeted, violent, cruel, and perverse oppositions against marriage between man and woman, and against the institution of families. Nearly every state in The Aggregated States of Sion had enacted laws that only recognized homosexual partnerships as legal marriages. Although domestic partnerships between men and women were reluctantly

tolerated in a few places, such heterosexual partnerships were no longer recognized as legal unions.

Marriage permits to join a man and a woman were no longer issued or recognized. There were no legal provisions to grandfather the validity of existing marriage certificates between man and woman. Existing heterosexual marriages were declared null and void. The World Order declared by law that marriage between a man and a woman was legally and morally obsolete, ruling that such unions were nothing more than outmoded, old-fashioned relics of oppressive patriarchal societies of a bygone era. Modern marriage permits and associated tax and welfare advantages, along with genetically customized child purchase options were the latest fads, catering exclusively to gay and lesbian couples, threesomes, foursomes, and so forth.

The most vicious and widespread trends of debauchery promoted the unbridled exploitation of children. Deliberate and calculated efforts in society at large, and in the courts, were pushing to make unspeakable acts against the pure and the innocent become acceptable norms of mainstream society. Undiluted evil unveiled itself proudly and unabashedly. The World Order went out of its way to legally sanction and actively promote any activity that would be harmful or destructive to the innocent.

Human cloning and a plethora of related exploitations were legalized and advertised. Cloning and the exploitation of human clones constituted a multi-trillion-dollar global industry. Children were cloned for the express purpose of being sold in bulk to sex clubs, slave labor operations, sports

and gaming and entertainment companies, and research facilities, or auctioned off to individual clients. After being spent beyond functionality, or if their owners simply got bored with them, they were discarded or slaughtered and ground up as pet food to feed homeless animals.

Politically sanctioned programs routinely rounded up homeless humans and ground them into pet food for homeless animals. Adding discarded children to the lot provided an expansion of business and created more jobs. It was deemed more politically correct and morally praiseworthy and ethical to rescue and feed stray dogs and cats and endangered species than to feed and shelter homeless people and children. This heinous mindset gained public and legal support under an excessively degenerate movement known as the Homeless Animal Liberation Organization. Every time you bought postage you helped finance it, even if you did not want to support it. That was just one of countless examples of policies forcing people to support programs they either knew little or nothing about, or might not desire to support had they been better informed and had they retained any moral compass whatsoever.

Discarded children and homeless people could not be allowed loose on the streets; that would pose an eyesore, an infestation, and their starved carcasses would have to be swept up anyway. How sad that stray animals should have to compete with homeless people for food. Rid the streets of the homeless so the poor animals could have a chance. Roving grinder trucks made runs through cities and towns. Sanitation enforcement crews routinely captured abandoned



children and homeless people and threw them into the grinders where they would be spat into a refrigerated tanker for transport and processing.

Bestiality and necrophilia had become socially acceptable, particularly for those whose budgets precluded the procurement of live human clones. Budget bestiality and necrophilia were unabashedly promoted among all ages. Bestiality and necrophilia promotions surpassed the most popular hard drug and liquor advertisements and achieved par with the genetic customization promotions that were aired during world sporting events and prime time entertainment. Acts of bestiality and necrophilia were taught by live demonstration as part of sex education curriculum in public schools, starting in grades as young as kindergarten. Abstinence was never mentioned; it was not in the dictionary.

Cosmetic surgery became obsolete. A few decades into the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, another new movement had taken hold. It started as a breakthrough in biotechnology and genetics. The movement was soon attractively dubbed The New You Improvement Initiative. The New You Improvement Initiative spread from celebrity clientele and high profile officials to average consumers as a contagious fad. Soon after The New You Improvement Initiative had taken root among the majority of the population on a voluntary basis, it became mandated by World Order law under the guise of the eradication of all human diseases and all human genetic abnormalities. This proved to be one of the most alluring stances of The World Order.

Geneticists working feverishly for The World Order had developed the ability to perform human genetic customization, painlessly and economically, without invasive procedures or surgery. Genetic customization was effective in people of any age and any physical condition. If you were alive, you qualified. Disease was eradicated. Genetic abnormalities were corrected. This was not accomplished out of some altruistic or humanitarian intent on the part of The World Order; quite the opposite.

A paradigm shift was underway. By clever design, circumstances had evolved to a point where The World Order had deemed it would be more profitable and more popular to eradicate disease in the new modern era than to propagate disease as had been done in previous decades.

Before the latest breakthroughs in biotechnical sciences, diseases were often deliberately propagated so that medical and pharmaceutical industries and the governments that taxed them could profit by developing and selling treatments at premium prices. That involved a complicated network of insurance programs, state subsidized health care, and government mandated initiatives and taxes.

The new premise was simple: rejuvenate the population. Keep people alive and healthy so they could be put to use and taxed. Create job positions and then populate those positions to amass an effective, durable, reliable workforce with a low turnover rate and little or no downtime. Customize and engineer a dependable and completely dependent, malleable, versatile, and taxable global labor force. Exactly the type of labor force The World Order needed for its own purposes.

As disease was eradicated, so was aging. Scientists had discovered ways to manipulate human genetics to capitalize on natural regenerative processes, extending those processes to tissues that had previously degenerated. Not only could this technology arrest aging, but it could reverse aging, literally restoring the youthful appearances and capacities of almost any individual. In rare cases where individuals were unresponsive to the mandated New You Improvement doses, the subjects were conveniently terminated. Trumped up cover stories were circulated about some unfortunate allergic reaction, or some pre-existing health condition that had gone undetected, or anything else remotely plausible. The old standby line, he sacrificed himself to feed stray animals, always pacified skeptics.

The New You Improvement Initiative became a powerful bargaining chip. The World Order could offer and impose their version of immortality. Selling immortality was extremely lucrative. Aside from the obvious monetary gains, The World Order was positioned to garner unprecedented popularity among the masses, diverting attention away from the most subversive policies, and making the sting of unpopular issues less provocative when overshadowed by the prospect of never getting old or dying.

There was a catch, however. In the heat of their greed and vanity, developers and consumers alike failed to realize that there is a big difference between immortality and simply never dying. What The World Order was toting as immortality was nothing more than a treacherous lie. The World Order's immortality was simply an indefinitely

prolonged state of mortality. Indefinitely prolonging mortal life came with many undiscovered and undisclosed limitations and flaws. Imagine being trapped in a mortal condition indefinitely. That's not so bad, is it? Disease had been eradicated. It's not like you were going to get sick and never get well. Or were you?

Did you ever stop to consider that there may be a number of reasons why your mortal probation was intended to be temporary? First of all, if you were stuck forever in a mortal condition, you could never be resurrected to enjoy a truly immortal and perfected body. If you were stuck in a state of perpetual mortality, you could never advance to any degree of eternal life. You would be stranded in a whole new type of stagnation, marooned in an interminable mortal existence, an eternally imperfect existence. Secondly, pain sucks! Mortal bodies get injured and feel pain even if they have no disease or genetic abnormalities. In the wrong hands, the knowledge that you could feel pain but could not die might prove extremely dangerous.

Truly immortal bodies are no longer subject to the pains and hardships of mortality. Mortal bodies are inherently subject to pain and injury and trauma as long as they live. Even without disease, mortal life is full of afflictions. Have you ever had a really bad day even when you did not feel sick? Have you ever looked forward to the day when you could be resurrected and freed from your mortal conditions? If you stop to think about it, how much sense would it make to deliberately confine yourself to an indefinite state of mortality? Is anyone really that stupid?

But then, history does tend to repeat itself. The allure of unlimited benefits for little or no effort up front, the allure of something for nothing, the allure of eternal youth as touted by The World Order was all but irresistible. Nobody was reading the fine print. Nobody considered what was not being said. Everybody was just drinking the Kool-Aid. No, they were not merely drinking it; they were beer-bonging it.

Disease was not the only thing that could be eradicated by The New You Improvement Initiative. Gender eradication was also possible. Well, actually there were two options offered after The New You Improvement Initiative had become a legal mandate. These two options included chromosomal bi-gendering, also called dual gendering, and complete gender eradication. While these two options remained voluntary, increasing numbers of people, especially equality and fairness activists around the world, were opting into one or the other of these options. Neither option involved surgery. These were not sex change operations. Sex changes in general had become outmoded. That fad had faded. People had gone from wanting to become the opposite sex to wanting to be both sexes, or neither sex.

Chromosomal bi-gendering and gender eradication were simple, painless, genetic processes in which bio-gel capsules containing enteric-coated stem cells endowed with specific sets of genetic instructions were swallowed. The contents of the bio-gel capsules would be assimilated into the blood stream through the digestive system. Once in the blood stream, the cells would migrate to the tissues of the reproductive organs, the musculoskeletal structure, and the

brain, and then trigger hormonal alterations, tissue modifications, and skeletal restructuring.

Chromosomal bi-gendering of a male subject included anatomical changes, such as the gradual retraction and absorption of the testes and the scrotum into the neighboring tissues. At the same time, the musculoskeletal structure would begin changing to facilitate the growth of the external portions of female genitalia. The original penis would retain its functionality, but since the testes would be assimilated into the body, there would be no sperm cell production. Other than that, everything would still work properly. Within a year, a depression would form where the scrotum had once been. That depression would eventually sink into the pelvis, forming a vaginal tunnel. The appropriate glands and tissue attributes would form to produce semi-functional female genitalia. Semi-functional meant no ovaries, fallopian tubes, cervix, or uterus would form, and no egg cell production would occur, but vaginal muscle and nerve structures would be fully functional and responsive to stimuli. The urethra would fork to remain fully functional for both sets of organs. You would be urinating out of two places. Guys, or what used to be guys, would finally learn to leave the toilet seats down.

During the chromosomal bi-gendering of a female subject, anatomical changes would also occur. Mammary glands would regress to become rudimentary and incapable of lactation. Breast size would shrink. Big breasts had become an outdated fad of the sexist past, anyway. That made for some interesting market demographics for vintage

pornography. The world had become completely inundated by contemporary pornography. Those who did not approve of it could not avoid it even if they tried. Those who did not like it simply had to endure it. They could not escape it.

As the chromosomal bi-gendering of a female subject progressed, existing female internal reproductive organs, including the uterus, cervix, ovaries, and fallopian tubes, would begin assimilating into the surrounding tissues. After a few months, all traces of female internal reproductive organs would be gone. The vaginal canal and its epithelium and associated glands would remain intact and functional. The musculoskeletal structure and the external portions of the body would begin changing, retaining the external female genitalia and the vaginal canal while growing a functional male penis and the musculoskeletal framework to support it. No testicles or scrotum would form, and there would be no sperm cell production. The urethra would fork and remain fully functional for both sets of organs. You would be urinating out of two places, but menstrual cycles would cease. Girls, or what used to be girls, would finally stop plugging up toilets with tampons and sanitary napkins.

Regardless of whether an individual's body was originally male or female, the individual's body would, within a little over a year, have both male and female genitalia, and a musculoskeletal structure somewhere between that of a typical male and a typical female. Hormonal and secondary physical attributes would also range somewhere between typically male and typically female, customized to individual

preference, of course, but always affording the new unisex physique overall.

The subject's body would be conveniently rendered incapable of producing egg cells or sperm cells. It was the ultimate in birth control. That aspect pacified the few remaining anti-abortion sectors of the populace. It also appeased the overly abundant equality zealots who wanted to indulge themselves in newfound forms of lascivious behavior without the inconvenience of old-fashioned birth control methods or the possibility of accidentally impregnating whomever or whatever they were copulating with.

Chromosomal bi-gendering was painless, convenient, affordable, and popular. Psychological reconditioning was available to help you round out your transformation to the bi-gendered new you. Physical and hormonal alterations were accompanied by a complete array of peripheral adaptations. Body language, mannerisms, and behavior patterns, as well as clothing and grooming fashions, had all become unisex. Bi-gendered individuals could indulge themselves in ways never before possible. You could no longer distinguish between a man and a woman, yet you could indulge the fantasies of both, and that is exactly how people wanted things.

Gender eradication was a less popular but equally available route. In cases of state sanctioned coercion, or in some criminal cases such as unlicensed impregnation, sentencing could include compulsory gender eradication. This was castration on a whole new level, but totally painless. During gender eradication, all reproductive and sexual organs,



both male and female, would be assimilated into the body tissues until there was no longer any trace of them left. The musculoskeletal structure would change to accommodate the absence of internal and external genitalia. The urethra would become a single tube draining directly out of a small hole centered at the bottom of the crotch area. Yes, you would still have to sit down to urinate.

Gender eradication, for obvious reasons, was not as popular as chromosomal bi-gendering, but it was surprisingly popular even outside the compulsory cases involving crimes or coercion. Many extreme equality activists and anti-sex moralistic fanatics opted for and zealously promoted gender eradication. Eventually, the higher echelons of The World Order began proposing that chromosomal bi-gendering should be an exclusive right available only to the elite or to whomever the elite would deem worthy of it, and at premium prices that would turn optimum profits. World Order bureaucrats began deliberating on proposals that would require the masses to undergo involuntary gender eradication unless they were approved for and could pay for the dual gender procedure. Psychological reconditioning was available to help you round out the transformation to the gender-free new you. If things kept going in this direction, gender would eventually be declared illegal. That was the direction the world was heading.

The direction the world was heading placed control of human reproduction and human production in the hands of The World Order. How would people reproduce if everyone was opting for an infertile new self? The most convenient and

popular way of adding a new human being to the population involved the use of genetically engineered stand-alone wombs available for purchase. You could purchase a womb, which was simply a genetically designed living lump of human flesh with applicable anatomy for birthing a neonate at full term in your home. No medical assistance required. A stand-alone womb was a living female abdomen that was purposely developed with no appendages, no head, and no breasts. Stand-alone wombs were grown in mass production facilities. Nine months worth of onboard nutrients were designed into each stand-alone womb. Nutrients were stored in specialized fat cells which included self-hydration reservoirs.

You could order a stand-alone womb and have it shipped to your house in a specialized environmental control container, remove it from the container, set it in a convenient location, and let it do its thing. A countdown timer implanted in the womb's epidermis and linked to your choice of wireless communication systems would alert you as birth time approached. After the birthing, you would simply cut the umbilical chord, wash the neonate, and raise it however you wished. The postpartum womb would be picked up by a disposal truck and hauled off as meat, recycled into the fast food chain. Placenta burgers were popular.

Neonates would be completely asexual, unless you were one of the privileged elite legally entitled to a bi-gendered neonate. Male neonates and female neonates were illegal even among the elite. Eventually, single-gender characteristics were designed out of the human gene pool.

Stand-alone wombs could be ordered with fertilized eggs already undergoing cell division. Sperm cells and egg cells for use in stand-alone wombs had been stored in massive bio-banks where specimens possessing the most desirable genetic traits had been collected and preserved over a period of decades. The World Order controlled human assets, including human propagation, much the same way the Middle Eastern oil princes controlled the petroleum markets. The World Order manipulated and dictated supply and demand of manpower and population, generating for themselves a lucrative racket that dwarfed practically every other industry. Production fetuses could be genetically customized to specifications submitted by paying clientele. Anyone willing to pay could buy, and there was a product for nearly every budget.

A depraved and abominable novelty had become trendy among certain elites. Some began to consider it fashionable to purposefully customize disabilities and crippling handicaps into production fetuses so the paying clientele could feel some feigned and perverted sense of compassion by raising or caring for a handicapped child, as if it were a novelty pet or a conversation piece. The range of optional handicaps was every bit as wide as any previous naturally occurring handicap. You could order a customized deaf child, a blind one, a faceless one, a retarded one, a one-armed baby, a baby with no arms but hands growing out of its chest, a baby with two faces, one on the front and one on the back of its head, a multi-headed child, a torso with a head, a set of Siamese twins or Siamese triplets, or a Siamese cluster of any imaginable

permutation, or any other combination of disabilities, whether physical or mental; your imagination and your wallet were the limits. If at any time you became unsatisfied with your product, you could dispose of it by donating it to the fast food recycling program or the Homeless Animal Liberation Organization, and then order a replacement for a discount. You could literally buy anything for money. On the global scale, population itself had become a commodity. From novelty deformities to general laborers to specialized athletic superstars and advanced think-tank geniuses, The World Order seemed to have it all, and market it all, and manipulate it all.

But, something went wrong. Nobody saw it coming. Well into the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, all methods of human conception began mysteriously failing. A sperm cell would be introduced into an egg cell, but the fertilized egg would immediately die. Not even a single cell division would occur. Census monitors and fertility labs and mass human propagation facilities around the world began noticing this alarming and unexplainable trend with increasing frequency. The unusually high failure rates were initially dismissed as flukes or anomalies. It was normal to have a certain small percentage of failures. But, when failure rates increased significantly and continually to the point where the entire human propagation industry began to suffer, it was obvious something was amiss. The trend was irreversible. Nobody had any answers. No one could even posit a plausible theory.

What made this situation even stranger was the fact that the abruptly plummeting birth rates had absolutely nothing to do with environmental contaminants, biological toxins, illnesses, radiations, poor health, poverty, rampant abortions, scarcity of resources, severe climates, geological upheavals, high crime rates, wars, or any other factor that typically comes to mind when considering unusual declines in birth rates. While such typical factors were occurring with various levels of intensity around the globe, there had never been such a sharp and severe drop in the success rates of human fertilization. This was something else. It was not a matter of fetus development progressing well into the term only to be halted by miscarriage, stillbirth, or fatally premature birth. Fetuses were not even beginning to form at all. There was simply zero fertilization occurring. This phenomenon far outpaced the combined effects of all known factors ever to contribute to human fertilization failures. There was a much larger, more fundamental reason behind the sudden and inexplicable inability of the human race to propagate itself.

About a quarter of the way into the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, all human fertilization and conception efforts failed entirely. The failure rate hit 100 percent and stayed there. No new life was being added to the human race on Earth. Birth rates, by every definition of that loosely used term, hit zero. Permanently.

The word birth had become a loosely defined word. Nearly every human alive was incapable or unwilling or forbidden by law to conceive and carry to term naturally. Human propagation was done in dedicated facilities or by

way of purchased stand-alone wombs. Few would even consider enduring the uncomfortable burden and the unsightly inconvenience of an actual pregnancy when there were so many easier ways to get a baby. If you conceived without authorization, you were required to carry to term, and then undergo a partial birth abortion. The fetal carcass would be confiscated for research and catalogued as evidence of dissention.

The definition of birth was broadened to include any human life fertilized or conceived by any method of uniting a sperm cell and an egg cell. The words birth and fertilization were often used synonymously, although the general intent was to define birth as any viable fetus originating from the union of a sperm cell and egg cell and surviving postpartum for any significant length of time. Life begins at first cell division, the moment of conception.

There were specialized hardened facilities all over the world operating archival vaults full of viable samples of human sperm cells and human egg cells, as well as totipotent human stem cells. Those vaults had been tapped for years and had successfully produced millions if not billions of new so called births. There was no shortage of viable samples.

While synthetic sperm cells and synthetic egg cells could eventually be manufactured to specifications, it had become common protocol to maintain a certain number of genetically desirable humans indefinitely confined to harvesting facilities from the moment they were conceived. They were kept completely ignorant of any outside influences. These strictly controlled subjects were often disrespectfully called seed

bags, because that was basically their purpose. These seed bags were allowed to retain the capability to produce sperm cells and to ovulate. This was allowed for the express purpose of ongoing research and for replenishing the inventory of natural viable sperm cells and egg cells. It was prudent to have natural samples on hand to provide a natural control group from which to advance the fields of genetics and synthetic biology.

The archival system was designed to facilitate genetic customization of made-to-order neonates and to increase the pool of human assets and productive labor forces for use by the elites of The World Order. Seed bags were also used internally for other purposes ranging from menial labor to sex slaves to organ harvest to highly advanced experiments in neuro-technology, genetics, psychology, synthetic biology, remote viewing, remote projection, and black arts. Other developing technologies and the effects of new technologies on humans were tested using seed bag subjects. But, the immediate concern was the baffling drop in fertilization success rates. All subjects were checked and rechecked. There was no problem with the viability of sperm cells or egg cells harvested from any of the seed bags. There were no problems with any synthetically produced egg cells or sperm cells. However, something had changed. As soon as any human egg cell was fertilized, it would die.

The abrupt end of human propagation was alarming. It was an entirely unanticipated crisis. The economic losses were staggering. What had become one of the largest industries in the world had dried up overnight. On the other hand,

however, the situation was welcomed by many as an unexpected preventative measure against overpopulation. After all, people were living healthier and longer, for the most part. Prior to the zero birth rate crisis, the ratio of deaths to births had become disproportionately low in spite of World Order efforts to monitor and enforce selective human propagation laws. Hackers, pirates, smugglers, dealers, traffickers; there's a black-market for every industry and every commodity on Earth, including human births.

Prior to the zero birth rate crisis, hordes of new lives had been created while far fewer deaths had been caused. All types of human births, including many black-market births which the World Order pretended not to notice, were calculated to ultimately benefit The World Order. There were many political and scientific debates over whether or not the world would become overpopulated and resources and real estate would become too scarce to sustain the excessive lifestyles of those in power, and whether or not the world would become depopulated to the point of providing insufficient labor forces and other human assets to service the needs and support the elaborate experimentations, amusements, and lifestyles of the elites. What are kings without their servants and their subjects? What good are power and prestige if there is no one over whom to wield your authority and nobody to lavish you with accolades, or no one to stand in awe of your intellectual and technological superiority?

The perception of many was that there was a fine line between generating higher population to serve the ruling



elites and overpopulating the planet to the point of depleting the resources and overcrowding the real estate coveted and hoarded by the elites. There was also a fine line between whether or not population reduction would free up more resources and real estate for the ruling elites and whether or not such efforts would depopulate the earth to the point of creating a shortage of the labor forces and human assets needed to support the ruling elites. These concerns were debated as scientifically measurable, physical quantities. But, the driving force behind such debates was a psychological issue. It was an issue of perception, a fear of what if, and a matter of greed. No one acknowledged or even considered the fact that the earth was purposefully and carefully designed to abundantly support everyone who would ever live upon it. Shortages and crises of one kind or another were fabricated throughout history by deceitful, secretive combinations of influential people to hide resources from the masses and to keep the most advanced knowledge and the most abundant wealth exclusively in the hands of the world's elites.

Population optimization was the buzz word of the day. Depopulation and overpopulation were the two extremes between which population optimization operated. A careful and ongoing balance was projected to optimize the propagation and usefulness of human constituents in such a way as to achieve and maintain a point of maximum returns for The World Order.

More and more people were living indefinitely, having availed themselves of full use of the latest biotech and genetic regenerative enhancements. Such was the case for people

who fit the approved profiles and were deemed valuable and productive to The World Order. Everyone else was phased out, ignored, put out to pasture, left destitute, abducted secretly for all manner of experimentation, or forced to become the objects of cruel and inhuman sporting events. If The World Order suspected a potential for significant organized dissention, various groups would be rounded up and quietly or not so quietly exterminated.

The zero birth rate crisis persisted indefinitely. Following several decades without a single new birth or a single successful fertilization, another inexplicable anomaly presented itself. In spite of reports to the contrary, global population mysteriously began a runaway increase. It was not obvious at first. In fact, it remained a secret as long as it could be kept a secret. It was not a resumption of successful fertilizations. These were not births by any definition.

Both the inexplicable cessation of human conception and the equally puzzling population explosion in the midst of verifiable zero birth rate had simple and foreboding rationale. But, nobody was paying attention. Nobody looked beyond personal interests. No one pondered the causes or reasons behind any phenomenon science failed to address. Spiritual facts were not considered.

It was estimated that by the end of the sixth millennium of man's mortal presence on earth, the number of people who had ever lived upon the earth totaled approximately 110 billion. About seven billion people were alive at the time that estimate was calculated. Since the proliferation of regenerative bio-technology had ushered in a longevity

renaissance, The World Order began to project that a calculated population growth would be advantageous. For a while, before the zero birth rate crisis, global population boomed by design. As long as people could be manipulated and controlled and used according to World Order policy, global population was viewed by most of the elites as a World Order asset rather than an environmental liability. Long-term social engineering efforts had generated the right circumstances for a paradigm shift in world population management. Under the right circumstances, with the right timing, creating a calculated population increase was like being able to print yourself more money without generating the adverse consequences of inflation. The World Order gave itself more and more people to control, more and more people to serve its purposes, more and more layers of separation between the elites and the common masses.

Eventually, The World Order's manhunt for outsiders was scaled back, but not due to any sense of compassion or altruism. It was a simple matter of economic and political prudence. Unless The World Order perceived a significant organized threat from outsiders who refused or escaped World Order membership, The World Order eventually deemed it more profitable to populate itself by its own internal methods rather than expend the time, resources, and efforts to round up, recruit, reeducate, forcibly indoctrinate, or exterminate outsiders. There came a point in history where The World Order generally ignored outsiders, considering them inconsequential, calculating that they would eventually die off anyway. The World Order eventually ignored

outsiders the way you would ignore a few flies or gnats on your lawn outside. If you were an outsider, The World Order squashed you if you got too close or drew attention to yourself, but otherwise they ignored you. The part about being ignored was fine, but it also meant The World Order would never come to your aid or defend you or grant you audience. They would brush you off and sweep you out of their way with no thought for your welfare or your life. As an outsider, you had no place or participation or privilege in World Order economy; you had no rights whatsoever. The total population of outsiders plummeted rapidly at first, as The World Order formally took power and anchored itself like a monstrous, thirsty tick on the jugular vein of world society. Later, the number of outsiders varied unpredictably, but seldom totaled more than about 100 million worldwide at any given time. Outsiders constituted only about one percent of the world population, at most. Usually, outsiders made up far less than one percent of the world population, and they were scattered about the globe, deprived of the high-tech tools and conveniences and perks enjoyed by World Order citizens.

The zero birth rate crisis began about a quarter of the way into the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth. At that point in history, the number of human beings ever to have lived upon the earth totaled approximately 200 billion. About 10 billion people were alive at that time, and about that many were still alive when this new and inexplicable population explosion commenced. This was extremely significant.

It should be apparent by now that a mortal body can be alive only if there is a spirit dwelling inside the body. The only spirits that can naturally and rightfully inhabit a mortal body are the two-thirds who retained their agency and their right to do so. That being the case, what happens after the entire two-thirds, who constitute a very large but finite population, have all entered their mortal probations? What happens when there is simply no one left to be born? If there were no unborn spirits left among the generations pertaining to this Earth, how would the human race on Earth perpetuate itself? Or would it? If the human race on Earth was perpetuating itself in spite of the fact that there was no one left to be born, how was it happening? If the worldwide birth rate had hit zero and remained at zero, why was the population increasing so dramatically? Where were all the new people coming from, and how many of them were going to come?

Several decades after the last known birth, a miraculous and unpublicized breakthrough was achieved among a select, globally distributed network of World Order biotech developers. This breakthrough was known only to those working on the project and those officials authorizing and facilitating the project. The project was called Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life. Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life far exceeded any scientific miracle in mankind's history on Earth. This was not just another form of cloning or fertility science. This was a leap beyond. Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life was supposed to be the magnum opus of science. It was originally designed as a parallel means of human propagation, to be used in

parallel with common fertilization procedures. Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life, often simply called The Maker Project, was designed to be used only within strictly controlled and undisclosed operations within the upper echelons of The World Order, to bypass previously lengthy maturation, indoctrination, and training processes. The Maker Project would enable the placement of fully qualified and specialized personnel into specific key positions as often as needed and as immediately as needed. The Maker Project was intended to be applied in a highly controllable, versatile, and carefully meted manner. It was not intended to be marketed or announced openly. Human beings created by this project were not even supposed to be counted by the general census, but rather counted only at the highest levels of The World Order. The Maker Project and those produced by the project were not intended to become known among the general public. The Maker Project was the core of what was intended to become the secret economy of the select few top elites among The World Order.

The World Order had many levels and layers of government, but at the top of the top, there was one individual and two highly loyal, trusted associates. Those who were aware of their existence simply referred to them as The Head. The Head were the elite of the elite. No one had ever laid eyes on them since they were born. Their mothers were assassinated in the delivery room by suicidal doctors who surgically extracted them from the wombs postmortem, precisely at sunset. The doctors passed the neonates off to a clandestine special care unit to be raised by a staff of veiled

faces, dark robes, and secret oaths. The doctors then dissolved themselves in vats of acid. No one ever knew the true identities or the whereabouts of The Head. They operated in complete secret, but they had total control and total access to anything they wanted at any moment they wanted it. After coming of age, they were directly served and supported by a group of twelve individuals who were simply called The Twelve. The Twelve were known and feared throughout the world, and they had total access to anything and everything they wanted, except the secrets of The Head. The Twelve never gathered in one location, but traveled each one alone throughout the world, overseeing and operating the highest interests of The World Order. From The Twelve, World Order government branched out to the local levels around the planet, delegating operations and tasks through an intricate top-down hierarchy of elites and privileged people. This type of top-down pyramid government was not unlike the symbology of the all-seeing eye separated above the pyramid depicted on the once stalwart American dollar bill. The Head saw and heard everything. The Head operated secretly and independently above all subsidiary levels of The World Order. The Head was literally above the law, even above its own laws. It had become a law unto itself.

The World Order government was an unholy mockery of the true form of government that had been foreordained by the great governor and patriarch before the earth was created. The true form of government had long ago been established among a few inhabitants of Earth to bring the ordinances of eternal life to any and all who would be willing to receive

them and abide in them during their mortal probations, or to receive them vicariously if they had no opportunity to receive the ordinances in the flesh.

The true form of government was established personally by the mediator himself during his mortal tenure on Earth, at the meridian of time. But, that true government was largely unrecognized by the inhabitants of Earth, and it was taken away from the earth about a century after the departure of the mediator. The true form of government was taken away due to the evils that prevailed among the inhabitants of Earth at that time. A little over three quarters of the way through the sixth millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, that same true form of government was restored among a small and oppressed group of receptive individuals who were willing to commit to it and attempt to educate the world about it, inviting all to learn and abide in it. To give all mankind, both living and dead, a renewed opportunity to achieve the highest degree of eternal life, that true form of government was never taken from the earth again. But, the world at large persistently refused to accept it as a form of government. The World Order mocked it by counterfeiting it, fashioning a world government structured similarly to it, but with purposes and designs that denied truth, defiled virtue, suppressed liberty, stifled individuality, and ruled by deception and countless diverse forms of tyranny.

Even those few who professed the true form of government had become complacent and had allowed their circumstances to distract them from the imperative vicarious work. That vicarious work would have made all the difference



in the world if only those who could have done it would have done it. Some of those who knew the true form of government were deceived and chose to vote in favor of political candidates who promoted the social reforms that brought about The World Order. While those who were so deceived still had the right to vote, they chose to vote away everyone's right to vote, including their own. The World Order dictated, controlled, manipulated, rationed, allotted, and plotted. You had no say anymore. You had no privacy, either.

Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life, The Maker Project, was the brainchild of The Head. The project was directly facilitated and overseen by The Twelve. Below The Twelve, only those who had been raised and groomed for the express purpose of developing and establishing this project were privy to the project's existence. Even those who worked on the project were ignorant of its full ramifications.

The project was unsuccessful. It failed. Not a single attempt at Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life would sustain independent metabolic activity or fire a single synapse. At least not until the very last successful human fertilization had matured and formally taken its place among The World Order. That individual was genderless, so you could not refer to it as him or her, so, it. Its first day on the job was an historic day, but not for the reasons everybody supposed. Not because it was the last successful human fertilization.

At the precise moment the individual that had become the last successful human fertilization was inaugurated into its

official position in The World Order, Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life began fulfilling its namesake. Immediately, there was a new, unidentified man walking naked through the ranks of bewildered researchers and staff. The timing was no coincidence. At exactly the same time, in a different facility thousands of miles away, there was another new, unidentified man. In a dozen separate facilities around the globe, at exactly the same time, a new, unidentified man walked out of thin air. Well, actually out of a mysterious sub-quantum substance that for decades had failed to yield a successful living human. All attempts to create a living human being or any living creature from this indefinable substance had failed, until this moment. From this moment on, Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life produced real human life with a zero failure rate. But, the process was analogous to a solid-fuel rocket engine; once you started the process you could not shut it off until it ran out. The process would only produce strictly human life. It could not be altered or modified to yield any other life form. The substance had a peculiar design and a set of unalterable, autonomous parameters. It could not be reverse engineered. It could not be dissected and observed, either directly or indirectly. It was not exactly a particle nor was it exactly an energy field or a wave. There simply wasn't a word for it, so it was just called the Maker Substance. No one really knew what it was or how it worked or why it was the way it was, but there was something about it. Whatever it was, it was darkness.

Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life, when it finally occurred, occurred without a flaw, as if it had planned itself that way. Corroborating facilities jumped to verify the results were repeatable, consistent, and accurate, and indeed they were. It was a day of astonishment, celebration, and boasting for all those who had worked so long on the project. To see it suddenly work without a glitch was taken as a credit to the intellect of mankind, and as a testament of the genius and forethought of those developing the project. It was immediately recognized as a way to circumvent the zero birth rate crisis. Mysteriously, production of human life by fertilization remained impossible.

Back in the day when fertilization had worked, any form of conception between a sperm cell and an egg cell, whether natural or synthetic, inherently involved the entry of a spirit into the organism undergoing cell division after the sperm had successfully fertilized the egg. While the process of cell division and maturation could be accelerated, it still had to go through the natural stages of development, which took significant time. A human spirit entering a newly forming body could only be a spirit from among the unborn ranks of the two-thirds awaiting their turn to begin their mortal probations. They were the only ones who had retained their right to have a mortal body of their own and to progress through a mortal probation.

Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life was the result of decades of experimental attempts to create completely functional, fully matured, living human bodies directly from scratch. It was an unprecedented advancement

beyond the field of synthetic biology. Synthetic biology had gained enormous interest early in the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth. It was relatively harmless when it was limited to developing new bacteria for use in disease eradication, autonomous microsurgery, creation of advanced fuels and materials, recycling procedures, and such. It became controversial when it advanced to the creation of selectively targetable biochemical and genetic weaponry, programmable macroscopic mammalian life forms, organic independent intelligence, synthetic human brains, and such. Eventually, synthetic biology joined the ranks of applied quantum physics and became a Pandora's Box. Living creatures of increasingly complex life forms could be grown to almost any pre-designated specifications and preprogrammed with almost any conceivable predisposition and remote controllability. Those who meddled with advanced synthetic biology and quantum physics without a correct eternal perspective had no idea what they were getting themselves into. It got downright freaky and dangerous on levels you don't even want to understand when it advanced to demonic human body-spirit interface experiments, direct manipulation of spirit matter, and the latest, elusive, unholy grail, Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life, The Maker Project.

About a third of the way into the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, a new, complete, fully functioning, living human body could materialize itself instantaneously from raw matter, or from ambient energy, or from the spatiotemporal fabric itself. A human body could

materialize itself instantaneously in an already matured state without having to be conceived from sperm cells and egg cells, and without being implanted in a womb or suspended in some embryonic incubation tank to gestate and grow through the fetal stages and the subsequent stages from infancy to adolescence to full maturity. Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life required no lengthy or complex processes of growing and storing a reserve of fully developed blank, dormant bodies or clones in expensive facilities.

Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life debuted in secretive scientific circles at the highest echelons of The World Order. The Maker Substance that enabled Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life was a strange, dark substance that seemed almost as if it were a figment of nightmarish imagination conjured up in the minds of The Head. It was like a wishful, covetous thought over which the three members of The Head obsessed unceasingly. It was as if they had willed it into existence. But, there was more to it than that. The Maker Substance was a highly elusive and virtually indiscernible type of substance designed and composed of components indigenous to Earth but unknown and undiscovered by nearly everyone who had ever lived upon the earth. The Head received it through undisclosed channels and at extreme cost, after several millennia of horrifying procedures that predated the members of The Head and predated mankind's mortal presence on Earth. The Maker Substance contained all the instructions for the creation of human life, and could behave analogous to DNA, but it was not DNA. It was far more fundamental than DNA.

It was developed for one purpose only, and even The Head did not know that purpose. They thought they knew what it would do, but they had no idea how or why it would do it. It was an unholy imitation fashioned after the matter from which human spirit bodies were formed on Antecedeon. It was not the original thing. It was not from Antecedeon. It was from Earth. It was a counterfeit. It could behave autonomously, but it could not exist independently. It had quantum mechanical properties that defied understanding. It had a duality, or rather a plurality, such that while it could seem to be one discrete sample, it could, in effect, be many places simultaneously. It could not be contained or handled the way any normal matter or energy could be treated. It was something entirely different, something that had taken millennia of unspeakable experimentations and continuous efforts to formulate, something that had been a key reason behind millennia of inexplicable abductions and disappearances of persons.

The Maker Substance was orders of magnitude smaller and less massive than a single photon of light at even the lowest imaginable energy levels of the spectrum. It was so tiny and so elusive it made a neutrino look like a mountain by comparison. Yet, it was so violently reactive that it had to be suspended in secretive thought, enshrouded in the deepest recesses of the darkest minds, minds united in an all-consuming effort to retain possession of it. Once it had finally been composited, it could only exist long enough to be delivered by thought directly into the minds of The Head. Once that delivery had occurred, The Maker Substance could

only remain in existence in the minds of The Head. The Head formed a sort of three legged stool, so to speak. All three members of The Head were needed to simultaneously and continuously harbor The Maker Substance until the Maker Substance could fulfill the diabolical purpose of its creation. The Head initially assumed they could decide when to make it do its thing, but they could not control it, nor were they ever intended to control it. They were merely intended to help engineer the final set of circumstances it required. They were meant to harbor it, for it could not exist independently, but it could act autonomously. Outside the minds of The Head, it would cease to exist and be lost forever. It was a one-shot deal, a costly gamble that had taken millennia to pay out. But, that payout had begun.

Like DNA, The Maker Substance carried complete instructions for the formation of a complete, living human body. Unlike DNA, it was spontaneously reactive at a subatomic level that was orders of magnitude below the most discrete physics ever discovered by mankind. When it ran its autonomous purpose and began creating human bodies, it remotely synthesized the necessary elements and nutrients directly out of whatever matter or energy happened to be in the immediate location of the creation site. The Maker Substance operated like telekinesis, but it was not telekinesis. Perhaps a more accurate description would be to say that The Maker Substance employed some sort of displaced spatiotemporal kinetics. The maker Substance was harbored in the minds of The Head, but the bodies it created were created instantaneously at locations displaced in space, and in

some cases even displaced in time, away from the physical position of The Head. The new human bodies were not created in the presence of The Head and then transported to some designated location; they were created already at their designated locations while The Maker Substance remained physically harbored in the thoughts of The Head. Well, that's not entirely accurate, since The Maker Substance possessed a sub-quantum plurality by which it could reside in the thoughts of The Head but simultaneously project itself to multiple distant locations to initiate the instantaneous creation of new human bodies at those distant locations. The Maker Substance functioned strictly according to a preprogrammed, autonomous agenda. The Maker Substance not only carried instructions for the creation of living human bodies, but it possessed detailed parameters for precisely how many bodies to create, exactly when to create each one of them, exactly where to make them appear, and exactly what they were allowed to do and compelled to do once they appeared.

The Maker Substance did not wait to be fed the elements and nutrients needed for the creation of a living human body. It consumed whatever it needed directly from the site where the new body would be created. It would devour whatever it needed from the surroundings of the pre-designated creation site. If the creation site was surrounded by matter, such as air, water, dirt, rock, machinery, or living beings, it would instantly rearrange that matter into the necessary atoms and molecules and cells and organs and tissues and structures to materialize a complete, fully functioning human body.



If, for whatever reason, there was insufficient matter present at the creation site, say for instance in orbit, then the Maker Substance would remotely convert ambient energy into the matter it needed, and then, from that matter, remotely materialize a complete, fully functioning human body, instantaneously. If there was insufficient ambient energy at the creation site, then The Maker Substance would remotely manipulate space and time into energy which would in turn be rearranged into the necessary matter to materialize a complete, fully functioning human body, instantaneously.

The Maker Substance was designed and preprogrammed to exist only while isolated deep within the secret thoughts of The Head who had been designated long ago to be instruments for its advent in due time. It would function from within their thoughts, like an autonomous subroutine running in the background of a host operating system. From the recesses of the minds of The Head, The Maker Substance would remotely carry out its intended purposes at various pre-designated sites with precise timing.

Whenever The Maker Substance initiated instantaneous creation of a complete, living human body, that body did not grow or assemble through stages of development. It directly materialized in an instant. It was not, and then it was. Just like that. You would not want to be standing at the creation site where a new man was going to materialize, or you would risk being partially or entirely assimilated and metabolized into the tissues of the new body. This happened a few times by accident, and the results were disturbingly grotesque and excruciatingly painful.

On a few occasions, unwary workers or innocent bystanders inadvertently got too close to a creation site and were instantaneously carved like a jigsaw puzzle piece, losing whatever part of their bodies happened to coincide with the space where the new man appeared. Those who happened to experience this would scream in agony as parts of their flesh and bones would instantly vanish, and what was left of them would slide off the skin of the new man like butter slides off a hot knife. Their spirit matter might be conjoined into the new man.

In one notable incident, as a new man materialized, an unfortunate bystander, who was of much smaller stature than the new man, happened to be standing exactly in the location where the new man appeared. The unfortunate bystander vanished as if never there. There was absolutely no trace left of the person's body or spirit that had occupied the space where the new man came into being. Not even a breath or a fragment of DNA or a fiber of spirit matter remained unconsumed. The new man walked away naked and emotionless, as if nothing had happened.

The Maker Substance could create a multitude of new men anywhere at any moment, and nobody, not even The Head, knew its agenda. Interestingly, each new man had exactly the same attributes and features as every other new man. There was nothing physically or genetically distinct about any of them. It was as if they had no individuality. While these new humans all seemed identical to each other, they were not identical to any human who had ever lived in

the flesh prior to them. They were unlike any incumbent human being.

These new men had a common genetic makeup entirely their own, different from all other human beings who had ever lived upon the earth. The new men were all identical; they had absolutely no originality.

Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life not only meant a live human body could be created at full maturity, but it would be fully functioning, fully cognizant, and fully aware of the operations of the world. These new men appeared with an astonishing and uncanny repertoire of knowledge, poise, and intellectual abilities. No one had to spend any time or resources teaching them anything. They appeared with a full complement of innate postdoctoral prowess, political savvy, and awareness of current events. They possessed an inexplicably keen and detailed understanding of every facet of world history, as if they had been present while history was in the making, or as if they had been behind-the-scenes manipulators of history. They all possessed an inexplicable perceptiveness that bordered on the paranormal. In fact, these new men began showing the existing elites astounding depths of knowledge never before considered. Yet, the new men demonstrated an equally uncanny lack of individuality or creativity. They were devoid of any sense of compassion, empathy, or sympathy. They were cold-hearted, loveless souls, quick to indulge themselves in the pleasures of the flesh, quick to become enraged. They were bitter and foul to the core. They smiled occasionally, but only if it was part of a ploy to get something they wanted.

Their countenances were the epitome of guile. They were walking lies. But, somehow they just fit in immediately, as if they had been there all along. As if they had been there first.

The World Order elites were so enthralled by what they considered to be their own inventions and developments and clever bureaucracies that they were completely oblivious to the questions they should have been asking themselves. The stolid, compliant masses were so complacent under The World Order umbrella, they likewise remained oblivious to details that should have concerned them profoundly. Nobody pondered events and circumstances from an eternal perspective. It was like everybody was living in Flatland. The most ominous questions were the ones nobody had even thought to ask, like: how was the human race perpetuating itself? Sure, for anyone privy to the process, Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life was the obvious method, since birth rates had hit zero over a century prior. But, how were these new men alive? Out of some unknown substance harbored in the darkest recesses of the minds of the world's highest elites could come fully matured men demonstrating genius-level knowledge and miraculous abilities. Yet, no human sperm cell and human egg cell could be successfully combined to achieve cell division. Why was that? If there were no spirits among the two-thirds left to be born, then what spirits possessed the bodies of these new men? If gender identity had been purged from the human gene pool and from the human psyche, then why were these new men showing up as anatomically correct, highly domineering

males? Why were none of them women? Why were none of them bi-gendered? Why were none of them genderless?

Those who were privy to The Maker Project took for granted that The World Order's top scientists knew what they were doing. After all, life was merely a set of electrochemical reactions among organic cell structures, wasn't it? These top scientists knew all about that kind of stuff, didn't they? But, The World Order scientists had not fully comprehended what it was they were creating. They had played their roles in facilitating a diabolical work that predated them by millennia. Once that work was complete, what they had helped create became something they could not control. Everyone involved, including The Head, had operated under the intention of specifically designing The Maker Substance to create genderless and bi-gendered human beings. The Maker Substance, as far as anyone knew, was never designed or intended to produce a strictly male body or a strictly female body. Somebody lied.

The intent was to create a means of rapid, on-demand augmentation of labor forces and human assets for the benefit and pleasure of the elites. Given the unexpected zero birth rate crisis, The Maker Project was also intended to provide a strictly controlled means of circumventing the inexplicable failure of human fertilization efforts. All new humans were supposed to be as varied as incumbent humans. They were supposed to be genetically unique from one another, not identical to each other. They were supposed to be politically malleable, productive, useful, loyal, compliant World Order citizens who were either genderless or

dual gendered. However, every new human entering the scene via Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life was starkly and undeniably male. The new men had their own agenda from the beginning. In the plans of the elites, that was not supposed to happen. It was shocking, but exploitable.

Each and every new man demonstrated extreme, calculated assertiveness, aggressiveness, cunning, and adeptness. Somehow, without even cracking a book or receiving any kind of cognitive infusion, every new man immediately knew and comprehended more than the all the world's most revered scientists, historians, and intellects put together. The very first new men, all twelve of them, immediately took up positions of dominance superseding The Twelve. The Twelve became adjuncts to The New Twelve and were flattered in the process, thinking they had just been handed a huge promotion. Every new man knew exactly where to go and exactly what to do, and when to do it. It was as if they had been preprogrammed before they even existed.

New men seized control of all Maker Project resources. They propagated themselves through the Maker Substance harbored in the minds of The Head. They could not harbor The Maker Substance themselves; they needed The Head for that. The New men wasted no time integrating themselves among the elite and privileged echelons of The World Order. They appeared in droves, created lofty positions for themselves, and seamlessly mingled, fitting in as if the world had been run exactly the way they had wanted it run, as if they had been running the world all along. Everyone just

scooted over, awestruck and flattered to be so privileged to work along side the new men. The new men were practically worshipped. The elites were sycophantic.

The new men were not re-animated bodies of the deceased. They were not androids or cyborgs. They were not clones of people who wanted themselves cloned and who wanted to have their memories implanted into their clones in an attempt to perpetuate their own lives.

The notion of cloning oneself to perpetuate one's own life was attempted but quickly bypassed with the advent of regenerative genetics that allowed people to reverse aging and live indefinitely. While self cloning was attempted in cases of the complete loss of function of one's own body through severe trauma or degenerative conditions, the clone was never the same person everyone thought it to be. Sure, the body may have been genetically identical, and even the memories may have been transferred into the clone's brain, as technology had indeed been developed to do such things, but the spirit that possessed the clone was most definitely not the spirit of the original person who's body had been cloned. Nobody seemed to understand that simple but obvious fact.

Many attempts were made, some successfully, to clone one's own body and then implant one's own memories into the clone's brain. However, the idea that one's clone was possessed by one's own spirit after one's original body had died was a deceptive fallacy. A clone was in no way whatsoever the same person as its genetic benefactor. It never had been and never would be, and indeed never could be the same person.

When one's mortal body dies, one's spirit leaves that original body into which it was born, and it does not inhabit some other body, even if the other body is a genetically identical clone of one's original body. In other words, you may have cloned your body, but you would not be the spirit that possessed the clone. If your spirit was not originally born into that body, you could not possess that body. It's that simple. That was part of the decree set to protect the integrity of the interface between the spirits and the flesh of those two-thirds who had retained their individual agency and their right to be born into their own bodies of flesh and bone. Their spirits would not be able to possess one body, and then another, and then another, cloned or otherwise. It was simply impossible for them to do so even if they wanted to do so. Your clone might look like you and act like you, but it was not at all you. It was a completely separate, new life, having an individual, unique character all its own, a spirit all its own, but endowed, or cursed, with your memories and your genetic features and your genetic and psychological predispositions. The spirit that possessed your clone could either have been an unborn spirit from among the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency and their right to have a mortal body of their own, or it could have been a spirit from among the one-third who had been exiled. Either way, it was not you by any stretch of the imagination. It was not you any more than a twin could be you, if you had an identical twin.

It may seem strange to think that spirits from among the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency and their



rights to have mortal bodies of their own would opt to inhabit bodies that were clones, copies of other individuals' mortal bodies. But, bear in mind, the necessity of having any mortal human body at all was so imperative that all spirits intensely anticipated the moment they could receive mortal bodies of their own. The simple act of receiving mortal bodies of their own meant eventual resurrection, and resurrection meant their mortal bodies would be made truly immortal and indestructible.

Of course, the one-third was the exception here. They had forfeited their right to inhabit mortal bodies of their own, which was what they coveted most. They were desperate to possess any mortal body they could get into. But, they would never be resurrected. Whatever bodies the one-third managed to possess would never belong to them after mortal life would end.

The idea of entering mortal life under harsh and excruciating circumstances was but a small matter in the eternal perspective of things. Given the advantages of inhabiting a mortal body over not having a body, a spirit who had never inhabited a body of flesh and bone would do almost anything and endure the harshest conditions just to get into one. Every individual among the two-thirds who had retained their agency and their right to a mortal body of their own would eagerly accept whatever mortal body was available when it was his or her turn to enter mortal probation, as long as that body was not somebody else's body. A clone was not somebody else's body. A clone was merely a copy of somebody else's body. So, yes, unborn spirits from among

the two-thirds who had kept their individual agency did, on many occasions, enter their mortal probations and live out their mortal lives in bodies of flesh and bone that were clones of the bodies of other individuals.

The condition or appearance of the body was of little importance in the eternal scheme of things, but the integrity of the body-spirit interface and the claim on the body as pertaining to the unique and singular individual spirit that would possess it was of utmost importance. There was simply no way for a spirit from among the two-thirds to live out his or her mortal probation possessing someone else's body. It is sort of like organ rejection following an organ transplant, where the body is unable to retain the organ that does not originally pertain to that body. But, in this case, it is like a body transplant where the entire body is the organ that does not originally pertain to the spirit inhabiting it. This is body rejection at the body-spirit interface level, which is a much more profound level. Any spirit that has no original and rightful claim to a given body cannot retain possession of that body indefinitely. The two-thirds, who had fought for individual agency and preserved their individual rights to their own bodies, had no need and no ability to borrow a body or to hijack a body.

There was no way for spirits from among the one-third to take possession of the bodies of the two-thirds, except in cases where some of the two-thirds, after having been in the flesh long enough to mature to a level of accountability, would choose to make themselves vulnerable to possession by spirits of the one-third. This was due to the innate enmity

the great governor and patriarch had placed between the flesh of the two-thirds and the spirits of the one-third.

If the point in history had come when there was no one left to be born, meaning every single member of the two-thirds had entered their mortal probations, so there were none left among the two-thirds who had not already received their own bodies of flesh and bone, then any further human bodies created by the hands or minds of men would be unnatural bodies, unclaimed by any spirit who had the right to claim a body. That would pose a frightening prospect. But, people were too busy worshiping what they assumed to be the work of their own hands. People failed to recognize that what they claimed as the work of their own hands was out of their hands and bringing to fruition a conspiracy that predated mankind's presence on Earth, a conspiracy that involved the sabotage of eternal personal potential, and the enslavement, abuse, and eventual disposal of every individual.

Remember those spirits who called themselves The New Order on Antecedeon? There were about 100 billion of them, and they were all exiled into this world to await their final doom. As they had forfeited their individual agency and their right to be born into mortal bodies of their own, there was nothing they coveted more intensely and more desperately than bodies of flesh and bone. They would do anything possible to possess one. Legions of them would pounce on any and every chance to possess a body of flesh and bone if they could find a way to weasel themselves into one or to force themselves into one. They preyed on the vices and the lusts of the flesh that stripped one's spirit of self control over

one's own mortal body. They devised and conducted all manner of hideous experiments on the body-spirit interface of living beings, attempting to create a means of procuring bodies of their own, bodies that were as humanesque as possible. One of their ultimate goals was to find or engineer a way to create and possess human bodies for themselves, even if it would only be for a short time, before their final, eternal doom would overtake them.

Vices and lusts, if indulged, would leave one's own mortal body vulnerable to possession by those demonic New Order spirits. If vices and lusts were indulged often enough and long enough to create addictions, then long-term possessions became possible and more easily accomplished. While even a body rendered dysfunctional by addictions, vices, and lusts was better than no body at all, New Order spirits would jump at any chance and pursue any process to acquire a fully functional human body. It would be so much better if that fully functional human body did not need to be shared with another spirit. Having bodies of flesh and blood all to themselves, without having to continually or periodically suppress an incumbent spirit to whom the body rightfully belonged, was one of the most intently pursued fantasies and designs of every New Order spirit. If it were possible that a fully functional human body could be created and remain unclaimed by any of the two-thirds who had the right and the privilege of inhabiting it, there would be no shortage of New Order spirits hovering like vultures, poised to possess it at the earliest opportunity. Possessing bodies by preying on the indulgent had been ongoing since mortal man had begun

embracing vices and lusts. But, the advent of unclaimed, fully functional human bodies created through the hands and minds of mortal man was a recent turn of events. It had no precedent.

Interestingly, nearly all New Order spirits from Antecedeon were male. On Antecedeon, before their exile, the spirits of the one-third who constituted The New Order strategized to confuse the issues of gender identity and gender roles among the two-thirds. Get the two-thirds in the flesh to pursue an eradication of gender identity among as many as possible, and generate a duality of gender identity among the rest. This strategy would serve many iniquitous ends, not the least of which would put human propagation into the hands of The New Order's puppet World Order leaders. Eventually, after there was no one left to be born, and technology and the prevailing mindset of those in the flesh had been sufficiently manipulated to produce unclaimed, fully functional human bodies, the one-third commenced the final phase of their strategy. The New Order spirits had used mankind to make bodies for them, since they could never be born into bodies of their own. Since they had waited for every last one of the two-thirds to be born, and there was no one left to be born, the bodies created by mankind after that point would be unclaimed. There was no competition and no need to suppress an incumbent spirit. The New Order spirits could move in at will.

The New Order spirits were nearly all male spirits. They coveted fully functional, anatomically correct male bodies of flesh and bone, not some genetic permutation or redesigned

version of a body. The few female spirits among The New Order observed and coveted the power and the wealth and the influence and the prestige of the male gender in the world, and so the female members of The New Order became fanatical to inhabit fully functional, anatomically correct male bodies. Penis envy on a most profound level!

Moreover, the fact that the new men had real male bodies placed them in a unique position of power at the top of The World Order. The new men were the only real men, now. They were the real thing, and the whole world was theirs. Suddenly, every inhabitant of the earth who was not one of them was relegated to being looked upon as a deformity, a mutation, an experiment, a slave, a disposable means to an end, and perhaps even the punch line of a colossal, interminably abominable prank or vicious practical joke.

The approximately 10 billion living, incumbent humans were pawns and instruments to the 100 billion new men. The new men were those demonic New Order human spirits, the very same one-third who had been cast out at the climax of the war on Antecedeon. The new men outnumbered the incumbent population by a factor of ten. They gang raped and mind raped and soul raped all mankind and the earth upon which mankind dwelt.

Imagine the world population growing abruptly from 10 billion to 110 billion. That's exactly what happened. The organizer of The New Order took his seat, in the flesh, at the pinnacle of The World Order, and the world was his dominion for a season. He displaced The Head, but retained them as his pawns, his instruments.

Once the entire host of New Order spirits, all 100 billion of them, had been embodied as the new men via The Maker Project, The Maker Substance vanished from the thoughts and minds of The Head who had harbored it. The Maker Substance was spent. It had served its diabolical purpose. The minds and thoughts of The Head were directly controlled by the organizer of The New Order. The organizer of The New Order had taken power over the earth, and he was worshipped as a god.

While the true mediator had given Earth's inhabitants a prolonged opportunity to correct themselves and return to abide in his laws and ordinances and to lawfully apply their own individual agency, mankind had instead ventured farther from the path of the mediator. Mankind had fully matured and ripened in filth and debasement and the pursuit of vain ambitions. All flesh had become corrupt, both figuratively and literally, both spiritually and physiologically. Nearly every soul sought evil over good. Good, honest, decent folks were endangered remnants among the world's demographics. But, those decent folks had become complacent and had given themselves to well intended but misguided priorities, pursuing wholesome but non-essential endeavors, if viewed from an eternal perspective.

The inhabitants of Earth had been afforded every opportunity to right themselves, to discover and rediscover and reapply principles of truth that would have worked for their eternal benefit. Mankind had been allowed to discover and apply knowledge and to develop technologies that could have and should have been used in countless uplifting and

edifying ways. Mankind had been allowed to figure out how to eradicate disease and reverse and prevent aging. Mankind had been allowed to play God and to design and directly create human bodies. The inhabitants of Earth had been preserved far beyond the day when all the spirits of the two-thirds who needed bodies had already received one. In other words, mankind had been allowed to tarry in the flesh long after there was no one left to be born.

But, the inhabitants of Earth had squandered their agency and abused their time. Mankind had opened Pandora's Box. Men, in their lust for power and control and prestige, had created a way for the one-third who were never supposed to have bodies to get bodies. These new human bodies did not belong to the spirits of the one-third who possessed them. By the very nature of their condition, the spirits of the one-third could never permanently retain a body they possessed. Therefore, these new human bodies did not belong to anyone. They were disposable meat. They were abominations. They could never be resurrected. When they would die, they would die permanently. These new human bodies were a momentary gratification, nothing more than an unholy precursor to the final doom that awaited the New Order spirits.

Throughout history, all the way up to the present, there were many people who called themselves spiritual mediums. When so called spiritual mediums purported to channel spirits of the deceased, spirits of the deceased were not the ones manifesting themselves. Spirits of the deceased have no reason and no ability to participate in such antics.



Instead, spirits from among the one-third were the ones manifesting themselves, posing as familiar spirits of the deceased. The New Order spirits had no veil over their minds. They already knew and remembered every detail about every deceased person supposedly being channeled. The New Order spirits were expert imposters and skilled imitators. They fooled even the most highly educated and intellectual minds of the world.

Coincidentally and inexplicably, those who claimed to be spiritual mediums found themselves completely unable to channel as the new men flooded the world. There were simply no demonic human spirits left to channel. The demonic spirits of the one-third were all embodied as new men, and they had no more time to play petty games with such weak minds. This was the dark day of their power on Earth. They had flagitious plans to indulge themselves in their newfound flesh, and to use and abuse face to face. They knew they had little time before their final day would come upon them, that day of woe they had dreaded with every fiber of their beings since their exile from Antecedeon.

The new men, the bodies produced by Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life, were not hive-like constructs or consciousness downloads. They were not some reincarnation or artificial resurrection of a predecessor operating with inherited or implanted thoughts, feelings, emotions, or memories. They were not a copy of another person or a transplant of another person's mind or psyche.

These were completely new, completely real human beings. Their tissues, organs, and skeletal structures were real,

organic, living flesh and bone. Their bodies may have been created through the hands and minds of men collaborating with demonic human spirits, but they were in every sense real, live human bodies. These new men were indeed real human beings in every sense. But, they were not like other human beings. They were in a class all to themselves. They all looked alike. They all seemed to have an agenda, but no two of them cared about each other, or about anybody else.

While the new men could be unusually aggressive, they seemed to integrate well among the incumbent elites. The new men seemed aloof, self-absorbed, and self-interested. They had their own private agenda and everyone else, including each other, was just a means to an end. They just came into being like that. Since the incumbent elites were so astonished and amazed by what the incumbents considered to be their own creations, the work of their own hands, nobody noticed or cared that there was an undercurrent of ulterior influence infiltrating the incumbent ranks.

Incumbents, long-time humans who had been around for decades, if not centuries, could not tell the difference between new men and other incumbents, except that new men all looked alike. If you could ever witness a group of new men, you would notice their uncanny sameness. But, unless you saw them in groups, which they were initially careful to avoid, there was nothing to distinguish a new man from a human who had been around for decades or centuries, unless of course you dared check for unaltered male anatomy.

Most incumbents simply assumed the new men were just other people who had been appointed into positions within

The World Order. It seemed no stranger than you seeing a new employee or a new supervisor added to your work area, or hearing about additional personnel being added to other departments. You just assumed more personnel were being brought in to fill upcoming demands. You would never suspect they were only moments old. No one cared whether or not these new arrivals could produce authentic birth records or other standard forms of identification. No one questioned their origins or their motives.

These new men were so adept and convincing and charismatic and attractive they gained immediate popularity. They were so aggressive and intimidating if you opposed them that they garnered immediate respect and cooperation. No one dared molest them or attempt to make them afraid or defy them in any way. They gave the impression of being absolutely fearless. But, secretly, they were cowards, absolutely terrified. Of course, they would never let you know that. Their presence and their influence were spellbinding, even hypnotic. They were practically worshipped at first sight. Nobody thought anything was amiss about them. They quickly established and fostered extremely radical associations. However, their questionable associations and self-serving agendas were downplayed in light of their astonishing poise, their seemingly gifted articulation of knowledge and wisdom, their capacity to predict and deliver exactly what people wanted to hear, and their ability distract attention away from and cover up whatever they did not want people to hear. They were artfully convincing. They could have you believing the sky was green when it was obviously

blue. They could convince you their political agenda was for your own good when it was obviously a measure of tyranny designed to bring about your temporal enslavement and your eternal damnation. Sound like anyone in the current political spotlight?

The new men demonstrated a seemingly unlimited repertoire of miraculous abilities and insights. Their ability to remain popular yet entirely unrecognized for what they truly were was one of their most cleverly applied skills. While incumbents could not recognize new men, every new man could definitely recognize every incumbent human. New men could also recognize each other, even if they had never met in the flesh. They had no veil drawn over their minds as they entered the flesh.

The new men availed themselves of all the latest conveniences and luxuries as if such affluence had been developed just for them. For the most part, they lived exclusively outside the incumbent populations, unseen by the common masses. The incumbent populations, including the elites, did not know the extent to which they were being manipulated by the new men. Most would not have cared even if they had known. As long as the incumbent masses were getting what they wanted, nobody cared how or why it was being provided, or at what cost, or what the long-term ramifications might be.

For decades, The World Order had been deceptively reallocating tax revenues to secret projects, one of which was the ongoing construction of intricate networks of hardened, subterranean infrastructures that crisscrossed the planet.

Magnetically levitated super-trains operated in tunnel systems connecting every major metropolitan area of the world. These tunnels were bored deep under the ocean floors. The tunnels were evacuated of all air, and the trains had pressurized cabins, like airliners. The trains operated at speeds of up to 8,000 miles per hour on sub-oceanic routes, connecting many transcontinental and transoceanic destinations in less than an hour. More recent developments had flexible tunnel systems suspended in magma. These tunnel systems were bored straight through the core of the earth, facilitating travel from one side of the earth to the opposite side of the earth by going directly through the planet rather than around the planet. Such shortcuts through the planet shortened an otherwise 12,500 mile trip into an 8,000 mile trip, connecting even the most distant major cities on the globe in roughly one hour.

Airliners and surface infrastructure were still used by and for the common masses. The masses were kept unaware of the majority of the subterranean, subsea, sub-magma, and trans-core infrastructures. Such infrastructures were designed and established by the elite exclusively for use by the elite. As wars and weather-related disasters and geological and astrophysical calamities had become so frequent and intense upon the surface of the earth, the world elite plotted and funded their own luxurious survival measures using the taxes and labors of the masses. However, there was never any intention or provision designed to invite or enable the masses to find refuge in the hardened facilities and infrastructures that were being built literally right under their noses.

Every major metropolitan area in the world had a secret subterranean counterpart. These were entirely self-contained, subsurface cities built with independent, closed-circuit environmental control systems. From the surface, there was little or no evidence of their construction or their existence. They operated extremely efficient garbage and sewage recycling facilities, closed-circuit air recycling and scrubbing systems, hydroponic agricultural systems, geothermal power systems, quantum computer networks, research facilities, medical facilities, universities, nano-tech fabrication facilities, resorts, entertainment, everything the spoiled, rich, and high-minded demographic could want. Society could continue to thrive entirely subsurface, indefinitely. At least that was the intent among the elite. The expendable general populace would be left to its own demise. The only reason The World Order maintained surface infrastructure was to make use of the masses while they still could. The idea was to juice the masses for every penny of tax revenue and every man-hour of labor possible, all the while keeping them indulged in diverse addictions and vices so they would not be able or willing to organize themselves to uncover and interrupt the operations of the elite.

The elite wanted to become the sole inheritors of the earth. They wanted it all to themselves. They were endeavoring feverishly to develop global systems that would sustain their desired lifestyles without any effort or sacrifice on their part, and eventually without the inconvenience of managing the masses upon whose backs they had built their lavish empires. The popularity and the influence and the

miraculous insights and abilities of the new men seemed to come in perfect timing and seemed to fall right in line with the agendas of the elite. The elite were more than happy to function along side the new men while the new men ran things. The elite were so easily flattered by the new men, they thought they were all functioning together as a team to gain power over the whole earth and everyone and everything pertaining to the earth. But, the elite were actually being used and sidelined by the new men. Of course, the elite, having selfishly sunk themselves this far into despotic allegiances, no longer had much of a choice.

The elite actually believed they had created the new men and that the new men would serve the purposes of the elite. But, in fact, it was sort of the other way around; the new men had been steering the elite all along, even before the new men were embodied in the flesh that the elite had been maneuvered into creating for them. Now that the new men were here in the flesh, the new men took complete control but let the elite think they still had some sway in running the show. The elite had no idea how many new men there would be. Nor did they realize that once the new men began appearing, there would be no way to regulate or interrupt the influx of new men, and no way to control when or where any of the new men would come into being. But, such details seemed of little consequence in light of the plethora of rapid advancements in technology and social engineering and new, more exciting forms of recreation and entertainment and indulgence that had taken place since the new men began arriving. The advent of the new men ushered in what many

called the greatest renaissance ever to grace mortal man on Earth.

Quantum computer systems and associated advanced artificial intelligence systems opened entirely new frontiers for those who were privileged to be developers, clients, and end users of such systems. Not only were quantum computers millions of times faster than the fastest silicon-based supercomputers, but they afforded the unique ability to transmit virtually unlimited quantities of data instantaneously from one place to another, regardless of distance. Using principles of quantum coupling and quantum entanglement, any number of quantum computer nodes could be linked without cables and without dependence on the electromagnetic spectrum for wireless connectivity. In fact, dependence on the electromagnetic spectrum had become entirely obsolete with the advent of quantum computing and quantum communication systems. Data and communications could be teleported between any number of nodes instantaneously, independent of distance or physical obstructions between the nodes. This was somewhat akin to the means of communication common on Antecedeon. But, on Antecedeon, the human mind did it naturally and intuitively, without depending on a quantum computer device.

The advent of quantum computers and quantum communications systems on Earth rendered orbiting satellites and cell phones and wireless relay stations and related infrastructure obsolete. However, such antiquated systems were maintained as legacy technology for use by the surface



people. Surface people were the common masses; they were allowed to believe they were making great discoveries and miraculous advancements in technology. But, while the surface people thought they were making great strides in many fields of science and technology, it never dawned on them that nearly all of what they had claimed as their own discoveries and developments were merely spinoffs of tech tidbits and hints and byproducts the privileged elites had deliberately meted out to the masses at various strategic points in history, like a few crumbs being tossed to seagulls on a beach to get them excited and to rally them to certain locations and causes, all as part of The World Order social engineering scheme.

Some of the general populace, particularly those who called themselves conspiracy theorists, suggested that some alien race had given mankind the foundations of advanced technology and knowledge. Some suggested the computer age and the information age dawned after alien technology was reverse engineered from various UFO crashes and extraterrestrial encounters near the end of the sixth millennium of mankind's mortal presence on Earth. Other conspiracy theorists purported that alien abductions were to blame for many unexplained disappearances of individuals and occasional reappearances of individuals who seemed traumatized by weird and torturous experiments. All this was nothing more than a sensationalized set of cover stories and rumors instigated and fueled by the elite and The World Order to keep the masses distracted from the facts.

The truth was that all along, it had been the secret societies and secret combinations of men in the flesh and their diabolical coalitions with the New Order spirits. Secret societies and secret combinations culminating in The World Order and collaborating with The New Order had been manipulating organic and inorganic matter, developing and abusing super-advanced technologies, and abducting subjects for countless hideous neurological, biological, psychological, and spirit-body interface experiments.

Most of the horrifying, so called alien abductions and extraterrestrial encounters were indeed actual experiences, but there were no aliens involved. Such horrid ordeals were carried out by The World Order, and by World Order predecessors, and the demonic legions of the one-third with whom they collaborated, all right here on Earth. The weird descriptions of strange looking, humanoid figures that seemed to have grotesque features or reptilian attributes were nothing more than the result of various genetic engineering efforts to create human-like bodies. They were precursors to Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life. They were hybrids of human genetics and reptilian genetics and synthetic genetics in various stages of experimental development. Reptilian genetics was a logical starting point due its relative simplicity compared to human genetics. Also, the cold-blooded nature of reptilian life forms gave off little or no infrared heat signature, making secretive operations easier to mask. The slower metabolism of reptilian life forms made the budgeting of food resources much more economical and low profile. Reptilian brains had proven

simpler and more easily manipulated, facilitating a conveniently primitive practical interface with flesh upon the earth until higher life forms, including cattle, primates, and mankind, could be systematically dissected and gradually groomed for more advanced operations.

Efforts to create human bodies for the one-third who had been exiled from Antecedeon had commenced as soon as those exiled spirits had been imprisoned upon the earth. They started experimenting with the elements of the earth and with the creatures of the earth through any means possible. Get the two-thirds who would have bodies of flesh and bone to make bodies for the one-third who were never supposed to have bodies of flesh and bone. Do it by any means and at any cost. Corrupt and permute and exhaust every ounce of flesh on the planet if that's what it takes to create fully functional, unshared human bodies for those who were eternally forbidden to have one. That was the urgency with which the New Order spirits operated. The World Order played its role as The New Order's adjunct arm in the flesh, just as The New Order had calculated.

In the early days of human body creation experiments, which had continued after one major interruption caused by a near extinction-level global inundation event in the second millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, it was helpful and convenient to use live human subjects, not only for physiological trials, but also for the study of psycho-social effects. Some subjects were released back into the general population and observed either directly or indirectly, or secretly and remotely. The practice of experimenting on

live human subjects and then releasing specific subjects back into the environments from which they were taken, or in some cases, into completely unfamiliar environments, continued throughout history. Over time, it became increasingly beneficial to release a few terrified, traumatized subjects and a few genetically and psychologically altered subjects back into various sectors of the populace. This served the collateral purpose of fueling rumors and speculations and investigations of so called alien abductions. As long as people were looking out there, they would never have a clue about what was happening right under their feet. Events at sites like Roswell, New Mexico actually happened, but aliens had nothing to do with it. Places including, but not limited to, Groom Lake, Nevada and Dulce, New Mexico and the Denver International Airport facilitated and hosted various clandestine and unusual operations, but such operations had nothing to do with aliens or extraterrestrial technology. Such operations and the rumors circulated about them were, effectively, decoys. They paled in comparison to the far more pervasive and baleful Antecedent-rooted conspiracies that had been going on behind the scenes since the beginning of mankind's mortal presence on Earth.

Amid the social ruin and the political turmoil and the wars and the secret societies and secret operations that had become so deeply rooted and omnipresent from the late sixth millennium through the middle of the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, nature had become increasingly unsettled, as if in direct response to the affairs of man. The earth itself, and the whole region of space in which

the earth resided during its mortal existence, seemed to behave as a behemoth, living organism that was being profoundly afflicted by the behaviors and the intentions of Earth's inhabitants, somewhat like a body's immune system would react and reject corrupted cells and infectious masses. This had absolutely nothing to do with environmental issues or mankind's so called carbon footprint. This had everything to do with mankind's mindset, mankind's intentions, social lifestyles, vices, and immoral behaviors. The infection with which Earth had been become afflicted was never a byproduct of mankind's use or misuse of Earth's resources. In fact, the infection was not even a byproduct of the wars mankind fought. It was more personal and individual than that. It was caused by the profligate and libertine intentions occupying the impenitent hearts and minds of mankind. It was a direct result of mankind's wanton abandonment of virtue, mankind's unchecked pride, unbridled greed, and uncurbed lust for gratification of the flesh, accompanied by a combination of summary dismissal and total corruption of belief in deity. Mankind became the infection.

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

## **Chapter Five**

### **Repercussions**

“Sion Information Network brings you this latest breaking report of a discovery that has left the Integrated Sciences Community completely baffled: Dan, tell us, what is the significance of these latest observations, and do we need to be concerned?”

“Well, Sandra, at this time, there’s no immediate threat of impact. The object should pass harmlessly between the earth and the moon in a polar trajectory. But, the thing that’s so unusual about...”

“Dan, can you tell us why, with so much technology monitoring the skies these days, why this had not been discovered earlier, and what is so unusual about this discovery?”

“Well, yes, Sandra, the reason it wasn’t discovered until recently is that it simply wasn’t there until recently. This is a new object. As you know, Earth and our solar system reside in the outer regions of our Milky Way Galaxy. Our entire

solar system is in motion relative to other star systems in our galaxy, and our galaxy is in motion relative to other galaxies and extragalactic matter. We think, based on the object's approach from below the ecliptic, that..."

"Excuse me, Dan, what's the ecliptic?"

"The ecliptic is simply the plane of Earth's orbit around the sun. Nearly all objects in our solar system orbit the sun roughly along this plane."

"Ok, and you were saying?"

"Well, Sandra, within our solar system, it's unusual for objects to be moving along trajectories highly inclined to the ecliptic plane. That is to say, it's quite rare to see an object moving nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic or in a polar trajectory rather than the typical equatorially oriented trajectories. That leads us to believe this object was perturbed, or rather ejected, out of its original orbit around some other star system, but not in the usual way that takes centuries. This is happening too abruptly.

Some theorize that space itself is like a vast fluid in continual and varying states of flux, and that something analogous to sheer forces can twist space and time like opposing wind currents can create tornadoes, or like water moving through a drain or a pipe can begin to swirl. Rumors have started circulating about naturally occurring wormholes or spatiotemporal twisters acting as conduits in which objects from far distant regions of interstellar and possibly even intergalactic space get trapped. A trapped object may travel through these cosmic twisters until the twister dissipates like a tornado dissipates, ejecting the trapped objects, throwing



them out on random, accelerated trajectories far from their original locations, making such objects seem to just appear out of nowhere, or disappear, or move in inexplicable ways.”

“Fascinating, Dan. What else is going on out there?”

“We’re having trouble keeping up with all the unusual events going on these days, Sandra. We’ve recently discovered an enormous, rapidly expanding, bubble-like extragalactic molecular cloud system composed of dust and gas and plasma. This extragalactic cloud system exhibits unusual dynamics and has regions of varying densities. It’s expanding in a roughly spherical pattern, which means part of it is coming right at us. The blue shift of the material coming at us is extreme. It’s blue shifting well into the violet range of the spectrum, approaching ultraviolet wavelengths that will make it invisible to the unaided eye. This cloud system is expanding at an incredible rate, and its rate of expansion is accelerating. It was discovered by our deep space interstellar telescope array that was launched several decades ago. Our interstellar telescope array is now well beyond the heliopause, giving us an unimpeded and highly resolved view of the observable universe.

The interstellar telescope array sends us extremely high resolution multispectral imagery via specialized communication systems that are very hush-hush. Officials tell us the interstellar telescope array’s communications suite has the ability to overcome the delay times one would expect from such great distances. We are able to receive real time multispectral extreme-resolution imagery and peer deeper into the depths of the universe than ever before, and we are

able to do so from multiple vantage points, enabling us to generate extremely accurate three-dimensional images. What we are finding is just amazing, Sandra.”

“Please continue, Dan.”

“This extragalactic molecular cloud system appears to have been spat out of a single point in distant, intergalactic space, far beyond the edges of our galactic disk. Some have labeled it a cosmological white hole; there are ongoing debates over that label. This phenomenon, for all intents and purposes, resembles a miniature Big Bang event. But, unlike the Big Bang which is theorized to be a diffuse expansion of space itself, this appears to be an addition of matter and energy from a specific location, as well as new space being injected into our existing space, but at a specific injection point rather than everywhere at once. It’s somewhat like new threads of fabric suddenly emerging from a single point in an existing fabric and being woven outward in all directions into the existing fabric. Within the new threads of fabric, there are dynamic materials expanding outward in every direction, like a surge of fluid wicking along the new threads as the new threads weave themselves into the existing fabric. We are calling this event a mini-bang. It may give us cause to question how we view the Big Bang.

Based on observations and calculations, the matter expanding out of this mini-bang event is accelerating in a roughly spherical shock front that will eventually attain superluminal velocity. The spatiotemporal propagation out of the source point is superluminal from the start, but the expansion of space and time outward from the source point

seem to have the effect of dragging new matter and energy out of the source point at initially subluminal velocities. In other words, the spatiotemporal propagation is like a fast-moving wind, so to speak, blowing past the matter and energy like wind blows past water and dust, dragging it along at a rate slower than the wind itself. It appears the mass and energy emerging from the source point are not being pushed outward by some overpressure, as one might envision, but instead are being dragged out of the source point by the newly introduced spatiotemporal fabric. This means that from the point of view of the matter and energy being dragged outward from the source point, the matter and energy would seem to be falling inward toward the source point. To an observer within this mini-bang event, it would appear that his entire universe is collapsing. The relative motion of the new space itself, incident to the new matter and energy within that space, makes it seem as though all matter and energy in that space are moving backward, back toward a central point. But, of course, from our vantage point we see what our hypothetical observer cannot see. We see a more comprehensive picture.

This causes us to question our perception of our own universe and the concreteness of what we have relied upon as scientific fact for so many decades and centuries. We cannot help but wonder how our universe and the events going on within it might appear to someone looking at our universe from the outside. What type of disparity exists between the things we perceive to be happening and the things an outside observer would see actually happening? How much disparity

is there between those things from which we derive our immutable laws of science and those things an outside observer with a more comprehensive perspective would see as they truly are?”

“Dan, this is a lot to take in for many of our viewers, I’m sure. But tell us more. What does all this really mean for us here on Earth?”

“What it means for us, Sandra, is that, well, let me illustrate. Our Galaxy is oriented edge-on to the approaching shock wave. Our galaxy will slice into it like a knife. The portion of our galaxy’s mass that happens to be between our solar system and the shock wave will provide some shelter from the impact effects. But, given the fact that our solar system’s ecliptic plane is nearly perpendicular to the galactic plane, and given the direction from which the shock front is approaching, the shock front will slam into our solar system directly from the south, as viewed from Earth. Our solar system will get hit from below with what will amount to a cosmic gale packing winds of dust and plasma and gases moving at extreme speeds, some approaching the speed of light.

Within galaxies, interstellar dust and gas clouds are commonplace, but in the vast expanses of intergalactic space, there are few if any detectible concentrations of gas and dust, and none ever observed to be accelerating so violently outward from a central point like this one. This is almost like a delayed sneeze, or something of that nature, that occurred much more recently than The Big Bang. Perhaps we are seeing the effects of the collapse of an unimaginably massive

black hole in another universe, perhaps in a universe that is somehow nested within our own, or in a universe that is intersecting our own universe. We've never seen anything like this, Sandra."

"Wait a minute, back up, Dan. Did you just say we are going to get hit with something?"

"Well, we might, but we might not. Our prognosis is optimistic, and there is no need for panic. Officials have informed me everything is well under control, and we are prepared for any contingencies that may arise."

"That's comforting, Dan. I'm sure we're in good hands what with all the latest advancements that have been underway these days. So, what are we up against, here, Dan? How soon will any effects of this be noticeable to us on Earth?"

"Probably not for a long time, Sandra. We've been assured there is no immediate cause for alarm. Just think of it like watching a distant fireworks display. Eventually, however, this extragalactic cloud system could blast through our galaxy for some period of time; we're not sure how long. Being as dynamic as it seems to be, it is likely this mini-bang shock front will have vast pockets and voids where the densities are negligible. Most of our galaxy will likely just be grazed by one of the huge voids, and the shock front will pass harmlessly on its way. Remember, it is expanding and becoming less dense as it accelerates. It may appear to be a solid wall of plasma and gases and dust today, but by the time it reaches us, it will have swelled and rarefied significantly. What are now small variations in density will become enormous voids or pockets

that will easily exceed the size of galaxies. Likely, our galaxy will pass harmlessly through one of these low density voids, so, again, we have very little cause for alarm, Sandra.”

Complacent bastard, Sandra thought silently, and then went on to ask, “Dan, can anything be observed going on inside this dense mini-bang cloud system?”

“Actually, yes, Sandra, there’s a lot of activity, a very dynamic, highly charged environment inside this system. We’ve detected intense pressure differentials that are creating cosmic winds so fierce our solar wind pales in comparison. We’ve also detected unusually intense electrical charge differentials of immense proportions. We’re talking about cosmic buffetings and turbulence and electric buildups across vast regions of space that already dwarf our galaxy. Few have even speculated about anything like this. But, what is stranger still is that we are witnessing for the first time the actual formation of distinct objects. We are seeing countless cases of cometoids, planetesimals, and protoplanets, as well as supermassive gas giants that could soon become stars and even black holes. These objects are at various stages of development but are all gathering mass with astonishing rapidity within the cloud system. They are literally forming right before our very eyes. We hope to extrapolate from what we are observing in order to formulate modeling scenarios that will help us better understand the mechanics of planet and star formation, and the formation of galaxies. We are observing conditions and dynamics never before imagined!”

“But, Dan, can you briefly explain to us how these objects can just form out of nothing?”

“Well, Sandra, they’re really not forming out of nothing. There are enormous quantities of various elements making up this molecular cloud system; elements ranging from free floating subatomic particles to heated plasmas to cold hydrogen and many of the heavier elements that combine as the shock front expands and cools. There is a huge amount of very refined dust blowing around in this system as well. Just as dust in your house...”

“Hey, my house is dust free, Dan!”

Not for long, bitch, Dan thought, and then responded with jovial hypocrisy, “Ha, ha, well, yes, Sandra, but just for instance, the way dust collects into puffy little clumps over time if you don’t clean your house, the same type of thing happens in space. But when you add electrically charged particles, dust with opposing charges, and a dynamic environment with varying densities and pressures, well, in short, we see that object formation can happen at surprisingly accelerated rates. This and other discoveries are causing us to seriously question the age of the earth. There is increasing evidence that Earth may be only a few thousand years old. What we can’t understand is that if Earth is only a few thousand years old, how could the dinosaurs have existed on Earth millions of years ago? That one will have us baffled for a while, I’m afraid.”

“Thank you, Dan for taking time out of your busy schedule with all those Delegates of Internal Countries and Kingdoms up in the capitol of The Aggregated Sates of Sion to be with us today.”

“My pleasure, Sandra.”

“In other news, from the Planetary Archeology Department of the Aggregated States of Sion, we have new developments in the human exploration of Mars.

Harry, tell us what the archeological teams on Mars have learned from their series of recent discoveries. We understand your teams have had quite a number of unprecedented finds lately.”

“Yes, Sandra, we’ve uncovered a plethora of new information over the past several months out here in this part of the solar system. Much of what we’ve found predates the oldest finds on Earth. We’re discovering history and making history as we speak.”

“Please elaborate, Harry.”

“Of course, Sandra. We have reason to believe that Mars is not indigenous to our solar system.”

“So, Harry, are you telling us that Mars came from somewhere else?”

“It gets better. What’s even more puzzling is that we’ve found what can only be described as sections of man-made structures buried miles beneath the terrain in certain equatorial regions of Mars. Every single one of these structures seems to have something in common. They all seem to predate Mars’ presence in our solar system. They all seem to predate some cataclysmic, extinction-level event or series of events that happened whenever and wherever Mars used to be.”

“Fascinating, Harry. Tell us about these archeological discoveries your teams have unearthed, or rather unMarsed, I guess.”



“Gladly, Sandra. So far, all the structures we’ve uncovered have odd, bowl-shaped tubs or cisterns that are about chest-deep and appear to have been intentionally built below ground level, or rather below what used to be ground level at the time they were constructed. We’ve got no idea what these bowl-shaped furnishings were used for. They’re too small to be used for water storage for the large number of people we estimate to have used these facilities. We think they may have been used as some type of bathing facility, but that’s not likely. We’ve discovered multiple areas within each structure that are more likely to have been intended for bathing or showering.

We also uncovered various solid, rectangular, table-like fixtures protruding about three feet up out of the floors of some of the rooms, and located exactly in the center of the rooms where we found them. We’ve got no idea what these things were used for, either. They’re too small to be used for dining. There’s only room for one individual on each of the four sides, and it’s barely an arm’s length long and an arm’s length wide. Might have been used for some type of game or ceremony, maybe some contest or ritual, maybe something like arm-wrestling tournaments. It’s just about the perfect size for that. Plus, there’s plenty of room for dozens of spectators to surround these pedestal-like protrusions.

We’ve also discovered traces of highly reflective material on opposing walls in almost every room where these rectangular pedestals are located. This material is unusually advanced, and if you peer at it a certain way you can see yourself and everyone in the room multiplied outward

infinitely. It's somewhat like looking at your self in a mirror with another mirror positioned directly behind you, so you see your reflection of your reflection of your reflection, on and on, to infinity. But, this material makes everything else in the reflection disappear so you can only see yourself and those with you in the room, as if your reflections extend out into the endless expanse of space, unconfined by any structure. Also, unlike what happens with opposing mirrors, your reflections do not appear dimmer as they extend into the distance. They appear increasingly brighter as they extend outward to infinity.

The reflections themselves emanate light independent of the room's ambient lighting, yet the reflections do not add light to the room. It's almost like they aren't really reflections but more like projections of projections of projections, on and on, with the brightness of each successive projection amplified by the brightness of the projection preceding it. It feels weird, like you're not merely seeing reflected or projected images of yourself, but actually standing in the physical presence of an infinite number of yourself, as if there are infinitely many of you all proceeding in a vast, gently curving arc of infinite circumference such that you can never see an end of it. You can never see an end of your increasingly brighter self. You can only perceive this phenomenon if you precisely position yourself in line with the fragments of this material remaining on the walls. We can't explain it and we've been unable to reverse engineer it. There's no power source driving it. There's nothing compelling it. It just happens.

What's more mysterious is the fact that this material only exhibits its phenomenal properties when left in place and untouched. Each time we attempted to remove or disturb a sample of the material in any way, the sample we touched would immediately lose its phenomenal properties and become entirely opaque. Once a sample went opaque, we could not restore its previous attributes, no matter what we tried."

"What other types of structures have you discovered, Harry?"

"Now, that's the weird part, Sandra. We haven't found any other structures, or even what we could consider to be fragments of structures. No other relics of any kind. Not even a fossil of any creature or plant. It's as if everything were wiped out, not just died, but gone, vanished, poof, without a trace. Whatever happened was far beyond any extinction-level event we can theorize. That suggests that whatever these structures were, they must have been built to last, built to withstand just about any form of natural upheaval. Whatever these structures were, they must have served some vital purpose or represented something of marked importance to whoever built them, even more important than their personal dwelling places. It appears they spared no expense in designing and building these structures. The workmanship poured into these edifices is tremendous."

"Thank, you, Harry. Our time is up. Until next time, this is Sandra, keeping you enlightened with Sion Information Network."

If you subscribed to the old cliché of what you don't know can't hurt you, then you were about to get schooled, and you would graduate with a new fear of the dark. Decades after that broadcast from the Sion Information Network, a frightening twilight befell the skies. The depths of an unfamiliar night followed.

The entire solar system, even the entire galaxy, was pummeled by the dense molecular cloud described as the mini-bang shock front, a danger gravely downplayed by scientists, World Order officials, and news media. The extragalactic mini-bang shock front was so dense and moving so fast that it compressed the termination shock right into the sun's corona and stretched the heliosheath out past the Oort cloud. The heliosheath was dragged upward over the sun's North Pole, like a long, thin Dunce cap. The portion of the shock front that engulfed the solar system and the neighboring regions of the Milky Way galaxy slammed into the Earth's South Polar latitudes from directly below the ecliptic.

The onset was eerie. The climax was terrifying. Dust and gases in the molecular cloud system began obscuring the view of sky watchers. At first, you could notice a reddish tinge in the stars. The stars seemed to begin a random and initially subtle but increasingly notable oscillation. As the days passed, the stars seemed to visibly move downward in the sky and become noticeably magnified in apparent size while appearing unsteady in space. The stars were not becoming physically larger or displaced, but the intense mass and electromagnetic concentrations in certain regions of the shock front bent the

path of light traveling from the stars to the earth. Certain properties of the shock front acted as a sort of optical magnifying lens that gave observers on Earth a distorted, unusually dynamic, unstable perspective of the sky.

Soon, the relative motion of the northward rushing masses of dust and gas and plasma in greater concentrations made the stars appear to shake wildly and move southward in the sky. It was kind of like when you look out the window of a fast-moving vehicle and stare at a distant landmark while fog or terrain in the foreground rushes past your view, making the landmark in the distance appear to move forward even faster than you are moving.

As starkly varied densities of gas and dust and plasma in the cosmic wind rushed northward past the earth, everything in space appeared to oscillate randomly and violently and flicker in and out of view. It was intensely frightening for the vast majority of people who did not understand what was happening. Earthquakes were scary enough, but it was not long before many people were talking about space quakes and even speculating about time quakes.

As increasingly dense regions of the molecular cloud system plowed through interstellar space, fewer and fewer stars were visible in the night sky. The stars seemed to shake and vibrate violently and fall faster and loom larger while fading to deeper shades of red, until they entirely disappeared from the visible spectrum. The moon appeared to be bathed in progressively more unsettling shades of red as the solar system became engulfed by denser regions of the molecular cloud. The lunar disk changed from romantic harvest moon

to foreboding orb of fear as its glow deepened from pale orange to deep red, and then became as dark as the blood of a dead man's veins, until at times it could not be seen at all. When it could be seen, it seemed to ripple and shake as if it were a blob of coagulating blood being shaken vigorously.

The sun appeared to shimmer angrily, even more so than the moon. The sun became visibly distorted, elongated along its axis like a giant, scarred, veined, blood-red egg, as its South Polar Region was compressed and its North Polar Region was stretched by the dynamic forces of dense, high-velocity gases and dust. Even at high noon, the sun was a deathly, dark-red, trembling, egg-shaped, unfamiliar sight. At sunrise and sunset, it was a smoked-black, distorted, wobbling orb on the horizon. The sun appeared progressively dimmer as the days went by, and soon you could look directly at the sun all day long with the naked eye. It was like you were seeing the sun through a dark-red tinted welding visor with thick smoke blowing in front of the visor, between you and the sun.

On Earth, global temperatures began to drop noticeably. In less than a year, the molecular cloud system had begun intermittently blocking out the sun, plunging the earth into unpredictable, sporadic periods of cold blackness. The entire sky became intermittently obscured by thick, palpable darkness. The shock front acted as a dynamic and perturbing veil of blackness that blasted through the solar system and the galaxy. Everything seemed to succumb to it or be affected by it in some way.

As regions of different densities of this high-velocity cosmic murk ripped though the galaxy, you could peer up

into the sky and see the upper atmosphere shimmer and glow with strange auroras as dust vaporized and gases ionized while striking Earth's atmosphere. Other times, it was just dark and cold, as Earth found itself in a void or pocket of extremely low density inside the gigantic nebular cloud while the sun remained enshrouded completely by a higher density streak of the cloud. Occasionally, pockets of low density spanning several hundred Astronomical Units would rush past in just the right positions to let the sun shine almost normally on the Earth for a few hours, sometimes a few days. Intermittent, small pockets spanning just a few Astronomical Units often whizzed by in rapid succession, making the sun appear to strobe like a deep red-orange beacon bobbing in a tumultuous sea of blood. It was unnerving. It felt like the sun was something completely foreign and unnatural, as if the sun had become some ominous monster lurking in space.

As high-density concentrations of the shock front slammed into Earth's atmosphere at the South Pole, people in the far southern latitudes watched in horror as the sky was peeled open. It was like you were a sardine in one of those cans that opens by twisting a metal key to roll the lid back to expose the contents of the can, but you were the sardine looking up at the lid of your can while some unseen giant rolled the lid open above you in a very abrupt fit. Sky and clouds compressed downward and rolled northward in a sudden, blazing, aurora-like, horizontal tornado.

An elementary school teacher in southern Australia was reading an ironically timely classic story to a group of children. It was about a little chicken that was notorious for

claiming the sky was falling. Kai, a student genetically engineered to suffer from Asperger's syndrome and a speech impediment that made it difficult for him, or rather it, to pronounce the letter F, saw what was happening outside the window and exclaimed loudly, "Holy Clucking Shit, Teach! That damned chicken wasn't lyin'! We're all CLUCKED!"

Millions of people stared in awe as the sky was ripped away, leaving people exposed to the assault of a cosmic dust storm of such fury that soft tissues ablated almost instantly. Skin and muscle tissues ablated and eroded right off people's bodies as they ran confused, with bones and skulls exposed, before collapsing helplessly, shrieking and wailing in agony as if being held under a sand blaster and a blow torch at the same time.

In the northern latitudes, people were somewhat protected by the curvature of the Earth, as if standing on the leeward side of a bolder in a dust storm. They witnessed weird, bright, shimmering displays of light. The whole sky seemed as if it were on fire. Barometric pressures initially surged while much of the atmosphere was forced from the southern hemisphere into the northern hemisphere. But, after a while, the barometric pressure began to fluctuate wildly and then drop severely as a significant amount of the earth's atmosphere was blasted into space beyond escape velocity. Some of the atmosphere was replaced by some of the gases and dust of the shock front, but there was little oxygen in that mix. Immense barrages of hydrogen striking the oxygen in Earth's upper atmosphere ignited and set the sky ablaze. After the denser portions of the shock front passed by, some



of Earth's atmosphere was pulled back by gravity, like a back draft, creating fierce terrestrial winds blowing from the north toward the south. Coriolis Effect and the extra water vapor created by the combustion of cosmic hydrogen with atmospheric oxygen spawned hyper-typhoons as the remaining atmosphere rushed southward, seeking equilibrium. Ominous, aurora-like events persisted with varying degrees of intensity amid all of this. Then, people in areas not yet overcast by typhoons began noticing the flashes.

There were numerous stellar and planetary masses forming within the passing molecular cloud system. Brilliant and widespread flashes lit up enormous portions of the cloud system at random. Some flashes occurred here and there every few days. Some occurred in rapid succession several minutes or seconds apart. Some flashes lasted mere fractions of a second. Some lasted longer, up to several minutes. You could not see the cause of the flashes, but you could see the molecular cloud glow from the effects of whatever was generating such energetic discharges.

On most days and nights, looking into the sky from Earth's surface, everything was obscured, including the sun, but from time to time, one could catch eerie, blood-red or smoked-red flashes in the murk. It was like watching a giant thunder cloud that covered the entire sky as lightning lit up the cloud from the inside. One could intuit that if the sun were barely visible even at noon, then these deep red flashes had to be tremendously energetic discharge events, dwarfing the energy of the sun. Some thought the flashes were new stars commencing their nuclear fusion reactions. Others

thought the flashes were dying stars going supernova. Some of these suppositions were exactly right. But, there was more going on; more than stars being born and dying in an inexplicably accelerated timeframe.

This nebular cloud system was electrically charged, and there were intense charge differentials between different regions of the cloud system. Just as on Earth, when different regions of clouds have opposing electrical charges, or when clouds have a different charge than the ground, you get lightning. But, this time, it was in space and a lot bigger. This was cosmic lightning. Earth might as well have been a soot flake in an arc welder.

As the general population of the world had become so dependent upon orbiting satellites for communications, an unexpected type of silence abruptly hushed much of civilization on Earth. Earth-orbiting satellites ceased functioning as the abrasive cosmic dust storm ablated their hulls and eroded their circuits and perturbed their orbits into deteriorating, unsustainable trajectories. Electromagnetic pulses fried unhardened circuitry on orbiting satellites as well as on ground-based power grids all over the world. All unhardened electrical systems and even a few hardened electrical systems failed. No phones, no internet, no television, no appliances. Electronic banking systems and all their associated conveniences failed. Vehicle ignition systems and engine management systems fizzled. Cars, trucks, boats, ships, airplanes, lawnmowers, gasoline pumps, power grids, refineries, airline and marine navigation systems, databases, universities, hospitals, labs, factories, theme parks, virtually all

the modern conveniences and operations people had taken for granted were suddenly rendered useless. Just like that. Silence.

Earthquakes had become frequent and severe during the late sixth millennium and the early seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth. The compression of geologic time scales astounded scientists, but also afforded them opportunities to formulate new prediction models for geological events. The World Order had established a network of global monitoring systems based on quantum communication and surveillance along with quantum computer modeling and profiling, and quantum artificial intelligence. These capabilities circumscribed what had once been distinct scientific disciplines into one large, all-encompassing discipline. The sciences of biology, physics, chemistry, ecology, climatology, meteorology, geology, astronomy and many other fields were integrated into one discipline under the Bio-Geophysical Monitoring System. Geological forecasts could accurately predict earthquakes months in advance with accuracies down to the day. It became possible to predict the depth, epicenter location, intensity, and aftershock timing and intensities. Volcanic eruptions could be forecast months in advance with accuracies down to the hour. Predictions of volcanic location, explosive yield, ash, gas, and lava volumes, and radius of damage could be predicted with surprising accuracy. Ecological and sociological effects could be modeled and projected with low margins of error.

But, nobody had predicted a mini-bang event. There was no historical or theoretical reference for such an occurrence. As the mini-bang shock front blasted through the galaxy, things got serious. Climatological prediction models were useless. The best seismic and volcanic prediction models and the most knowledgeable scientists were confounded by sudden and unexpected surges in event frequency and intensity. The rubbing and colliding of tectonic plates were once thought to be the cause of earthquakes and volcanoes, and were largely used in the prediction models of the day. Quantum artificial intelligence could handle the number crunching to develop adaptive modeling scenarios in real time to help predict seismic and volcanic events caused by tidal forces exerted upon the earth by the various dense masses of the onrushing shock front from the mini-bang event. But, what happened when earthquakes and volcanoes were triggered by events never before associated with seismic or volcanic activity or tidal forces? Who had ever heard of lightning causing an earthquake or a volcanic eruption?

Lighting events became so severe that a whole new science developed surrounding two main categories of lightning: terrestrial lightning events and cosmic lightning events. And you thought the threat of an asteroid impact was bad. Indeed, asteroids were a threat. However, for a period of time, the probability of getting hit by one was far less than the likelihood of cataclysmic ablative damage, or a complete solar occlusion and accompanying freeze, or a cosmic lightning strike, or irradiation, or other such threats unleashed upon the

earth and the surrounding regions of space since this mini-bang event had entered the scene.

Earth got caught in the crossfire of cosmic lighting discharges. History was made and history was learned. The Grand Canyon, as it turns out, was not eroded by water or opened by an earthquake. It was etched or machined out by cosmic lighting events during the course of Earth's history, like the process of electric discharge machining, but on a planetary scale. The effects of large-scale electric discharge machining became all too obvious when such events began happening in populated areas. If ever people had reason to scramble for the shelter of caves and underground bunkers, now was the time.

You may have thought lightning bolts were abrupt electrical discharges lasting only fractions of a second. You may have believed the old superstition that lightning never strikes the same place twice. You thought wrong. Lightning events seemed to have a mind of their own. There were numerous cases of cosmic lightning striking the same spot so many times a second for several seconds that it would drill deep into Earth's magma and create mega-volcanic eruptions, and then cosmic lightning would strike the ejected debris and lava, spattering it over large regions of Earth's surface. Some ejecta would be spattered into orbital trajectories. Some would spatter into ballistic trajectories and land on the opposite side of the globe, raining molten rock and fire down on unsuspecting inhabitants and their landscapes.

Bolts of cosmic lightning occurred in such widespread abundance that a new term was coined: forest lightning.

Bolts as close together as trees in a forest and covering regions as vast as a forest were observed in many regions around the globe. This happened even in the dead of winter, in any terrain, any time, day or night. Avalanches were triggered in mountainous regions, burying hikers and villages and towns. Glaciers fractured. Chunks of glacial ice melted and unleashed abrasive flash floods. Torrential rain and hail, blasted sideways by fierce winds at velocities into the hundreds of miles per hour, eroded away vegetation and stripped soil and homes from hills like a serial killer carving chunks of flesh from live victims. And there was plenty of that going on, too. The whole world was in an uproar. Rage and panic spread unchecked. Fear gripped the world. Even the most robust and stout-hearted individuals were dumbfounded and terrified, fearfully wondering what would befall them next.

Giant bolts of cosmic lightning thousands of feet across lashed wildly around in discharges lasting from several seconds to several minutes, like a colossal transformer arching on a high-tension power line. Such lightning events machined out erratic terrain features, vaporized entire mountains, and etched out gaping chasms that dwarfed the Grand Canyon, penetrating right through the earth's crust and hundreds of miles into the mantle. Lakes were vaporized in explosive flashes. Oceans heaved with tsunamis set off by colossal lighting columns striking the waters with the energy of tera-ton and peta-ton nuclear detonations. Many miles away, the flashes of lightning could instantly fry your retinas if you happened to be facing a flash, even if your eyes were

closed. You could sustain third degree burns miles away from the event if you were in unobstructed line-of-sight exposure to the flashes.

Thunder shocks caused by cosmic lightning strikes were unlike any typical thunder from terrestrial lightning. Thunder from cosmic lightning hitting the earth was seismic. Not only were hypersonic, highly ionized atmospheric shock waves hurled like razors and bulldozers across the terrain, but the whole ground bucked and jolted. Entire cities were carved up. Jagged chasms gaping miles deep scarred the face of the earth. Occasionally, columns of lightning swept through large gatherings of people, such as in a concert hall or at a sports stadium or at an airport. Aside from structural damage to the surroundings, the instant vaporization of human bodies was a shock to even the most experienced medical personnel. It was even worse when a lightning strike hit at just the right distance so that the superheated shock wave it produced did not result in instant vaporization, but simply blew live bodies apart like dried leaves. Scattered pieces of flesh and bone would catch fire and smolder for hours, releasing a stench of death that would not dissipate for days. Metropolitan areas became open air meat markets with thousands upon thousands of animal and human carcass chunks heaped up like ridges of elephant dung. Bone fragments and shrapnel shredded bystanders like shotgun blasts. Blood and ash and bile and flesh caked what was left of buildings and vehicles and trees and streets like putrid stucco.

Cosmic lightning strikes propelled enormous volumes of ejecta upward, out of the atmosphere, on ballistic trajectories.

Ejecta rained down upon the earth like a fiery hail of lava and debris. Much of the ejecta contained not only molten lava and burning debris from terrain and structures, but also smoldering, shredded body parts; human and animal heads, legs, torsos, arms, and various unidentifiable chunks of flesh. Cosmic lightning strikes in the oceans blasted enormous volumes of water and water vapor into the upper atmosphere, and into space. Much of the water and water vapor froze during cold, high-altitude trajectories and rained down as hail, while portions of the vapors lingered in the atmosphere as dense smog veiling the earth.

After the harrowing onslaught of this cosmic mayhem had brought civilization to its knees fearing total obliteration, the mini-bang shock front that had been a harbinger of wrath passed onward more abruptly than it had struck. It was as if the innermost portions of the molecular cloud had somehow caught up with and surpassed the initial shock front as the shock front transited the Milky Way Galaxy. Once the shock front had passed, there was virtually nothing following behind it. It was just gone. Not long after it had passed beyond our local region of the Milky Way Galaxy, the molecular cloud system had accelerated so much that its entire mass had red-shifted out of the detectable spectrum and had become indiscernible by even the most advanced instruments. However, it had left in its wake a scene of total chaos, not only on Earth but throughout the solar system and the galaxy. One could only assume a similar besom had swept across countless distant galaxies as the mini-bang event expanded outward like a giant bubble.



Nothing was as it used to be. The entire surface of the earth was deeply lacerated, disfigured beyond recognition, and covered in filth, as if left to die, hemorrhaging magma like a murder victim. The asteroid belt had been scattered like a row of leaves exposed to a gale. The motions of all the planets, including Earth, had been altered to varying degrees. The positions and motions of the sun and the stars had been altered as well. Celestial navigation techniques that relied on the precise relative positions of stars, sun, moon, Earth, and the precise timing of Earth's motion were rendered ineffective. Inertial navigation was likewise useless without any viable calibration references. The interstellar telescope array was, of course, non-existent at this point. Every modern convenience was rendered inoperable. Mankind was shocked and confounded. Few could even muster the ability to express themselves coherently.

Most of the surviving inhabitants of Earth wandered haplessly for weeks and months. Many experienced physiological trauma that saturated the capacities of regenerative technology. In spite of regenerative technology and artificial immortality, many died in the cosmic storm. Some died in its aftermath. Some died of exposure. Some asphyxiated. Some starved. Some were burned alive. Others froze to death. Some drowned. Some were buried alive. Many succumbed to various diseases and sicknesses of mind and body, even though disease had supposedly been eradicated. Many died in secondary effects and collateral catastrophes. Survivors suffered profoundly. For months on end, the

worldwide scene was one of total confusion and zero communication.

While the technology of quantum communication was designed to survive all imaginable global catastrophes, there was no precedent upon which to predict the psycho-social effects of a cosmic disturbance of such scale as had recently been experienced. The result was like a modern-day Babel. Nearly a year went by before survivors began to recover enough to take note of what was happening, or rather, what was not happening around them.

Complete stillness prevailed. Geological activity became subdued. The weather became dead calm. All around the world, meteorological activity unexplainably ceased. There were no winds anywhere; at most a slight and momentary breeze here or there. No storms. No cumulus cloud formations, no significant atmospheric convection, no rain, no snow, no sleet, no precipitation of any kind. The only moisture to water the lands came in the form of thick, dark, heavy mists and dews that condensed overnight and then gradually thinned during the day, but never entirely disappeared. The dense mists were laden with dust and soot and various airborne particulates suspended aloft in the aftermath of storms and cosmic buffetings. The sun became partially visible again in some regions, but remained deeply obscured by the dense mist and smog hanging over most regions of the world. In areas where the mist was a bit less smothering, there were still enough contaminants in the air to render the sun a deep, horrific red at best.

The entire planet was becalmed. Somehow, the temperature between night and day did not fluctuate more than a few degrees, if at all. The deep freeze that had chilled the Earth during the worst periods of solar obscuration thawed rapidly, in part due to the abundance of black particulates suspended aloft, absorbing infrared radiation. Earth's albedo, the fraction of total light striking its surface that gets reflected back into space, normally about 0.37, was reduced to less than 0.01. This meant that in spite of the sun being obscured, whatever sunlight was striking Earth was being absorbed to warm the earth. There was no white snow on Earth. Whatever snow there was had turned gray at best, but most remaining snow was black from being mixed with so many contaminants. It all melted quickly. Temperatures around the world stabilized and settled into a mild, summer-like climate. Overall, the sky remained in a perpetual state of smoggy, muggy twilight. There were no more hot or cold regions on the planet. There were no extremes. Everywhere on Earth, it was the same; steady between 72 and 77 degrees Fahrenheit (22 to 25 degrees Celsius), with relative humidity above 80 percent.

Waves ceased. Oceans and lakes were murky and stagnate and void of currents. The surface of the waters became as smooth as glass. Birds, crickets, frogs, coyotes, wolves, animals of all kinds, what numbers of them were left alive, were hushed, not just near the shores but everywhere on Earth.

Eventually, theories began to circulate. Scientists and politicians frolicked in heated debates, but at the end of the

day everybody remained totally stymied. Nothing even remotely like this had ever happened in the history of the earth. Nor had it been speculated to have happened on any of the extra-solar worlds that astronomers, geologists, and climatologists had observed. This was an unnatural stillness. Mathematicians would argue such a stillness to be statistically implausible, even impossible, yet here it was.

After the terrifying and tumultuous events of late abruptly dissipated, and calm beset the world, people were lulled into a sense of relief. Were things returning to normal? Or was it something else? It was as if the whole planet were a living creature that had been overwhelmed by trauma, and then had abruptly waxed cataplectic. The earth seemed to hold its breath in anticipation, almost as if it knew something its inhabitants did not know.

Have you ever experienced sleep paralysis? It's terrifying. You are completely awake and alert, but you cannot move or speak; you are completely still, immobilized. Though your eyes may be closed, you are seeing as if they are opened, but you know they are closed, so it freaks you out that you are seeing what you know you should not be able to see. Then you hear sounds you should not hear, like millions of voices speaking all at once, blending words into unintelligible gibberish that grows louder and louder and louder. You strain with all your might to move, but you can't. You strain to scream, but you can't. You are gripped by a horrifying sense of impending doom, a doom that seems to intelligently and purposefully select you and you alone as its sole obsession, the clutches from which you are sure you will never escape if

it should overtake you. You feel darkness gather around you, to consume you, as if to swallow you whole. You strain like you are trying to rip your own spirit out of your body just to be able to move, but you are stuck. Earth empathized.

When the winds stopped blowing, an initially subtle but eventually drastic consequence began to manifest itself. Scientists began calling it a Passive Extinction Event. For example, the winds that typically blew south along the Pacific Coast of North America had ceased. Those winds had played an essential role in moving warm ocean surface waters away from shore so that cold, nutrient-rich waters could circulate upward, feeding phytoplankton, which in turn fed zooplankton, which fed fish, whales, birds, and other members of the food chain. The widespread starvation of krill, fish, birds, marine mammals and a plethora of other creatures, coupled with unusually warm surface waters due to lack of ocean current activity, catalyzed an immense scene of death and decay. Putrid vapors of methane wafted across wide expanses of land and sea. As all winds ceased, similar scenes developed in all parts of the world.

The oceans became cesspools. The dead calm that besieged the earth rendered many ecosystems incapable of self recovery. Mankind had developed and applied regenerative technology for human longevity, but that technology was not designed for or applied to Earth's ecosystems. The result was a lot of human survivors relegated to a prolonged life of unimaginably wretched circumstances.

Rotting carcasses lay strewn about the world's beaches, simmering in stagnant shore waters that resembled rancid,

diarrheic soup. Pandemic infections and diseases accompanied the ripe stench that plagued squalid coastal populations. Many such populations were too poor to move inland in search of slightly more sanitary conditions.

Soon, regenerative technology had become more of a curse than an asset to those who had partaken of it. So unsanitary and caustic were the conditions that many became sick and stayed sick indefinitely, unable to die and unable to recover. They experienced firsthand what everyone had overlooked amid the hype and haste of The World Order's campaign for so called immortality; their so called immortality was nothing more than an indefinitely prolonged state of mortality.

Coastal regions were not the only distressed areas. Drought and famine spread inland, troubling even the most developed and industrious segments of global society. Global animal extinctions soared. Many people were driven mad with hunger and thirst. Many desperately devoured dead animal carcasses raw, only to discover perpetual food poisoning. Many turned to cannibalism. They did not care that you were still alive as they ripped your flesh from your bones with their bare hands and teeth. A dark day was dawning under the dim glow of the noon-day sun.

Surviving scientists around the world remained intellectually blinded and stumped. They had expected an unchecked intensification of climate-related instability, given the diluted ocean salinity and the disruption of ocean currents caused by rapidly melting polar and glacial ice, and given previous increases in unbelievably violent terrestrial storm

activity. The brightest minds in the world were baffled. No one could posit so much as a single theory as to what could cause such a sudden, global cessation of climatological activity. They puzzled over it more and more as it persisted year after year. This mystifying stillness continued undisturbed for some 21 years. Sailors of old had feared being becalmed in open seas for long periods of time, but this was something much more ominous. This was something of astronomical scale.

In spite of its own set of perils, this eerie calm removed enough distractions for mankind to become aware of a few things that were more baffling than terrestrial stillness. It wasn't just Earth that was becalmed. Astronomers and sky watchers began noticing a distinct and inexplicable absence of cosmic events. The skies were dead silent. Solar flares had ceased. Not a single sunspot was observed for nearly two cycles. Observers detected no x-ray or gamma-ray bursts from any region of space. This uncanny tranquility was unimaginably far reaching. Not only the entire earth, but the entire galaxy, even the entire observable universe, had been enveloped by a foreboding stillness. It seemed as if the whole observable universe were holding its breath in some cosmic anticipation.

The cosmic microwave background had mysteriously vanished. That was incredibly significant, as the cosmic microwave background was the microwave radiation that permeated the entire observable universe, filling even the seemingly dark and vast spaces between galaxies and stars. It was estimated to span some 47 billion light-years from earth

in all directions. Mankind on Earth could not observe anything beyond that distance for the simple fact that light from anything farther away than that had not had time to reach Earth yet. That meant there was a whole lot of stuff out there that man had no capability to observe. Man's entire observation technology was dependent on light arriving to sensory instruments.

Sensory instruments placed on terrain of high enough elevation to view above the smog-enshrouded ground began sending back images of only one previously unidentified luminous object. It was an extragalactic light source of unmatched clarity and intensity. Its light was well within the visible spectrum. Oddly, it was also observable at every other wavelength. Radio telescopes and infrared telescopes, x-ray and gamma-ray instruments, all types of multispectral sensing instruments simultaneously confirmed the presence of this object with unmistakable clarity. It was the first truly flat-spectrum emission ever observed, an absolutely white, unvarying light. It exhibited no peak intensity in any particular range of the spectrum. It produced energy with equal intensity at all wavelengths. This was not merely an overall approximation of flatness in the spectral flux density at all wavelengths. Nor was it merely a trend toward some constant value. Nor was it a set of slight variations that averaged out to a flat value. This object was generating an absolutely perfect flat-spectrum, from infinitely long wavelengths to infinitely short wavelengths. Such flawlessness was experimentally unprecedented and thought to be impossible.



Soon, all functional ground-based observatories, even those on low-lying terrain enshrouded by the global layer of mist could observe this solitary new glint of energy located in the equatorial plane. It became clearly visible to the naked eye as well, even when nothing else was visible through the smog. No other new discovery was made on any wavelength of the electromagnetic spectrum during the entire 21 years of silence.

No one could agree on how to catalog the new discovery. It seemed small and distant. It did not exhibit any change in brightness. How did it get there? Where did it come from? What was it? Did it just suddenly appear one day, or had it been there all along? Had nobody detected it due to all the commotion and the incalculable volumes of data that had been pouring in over the past decades? Had it been there all this time, and only now, in the dead silence, did people begin to notice its steadfast presence? How was it possible to see this object with such stark clarity while everything else, including the sun, remained obscured?

In spite of the dense smog that enshrouded the earth, this one solitary glint of light was plainly visible to the naked eye, just above the eastern horizon, in the same position of the sky, day and night, from every vantage point on Earth simultaneously. This baffled layman and experts alike. How was it possible for someone on one side of the earth to see the same thing at the same time as someone on the exact opposite side of the earth while facing the same local azimuth direction?

From any given vantage point, the object remained in place relative to the horizon, never moving, never changing, from the moment it had been detected at the beginning of the calm years until some two decades later. During the two decades since its initial observation, much of the novelty wore off. People had many immediate concerns for their own meager survival. The solitary new discovery in the sky had either been explained away as insignificant, or forgotten, or ignored, as the world turned its attention back to its own decrepit conditions.

During the two decades of tranquility, the World Order elites had regained the use of technology and restored a certain amount of surface infrastructure to facilitate their ongoing manipulation of the remaining world population. Nearly two decades into the mysterious tranquility, reconstruction efforts and cleanup efforts had progressed surprisingly well. New satellites had been launched into Earth orbit to restore standard communication and data collection and imagery and surveillance. For the most part, global society had been returning to some semblance of daily life. People latched onto their old vices and indulgences and conveniences almost without missing a beat. Call it human resilience, or stubbornness, or habituation; take your pick. People wasted no time stirring up gossip, sensationalizing issues, provoking contention and strife, and devising corrupt practices. The inhabitants of Earth had not learned a thing.

All the while, that singular object in the eastern sky remained starkly visible to all, at all times, with undeniable clarity, yet the masses ignored it as they wallowed wantonly

and haplessly, like hogs in slop. The inexplicable calm never ceased to baffle scientists and intellectuals and politicians. For some reason, or perhaps without reason, they fixated on unraveling the mechanics of this strange tranquility, and on exploiting its mystique with new conspiracies and scandals that far outpaced the global warming scam of previous decades. They were far more interested in the strange tranquility and what they could gain by politicizing it than on understanding the presence of that bright object on the eastern horizon. They may have been ignoring the light, but it was definitely not going away.

During the latter half of the calm, The World Order elites seemed to rise miraculously from the rubble and the desolation. They crawled out from under their rocks. They emerged arrogantly from their hardened hiding places in whatever portions of their subterranean infrastructure had remained intact or salvageable after the cosmic storm system had passed. The World Order and its consolidated world religion, called Sion, orchestrated an intensive campaign to rescue humanity and civilization on Earth. With their technical prowess and astute manipulations of media and information, along with their clever social engineering techniques, life and pleasure were offered in place of death and pain. In keeping with the politically correct version of freedom, registering your citizenship with The Aggregated States of Sion was mandated by law. The benefits of integrating into Sion seemed to outweigh any alternatives by such a degree that it was practically unthinkable to not covenant full allegiance, particularly in these troubled times.

A new techno-fad spread across the globe with growing fervor. Well beyond research and trial phases, The World Order launched advanced applications for regenerative genetics and synthetic biology. They pushed the limits of molecular and cellular manipulation. They made scores of breakthroughs delving into the frontiers of the mind, applying quantum computer modeling and quantum communications to mind-boggling, immersive effect. These advanced applications debuted with accompanying legal requirements. The world powers redefined ethics entirely to suit their own purposes. Then, they promoted and sold the products of their science to the willing masses. They devised laws whereby they could force their products and services upon the few reluctant factions left among the world populace.

By ingesting a harmless gel capsule filled with suspended nano-scale quantum neuro-processors, a person could permanently and conveniently link themselves to the global community, accessing news, games, entertainment, personal and business communications, immersive omni-sensory media experiences, and much more, all by thought, any time, day or night. The way it worked was simple. The gel capsule you swallowed would release self replicating nano-scale organic neuro-processors into your blood stream through your digestive system. The neuro-processors would integrate themselves into your neurological system, including your brain, spine, and all peripheral nerves, permanently interfacing your entire body and mind with The World Order Neuro-Frame.

You would be able to access anybody's thoughts and invite anybody into your thoughts like a global instant chat-room, but nobody had to type on a keyboard or use a webcam or a microphone or headphones. Your eyes and imaginations were the webcams. Your senses of taste, smell, touch, hearing, sight, balance, and movement, as well as your emotions, memories, thoughts, dreams, desires, and imaginations were able to be stimulated, simulated, edited, composited, recorded, stored, shared, or transferred to anyone who had linked themselves to the World Order's Neuro-Frame. Your senses, feelings, memories, thoughts, emotions, everything about you could be shared instantaneously at will.

Genetic and neuro-signature pass-code encryption served as an automatic, unique, and personalized protection to prevent unauthorized access to your thoughts and senses and memories and such. But, how effective do you think that really was, given the fact that all of your genetic and neuro-signature data was backed up in every quantum neuro-processor in every other human being? Skilled hackers needed only to apply their minds and imaginations to tap you, with or without you knowing it. Unless you could neuro-hack better than they could, you would be powerless to thwart them. But who's to blame? You linked up when you swallowed the pill.

If you donated genetic material for reproduction, your offspring would be inherently linked up to the World Order Neuro-Frame from the moment of cell division. They would grow up never knowing what it was like not to be linked up.

Kind of like your kids growing up unable to fathom life without cell phones, only worse.

The World Order Neuro-Frame was a system of networked quantum neuro-processors that continually communicated with each other and updated each other like an enormous array of computers permanently and wirelessly linked together in a redundant array, somewhat like a global RAID-1 or mirrored array. But, the redundancy was not provided by just a few nodes. Each microscopic neuro-processor was capable of archiving the entire volume of data in the entire global Neuro-Frame Array. Each person who opted in had as many neuro-processors as there were nerve cells in the human body. Every nerve cell became a stand-alone quantum neuro-processor, mirroring the data and operational capabilities of every other neuro-processor. It was like having the entire internet backed up in real time on every transistor of every processor in every computer in the world. But, these neuro-processors were orders of magnitude faster than any vintage silicon computer, and these neuro-processors hosted infinite storage capacity and the potential for infinite bandwidth. Every node was always on and linked up. There were no off buttons and no plugs to pull.

The Neuro-Frame Array's neuro-processors were inseparably linked via quantum coupling and quantum entanglement. That meant there was zero delay time in data flow between processor nodes, regardless of physical distance or line-of-sight obstructions or electromagnetic disturbances. Communication was instantaneous. There was zero data loss

and zero data corruption. Backup was accomplished constantly and in real time. Every neuron in every human being who had ingested one of the convenient gel capsules became a linked node of virtually infinite memory capacity, fully endowed with a complete backup of every bit and byte of information that had ever been input or internally generated in the World Order Neuro-Frame. There was no central node, no single point of failure, no kill switch, and no external power source. Your own cellular metabolism was the power source. The electro-chemical energy of your thoughts was the power source. If you availed yourself of the new anti-aging regenerative genetics that afforded you what The World Order called immortality, you became an uninterruptible power source. Once you opted in, you could not opt out, even if you changed your mind. You could not go into a standby mode or temporarily isolate yourself from the Array. Once you linked up, you were part of it, whether asleep or awake. Sound familiar? You didn't happen to give up anything here, did you?

By the crafty application of technology, The World Order had succeeded in giving the world exactly what the world wanted: immortality and a hero, a rescuer, a rescuer who would supposedly save them in their sins rather than teach them to correct themselves and then save them from their sins. Christianity was a crime. Every non-Christian creed was considered preparatory to the advent of this new, popular, omni-tolerant entity.

Enter the new savior, The New Messiah. The New Messiah gave a face and a seemingly empathetic personality to

the Neuro-Frame Array, shifting attention away from the Array itself, and its ramifications. The New Messiah attracted peoples' attention to what they could get, what they could do, and how they could have whatever the hell they wanted.

While The New Messiah offered you the convenience of always being in the know, keeping you in the loop about what was going on in pop culture, in the news, and in your favorite social and professional circles, and keeping you abreast of relevant emergency information, and affording you global interconnectivity, and oh, so much more, there was a downside that you could not escape. Through The New Messiah, which was one of many applications of the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array, The World Order could legally maintain complete and constant access to your whole being. That meant World Order officials and the autonomously intelligent Neuro-Frame Array itself could not only monitor everything about you, but could exercise total control over you at any time, for any reason, with or without your consent or your awareness. After all, this was for the greater good, right? While this was typically not a problem as long as you were going aimlessly along on your bovine way, it could potentially become your worst nightmare. That was one of many details The World Order elites did not tell you during their campaign for your constituency. They promised transparency, but what they meant was they, the government, were making you transparent to them. They played you and you bought into it.

By opting into this New Messiah and the World Order Neuro-Frame Array, you had allowed yourself to be suckered



out of every freedom you could have enjoyed. But, you would not realize you had been suckered until you attempted to do or think or communicate anything not approved by The World Order. So cunning was the deception designed into and around the entire system, that by the time you opted in, you would likely have already allowed yourself to be conditioned to a point where you would never so much as entertain the thought of trying to opt out or resist or step out of line, anyway. The allures of being in were so blindingly enticing, they dispelled virtually all desire to dissent or evade.

With the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array, The World Order could transmit immersive experiences into the sensory and motor cortexes of your brain, and you would have no choice but to experience it as if it were really happening to you. You could be convinced to carry out any act as if it were you all along who had conceived the plan and had intended to carry out the act, or as if it were you who had decided impulsively to act. As far as you knew, it was really happening to you, and you were really acting under your own volition. Perception is reality, right?

The New Messiah was part of the scheme to make this all seem harmless, even beneficial and essential to the greater good of society. The New Messiah offered encouragement and council in troubling decisions. The New Messiah helped belay feelings of guilt and doubt and uncertainty. Somehow, miraculously, The New Messiah was always tuned in to your concerns. It seemed as if The New Messiah somehow knew you personally, knew your memories, understood your personal perspectives, knew your every need, your every

desire, your every fantasy, your every thought, your every fear, your goals and dreams and intentions. Above all, it knew how to flatter and placate you in such a way that you thought you were being endowed with wisdom, and you felt comforted and justified. The New Messiah seemed to care about you so much that it watched over you day and night, to answer your every concern and direct you at every turn. You didn't have to think for yourself anymore. The New Messiah never made you wait or work or study or struggle to get an answer to a question or a prayer or a wish. It answered your queries with discernable words, visions, manifestations, and tangible substance, all miraculously tailored specifically for you, any time day or night. All you had to do was think your thoughts to The New Messiah, and it would hear you immediately and answer you immediately.

Remote Real Matter Rendering could be accomplished via The New Messiah, which was a figment of the World Order's Quantum Neuro-Frame Array. Remote Real Matter Rendering made it seem as if The New Messiah were able to make actual, tangible objects materialize right before your eyes, proving to you beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was indeed your creator, and that it indeed cared about what you wanted. Remote Real Matter Rendering was accomplished through the quantum manipulation and teleportation of subatomic particles, and by the amplification of metabolic energy and thought energy. Matter could be moved and assembled anywhere within certain authorized parameters, depending on the amount of energy allocated or available from the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array.

Allocated energy or available energy was potential energy that could be tapped from each and every living human being who had opted in. That metabolic energy and thought energy could be tapped from each person simultaneously, and then resonated and amplified to astronomical intensities. The load, or in other words the demand, was distributed over the entire Neuro-Frame Array. So, theoretically, no one individual would feel any noticeable drain of energy. Everyone shared every load equally, regardless of individual condition or capacity, and regardless of the effects the draw may have on any given individual. It became a form of involuntary tax levied upon you as soon as you ingested that gel capsule to opt in. It was an involuntary tax collected from you by every other individual around the world who was using the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array in any way, for any purpose.

There were no means provided for you to receive an accounting of where or how, or by whom, or for what purpose, your metabolic energy and thought energy were being used. Living on borrowed thoughts, borrowed beliefs, borrowed convictions, borrowed memories, borrowed identities, borrowed emotions, borrowed sensory stimuli, and borrowed energy was the new economy and the new system of credit. It all added up to living on borrowed time. And time was running out.

What you were entitled to render was regulated and limited depending on various economic, social, political, and industrial factors, as well as security clearances and a plethora of personal profile factors. No one individual could saturate the Neuro-Frame Array with personal demands. You were

automatically prohibited from rendering unauthorized or unapproved objects and materials. The amount of mass you could render in a given time was automatically regulated and limited. Whatever energy was required to render your desire was sapped from the metabolism and thoughts of every other individual in the Neuro-Frame Array. That meant you got what you wanted literally at the expense of everyone else. Not a problem for small loads, but when elites who could set and lift their own limits decided to render high load, high demand projects, they could create a significant drain on you and everyone else.

You were continuously taxed a minimum amount just for having opted in, even if you never rendered anything. The system was designed to constantly draw a minimum amount of metabolic and thought energy from every person in the Array, even if no render load was placed on the Array. Any unused energy would be stored up and distributed across the subconscious minds of all individuals in the Array, making them a sort of collective quantum spatiotemporal capacitor. They had no idea their subconscious minds were being used as batteries. Even if they had known, they would have had no means of accessing the energy stored in their subconscious minds. That stored energy was for collective use and distribution; it was not for individual use. There were many levels of spatiotemporal gates, energy caching and load buffering, and autonomously enforced restrictions set in place to prevent individual access to the collective energy well. Access was prevented in large part by temporal displacement of the stored energy. In other words, the stored energy was

shifted in time. This also meant that in the rare event of someone dying, or a large number of people dying, there would be no sudden reduction in the amount of available energy in the Neuro-Frame. It would be like pulling a battery out of a flashlight without the flashlight dimming or going out. The catch to all this was the fact that your mind was no longer your own, and you were most likely not aware or did not care that your mind was no longer your own. You gave it up by opting in. You thought it would be worth it.

For example, say you were a gifted genius who designed a new invention that could be of great value to many people. Your thoughts, intents, words, and actions, every muscle twitch, every neurotransmitter fired across every synaptic cleft was monitored and tracked and analyzed and profiled through the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array. You could not render your invention, or even construct it manually, unless it was approved and authorized by The World Order. As soon as you thought it up, it became visible to anyone with authorization to peer into your imagination. You could not just hope nobody would notice. The Neuro-Frame was self aware. It would flag any new ideas or concepts or thoughts or theories or intentions or patterns of thinking not already catalogued in its dynamic, collective database. It would alert anyone authorized to receive alerts of newly developing thought patterns. It would identify you and point you out. You could be sure, if you thought of something, then somewhere, somebody new about it. If you were granted authorization to render or promote your invention, you may or may not be given credit for it. Your invention might just

be rendered by anyone, anywhere. You might benefit a little from your invention by earning a greater allocation of render mass per day, or perhaps by gaining a higher clearance or a reduction of restrictions, but it was not a trade in your favor. You could be sure somebody, somewhere, was getting more benefit from your idea than you were. But then, why would you care? You had likely already given up the ability to care.

If The World Order deemed it in its own best interest to bestow upon you honors and recognition and renown as a prodigious contributor to The World Order, then you might benefit somewhat from that prestige, for a while. Flattery and praise were as much sought after as any other commodity in the world. In fact, prestige and fame, whether real or perceived, whether merited or unmerited, were often more coveted than tangible wealth. However, if The World Order deemed it in its own best interest to blacklist you and pawn your idea off as someone else's, or prevent your idea and any others like it from coming to light, then you had no recourse. The World Order could remotely and instantaneously wipe the idea out of your mind as if you had never conceived it. Of course, all the while, The World Order would retain every detail for World Order purposes. You would simply no longer be privy to your own memory of having thought it up.

If you were a consumer with a low productivity count and a low potential productivity score, roughly analogous to a low income and a poor credit score, then the Neuro-Frame Array's autonomous intelligence, which was designed to benefit the World Order elites, would only allow you to render a total of, say, ten kilograms of matter per day at a

maximum render rate of one kilogram per hour. The Neuro-Frame Array would automatically monitor and prohibit the rendering of certain toxic materials, potential weaponry, protected intellectual property, controlled substances, and other contraband. Ten kilograms of matter per day was sufficient to create a powerful, immersive gaming system in one day, or a high-efficiency personal vehicle over the course of a month, or just about anything else you wanted, depending on how you chose to budget your quota. Individuals or teams of individuals with greater allocations were able to render greater total mass, or render a given mass in a shorter amount of time.

For example, public works renderings, such as large infrastructures and buildings, could be rendered from the minds of those assigned to the project. Each person would render a specifically designated and authorized portion of the project in a coordinated, joint effort that could take days or weeks or months or perhaps years to complete, depending on the complexity and mass and urgency of the project. The elites of The World Order dictated the urgency of such projects and controlled the allocations and authorizations of Array usage. Those not authorized to work on a particular project would be inhibited from rendering any portion of the project. They might be able to visualize it, if they were cleared to observe, but it would not render.

Remote Real Matter Rendering was loosely analogous to sharing bandwidth, but the bandwidth increased in direct proportion to the number of nodes in the system. As more and more people opted into the Neuro-Frame Array, the total

available bandwidth increased exponentially. In other words, even a few more people meant a lot more available energy for Remote Real Matter Rendering. More available energy also meant more throughput of that energy and more throughput of matter transported or assembled via that energy.

It should come as no surprise that The World Order and its growing constituency had not been squawking about overpopulation. Even before the zero birth rate crisis hit, The World Order became desperate for a population explosion. The World Order wanted increased population, as long as the population increase was on World Order terms and occurred in accordance with World Order plans and designs. Checks and balances to keep the control in the hands of The World Order were designed into the Array concept before the first gel capsule was released for consumption. One of the main reasons behind The World Order's campaign to bring immortality and immersive interconnectivity to the global population was to preserve The World Order's bank of human assets and ensure control over the human resource pool upon which the World Order elites floated.

Since the people were so busy seeking what they wanted for themselves, in their own short-sighted, impulsive, immediate greed, nobody discovered the fact that if the people would unite in one common cause bigger than their individual selves, their combined focus could have made the Neuro-Frame Array so powerful that the global population could have collectively remodeled or overhauled Earth as well as mankind's experience on Earth. They could have



enlightened and educated each other and resolved much of the spiritual famine that had gripped the inhabitants of Earth.

The people could have summarily resolved every issue of pollution and instability and environmental hazard and social and material poverty on the planet. They could have built and repaired cities. They could have cultivated and colonized the ocean floors, the mantle, and the very core of the earth. They could have rerouted and tapped volcanic overpressures for various practical uses. They could have sealed fault lines, moved land masses and bodies of water, optimized agriculture, and so much more. They could have exercised true dominion over the whole earth. They could have subdued the earth, interacting in synergy with it and developing a symbiosis with it, harnessing the very earth itself as a giant beast of burden and a perpetual source of abundant sustenance.

Indeed, the people could have gone even further and created an entirely new world, a man-made habitable planet. They could have empowered each other and sustained each other to achieve great and altruistic advances for the common benefit of mankind as well as for the unique edification and the personal prosperity of each individual.

Had the people cared about anything beyond immediate gratification, had they ceased to settle for less, had they actively engaged the broader issues to which they had so blindly succumbed, they could have discovered how to collectively control and even defeat the Neuro-Frame Array. At this point, such a feat would have required the unanimous and complete willingness of the people to expend themselves

in a common endeavor that would have depleted the linked population's collective metabolism to an unsustainable level, a point of no recovery. Additionally, it would have meant placing faith in a true and infinitely powerful mediator, rather than in some man-made technological aberration.

Dissolving the Neuro-Frame Array would have been a feat incomprehensibly more daunting than dissolving the internet of yesteryear. If you think it would have been difficult to get every computer user in the world to voluntarily shut off and disassemble his or her computers in unison, try getting tens of billions of people to voluntarily exhaust every fiber of their being to neutralize the very technology that kept them alive indefinitely and in good health and in high states of pleasure. On top of that, consider the fact that the Neuro-Frame was self aware and independently intelligent. The Neuro-Frame could use the nodes that composed it just as readily as the nodes, meaning you, could use the Neuro-Frame. It would fight back and self preserve. Since you were part of its energy source, you would literally be fighting against yourself, like trying to will your own metabolism to consume every ounce of your own flesh.

Dissolving the Neuro-Frame Array would have required all linked individuals to focus their entire remaining lives in unison, until death, willingly committing themselves to a common and complete self sacrifice. The people had deteriorated into such profound depths of self indulgence and depravity that a unanimous and persistent commitment to the true mediator and a total sacrifice of self interest would have been their only hope of redemption. They had dragged each

other and deceived each other into this situation. So, they would have to help each other out of the situation. If ever they would collectively understand their precarious position and collectively apply themselves to overcome it, they could do so while there was still time.

But, the people did not care about anything beyond themselves and their own immediate concerns. No one would consider sacrificing one's present pleasures, let alone one's own life, for the future benefit of others, nor for the eternal benefit of one's own self. Mankind had discovered how to extend the human lifespan indefinitely. Mankind had discovered how to collectively tap the energy of every living soul to communicate instantaneously and to create almost anything anyone could want. Why do anything to reverse that? Since nobody would consider reversing what had been set in motion, The World Order saw no threat in meting out some of its technology to the end user. The end user posed no threat to those in power. The masses were right where The World Order wanted them: ignorant, complacent, selfish, greedy, frightened, gullible, devoid of personal values and moral standards, politically liberal to the extreme, and hooked on every carnal indulgence imaginable.

Remote Real Matter Rendering made it possible and convenient for particles of matter, just like bits and bytes of data, to be moved into place remotely and instantaneously, without regard to distance or line-of-sight obstruction. If you wanted a new car, or a new house, or a new toy, all you had to do was think over the in-mind catalog of available options and pick one, and then point it out in your mind's eye to The

New Messiah, or ask The New Messiah to pick one for you based on its extensive database of your fantasies and preferences and previous mental browsing choices. After all, you were being constantly profiled by The New Messiah. It could anticipate your thoughts as well or better than you could. Once you pointed out in your mind's eye where and when you wanted the selection to be delivered, or if you wanted The New Messiah to pick the place and time of delivery for you, the process of Remote Real Matter Rendering would commence. Completion would occur at your designated time and location.

Remote Real Matter Rendering was far more advanced than the holographic virtual reality environments illustrated in many vintage science-fiction stories. Remote Real Matter Rendering was just that: real. Not a hologram. Not an immersive sensory simulation. None of that. This was real.

In the early days of this technology, upon the designated delivery time and at the designated delivery place, you would begin to see your selection physically begin to materialize right in front of you. Depending on the complexity of the object and the nature of its structure, you may have seen it form layer by layer as if watching a mist of material from an invisible inkjet print-head going back and forth, depositing material in three-dimensional space from the ground up. Or, you may have simply watched the object begin to materialize whole, coming into view as a ghostly, thin, transparent initial structure, then progressing to a translucent, more resolved structure, and finally forming into to a complete, fully

functional structure resting on the ground right in front of you.

With the latest and greatest advances, Remote Real Matter Rendering became faster and faster and more and more capable of increasingly complex and detailed renderings. Just like the ancient silicon computers of yesteryear had become faster and faster at rendering three-dimensional imagery, Remote Real Matter Rendering became faster and faster until an entire assembled structure could simply appear in an instant right in front of you as you plastered an ear-to-ear grin across your face. Immediate gratification! Just what a results-oriented society wanted. Who cares how or why, or at what cost; just make it happen, right?

In keeping with the fairness and equality creeds of the day, The New Messiah was gender neutral and non-offensive. It regarded all as equals under its rule and care. All thoughts, intentions, emotions, feelings, behaviors, and indulgences were acceptable as long as no one felt placed at a disadvantage, and as long as such activities and intentions posed no potential to undermine to The World Order or its image.

The New Messiah was no unseen god of far-off promises, empty vagaries, and stifling moral codes. Such notions were relics of bygone millennia. The eradication of gender roles and the dissolution of patriarchal family structures had finally been achieved. Many denizens of the Aggregated States of Sion opted for the latest in political correctness: complete gender eradication. This convenient genetic procedure could painlessly free you from being a slave to your own gender

identity. The procedure employed genetic anatomical alterations that completely removed any trace of your reproductive system and the unsightly organs commonly associated with such a system. Or, if you preferred, you could become both genders, with both sets of organs, the best of both worlds. Gender free or dual-gendered; either way, you were part of the in crowd, part of the equality and fairness movement. Identity renovation procedures allowed you to compliment your physical changes with emotional and psychological enhancements, completing the transformation to the gender-free or the dual-gendered new you.

Blind and total dependence upon The New Messiah became ubiquitous. Wars abated. Harmony seemed to blossom around the world. It was like a world peace fantasy come true. It was modern liberalism unchecked and, for the most part, unchallenged. Surprisingly, it seemed to be working. Wealth began to abound in regions where poverty had once prevailed. People consumed less food and less water. While energy use increased dramatically, advanced, clean energy technologies reduced mankind's carbon footprint to negligible proportions. Reducing that all important carbon footprint made people feel really good about themselves, and they celebrated by delving ever deeper into their vices and their excessive lifestyles and their boastings and their complacent idleness. Bull defecation and Kool-Aid for breakfast, lunch and dinner!

By artificial means conveniently available to nearly everyone, people became healthier and lived longer and stayed young, and did not die. The World Order appeared to

be delivering on its promises of a better tomorrow for every demographic. For the most part, everyone bought into the plan, and everybody seemed to get what they wanted when they wanted it. The world's elites rose to the heights of world domination on the backs of the appeased, complacent, unthinking, and uncaring masses. No one complained. No one desired or dared to confront or make accountable those in power. All seemed well in the Aggregated States of Sion.

Hunger and thirst were eradicated by medical marvels that eclipsed the significance of polio vaccines and small pox vaccines of bygone centuries. Always aware, The New Messiah nourished and hydrated and healed and pacified its followers according to their individual wants, automatically intervening moment by moment to keep them at optimum health and in optimum comfort, with peaks of sensuality no more than a thought away.

You could eat and drink for pleasure, but you did not need to eat or drink for survival. Due to the miracles of science, including quantum bio-physical interface with The New Messiah, you could eat and drink and dose up with your favorite substances to excess and not get fat or suffer a hangover or an overdose. Or, you could enjoy the completely life-like sensations of such excesses without ever ingesting the tangible, physical substances. The sensory cortexes of your brain and the psychology of your mind could be stimulated via The New Messiah, such that you could experience the thrill of a desire or an imagination or an effect as if it were real, regardless of your physical surroundings and your actual behavior. That appealed to the once devout and moralistic

demographics. It afforded them the pleasures of sin without the weight of conscience and without the material evidence of having committed any wrongdoing or immoral behavior.

Your biological functions were modulated in real time to compensate for unnatural inputs. Your physiological structure was preserved against injury or repaired nearly instantaneously, within certain parameters. Psychological urges were satisfied. Your ego was inflated. Your thought processes were flatteringly rationalized and justified, and your guilt was displaced, masked, or disguised as a sensational new rush, all via The New Messiah.

I saw the construction of hardened shelter facilities, which I assumed were to serve as shelters against nuclear attacks or natural disasters, including space object impacts. I was with some people who were inspecting or exploring one such facility. For some reason, the facility was linked to explosive charges set approximately a half-mile apart from each other, in a series arching out across the cornfields on flat terrain. It was daylight, probably mid-afternoon or early evening, with calm weather, good visibility, and moderate temperature. The door of the shelter facility I was near was linked to set off the explosive charges when shut. The explosive charges were designed to blast out large holes for use after the linked shelter was shut. I don't know why it was set up this way, but it was strange. Perhaps such holes at half-mile intervals would enable other shelters to be rapidly completed if one of the linked, completed shelters were activated by someone shutting the door. Or, perhaps the holes were intended for a very different purpose.



The shelter door was like a giant freezer door that lay flat on the ground, covering the shelter entrance. It was something like the door on a top-loading freezer, similar to the kind of freezer commonly used to store meat in residential homes, only much larger. Someone accidentally shut the shelter door prematurely. The explosive charges detonated in sequence with a one second interval between each detonation. There were at least half a dozen detonations, the first exploding about a half-mile from where I was, followed by the rest in sequence, proceeding outward in a long, arching path that curved slightly to the right as viewed from where I stood. I remember commenting something about how somebody had shut the door too soon. I ran out to the site of the first detonation. To my surprise, I discovered that the explosion had not blown out some roughly rounded crater, but rather a perfectly rectangular pit with a perfectly flat floor and perfectly vertical walls. Somehow, the explosive charges were designed to create precisely measured rectangular pits the size of large rooms. I remember looking down into the rectangular pit. The smell of the fresh, moist, black dirt of the sides and floor wafted across my nostrils. I was somewhat puzzled by the precision of the pit, and how such a precisely rectangular pit could be dug out by an explosion. Near the pit were a few large bulldozers and other heavy equipment that looked rather old, but functional. Then it hit me like a brick upside my head. These rectangular pits were not for shelters. They were mass graves.

There was a Caucasian government worker, height about five feet, nine inches, weighing maybe 160 pounds, with scruffy black hair, a black goatee, thin, wiry build, wearing blue jeans and no shirt. He must have been working nearby and had rushed over to investigate why the charges had detonated prematurely. Obviously, it was not him or any of his crew who had initiated the detonations. It became clear that I, and the people I had been with, were never intended to see or know of the existence of these sites. This government agent would soon alert his cohorts, if he had not already done so. Our lives were at stake. I could feel it. I picked up a four-foot long piece of two-inch diameter steel pipe and chased the government worker, cornering him near a tree a few dozen yards from the pit. I chased him up the tree and proceeded to beat the living crap out of him with the steel pipe. F-BOOT! F-BOOT! F-BISH! F-PAFF! F-BOOT! I could hear the steel pipe slam into his chest, head, stomach, and arms, but he just kept grinning and chuckling, looking straight at me after every blow, as if to invite another blow. Why had he even run from me in the first place if being pummeled by a steel pipe barely fazed him? He was not even scratched. No blood, no bruises, no broken bones. I could tell he felt pain. I detected a slight grimace under his defiant grin just after each strike, but he was more intent on displaying his smug toughness than in revealing the fact that he felt pain. Then, the dream ended. I don't know what was to have happened next. It was clear that this government agent had availed himself of some unusual ability to withstand

significant physiological trauma without manifesting even so much as a flesh wound.

Controversial medical technology, hotly debated in the late sixth millennium and early seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth, progressed under the guise of stem cell research to regenerate diseased or damaged tissue and produce replacement organs to increase human longevity. Such technology had leapt through miraculous breakthroughs after the advent of quantum computing and synthetic biology. Real-time imaging, modeling, and manipulation of chemical, atomic, and sub-atomic reactions became commonplace. Micro-biology advanced into synthetic intelligent nano-biology. The plethora of distinct sciences and philosophies began merging into one unified whole as new discoveries revealed the interdependence of one discipline upon every other discipline. Stuff that used to be done only in specialized labs could be done at home. Forget about kids playing doctor behind the barn. Kids were playing God right in the living room. Far-fetched science-fiction fantasy had become cutting-edge science. Cutting-edge science soon became part of daily life and was pretty much taken for granted.

The nihilistic influences of The World Order had restructured humanity into an integrated, homogeneous hive devoid of moral foundations and purposeful existence. The vast majority of world denizens finally seemed to function in harmony. But, there was a subtle yet profound contrast between harmony and homogeneity. A truly harmonious people would include those who have obvious differences yet

deliberately choose to work together with genuine sincerity, each looking out for the wellbeing of the other, even at the expense of one's own comfort. Harmony would include various skills and interests being applied industriously and creatively and selflessly while preserving individual freedom and encouraging work and personal prosperity and individual accountability. Homogeneity, in this case, just meant everybody was equal. Everyone had become the same. Everyone just blended into the porcine crowd and went along with the bovine flow. Everyone and everything had become mainstream. What appeared to be harmony, what was touted as world peace, was nothing more than a blanket of homogeneity, the wool over the eyes of the masses, blinding them from the devious operations of the elites.

Those who had opted into The World Order Neuro-Frame had a universal access code permanently recorded into the forefront of their memories. In order to access The New Messiah, they would only need to think or visualize this numeric pass-code. For convenience, they accepted a genetic tweak that caused this pass-code to appear as bioluminescent skin pigmentation in their hands and arms, and centered on their foreheads. This way, if for some reason they became too traumatized or incapacitated or drunk or stoned to think or visualize the code in their minds, they only needed to look at the universal access code on their own arm or hand, or on somebody else's arm or hand or forehead.

The universal access code became a common symbol of citizenship, making fellow World Order citizens easily identifiable to one another. They would know they were

fellow citizens in the unlikely event they got to mingling or mixing with a group of outsiders. The mere act of the brain's visual cortex processing the sight of the pass-code would be sufficient to summon The New Messiah into the mind. Even without looking at it, the code was easy to remember. It was given in a familiar format, like a cell phone number or an internet protocol address or a bank account number. The universal access code to The New Messiah was 600.202.0206, or in other words, six-hundred, three score, and six. Anyone with this mark was linked up for life.

The 21-year calm was shattered violently. Given its abrupt commencement and its sudden expiration, it could be considered one of the most starkly delineated periods of history on Earth. The 21-year calm occurred as history approached the middle of the seventh millennium of man's mortal presence on Earth.

Earth woke up, and all hell broke loose. The cosmic storm that had blasted the solar system and the galaxy with high-velocity barrages of gases, dust, plasmas, and cosmic lightning had barely touched the Earth compared to what it had done to neighboring regions of space. Entire stars, planets, and large moons had been destroyed, blown apart by gargantuan cosmic lightning bolts, ripped apart by tidal forces from massive concentrations of dense matter, and sliced by intensely concentrated threads of energy and space-time whipping about.

In spite of the tremendous damage sustained by the earth and its inhabitants, Earth and remnants of civilization on Earth had been miraculously spared. Earth had been stilled

and silenced, as if to afford its inhabitants a time to ponder their state of affairs and adjust their intentions and their pursuits. It was as if the inhabitants of Earth were given yet another chance to choose good over evil, to purge themselves of the grip of filth and wanton indulgence and conspiracy and corruption they had allowed to ensnare them.

But, rather than improve their ways and fight to restore and preserve any semblance of liberty and virtue, the inhabitants of Earth sunk deeper into the gall of bitterness and self deception. They persisted in looking to the work of their own hands and the theories of their own intellects to rationalize and justify themselves, and to comfort themselves and save themselves and procure for themselves whatever they coveted. They continued to buy into the latest propaganda and rhetoric. They surrendered to whatever veiled threats were conjured up to prod the more reluctant sectors of the population. Little did they know, they were about to get schooled, yet again, on the fact that no matter how advanced their technology, no matter how lofty their designs, no matter how well rationalized their motives, no matter how widely accepted their science, the inhabitants of Earth were nothing, and they had become nothing, and their science, while interesting and intellectually stimulating, had always been incomplete at best. Indeed, science, just like religion, had become a hotbed of pride and high-mindedness, a haven for corruption and guile and wiles galore. Nothing was pure anymore.

Space debris had been hurled about by the effects of colossal tidal forces, gravitational perturbations,

spatiotemporal shears and rifts, cosmic wind blasts, collision events, and cosmic lightning. Such violent phenomena had pummeled the asteroid belt, the Kuiper belt, the Oort cloud, and similar regions surrounding other star systems. Much of the debris, including debris from obliterated stars, planets, and large moons, was full of sulfur, carbon, and heavy metals including enormous, dense concentrations of osmium, iridium, rhenium, platinum, uranium, lead, iron, and nickel, and several other dense elements. Oddly, many of these dense elements were enshrouded in ablative layers of tungsten and diamond, enabling atmospheric penetration without total vaporization, even at extreme velocities. A delayed chain of vexatious aftereffects had been set in motion. With uncanny timing, many of those aftereffects began assailing Earth immediately after the 21 years of calm.

It began with extraordinary unpredictability, unforeseen and unanticipated after so many years of tranquility. All across the earth, bright streaks of blinding white light lacerated the sky. Instantly, out of the blue, things just started exploding. In towns and cities and on open highways around the world, vehicles were punctured, demolished, thrown about like toys, some cut to pieces in flashes of blinding light and molten shrapnel. White-hot filaments etched the sky, buildings were perforated, trees were stripped of leaves, trunks severed, branches splintered. Fires erupted. Heads exploded right off the shoulders of people in the streets. Legs, arms, hands, feet, chests, abdomens, and other assorted body parts of millions of people around the world simply exploded. No sound had time to reach the ears. Sight could

barely process through the optic nerves fast enough to register. Pain had no time to reach the mind. Impact heat seared flesh and cauterized bleeding.

You looked at the man in front of you waiting to cross the street, and all you saw was a bright flash of light as his headless body slammed down prone at your feet. You stared, infatuated, at the pretty girl in the diner across the way. You blinked your eyes. During that blink, her left shoulder and arm spattered as she was spun about and hurled against the back wall like a rag doll in a lawn mower, the charred flesh of her gaping wound smoldering and glowing bright orange like an ember. You glanced at your right hand and before you felt a thing, your hand vanished as your elbow and shoulder were yanked apart, ripping away from their connective tissues.

Then, the sound began to register in your ears. Your tactile and olfactory senses caught up with you. Sharp sonic booms and shocks like thunder were heard and felt everywhere. Fragments of bone and flesh pelted the area, spattering in all directions. A sulfurous reek and the rank stench of smoldering meat mixed with fetid effluvia from ruptured bowels overwhelmed your olfactory bulb. Screams and shrieks of horror and excruciating distress and pain erupted like a chorus from hell. Every vile expletive and profane expression utterable by man was launched without restraint from the minds and mouths of Earth's inhabitants.

Without warning, holes appeared in ships at sea. Crew and passengers were dismembered while they stood on their feet in mid-conversation. Millions of impactors of various sizes ranging from golf ball size to house size struck water.



Jumbo airliners all around the world were shredded in mid air, raining down localized torrents of fiery shrapnel and smoldering body parts and blood and stomach, bladder, and bowel contents. Much of the blood and bile and gastrointestinal sludge froze as it fell through the cold temperatures of the stratosphere and rained down as caustic, discolored, malodorous hail.

In populated areas, human body parts erupted skyward from impact induced volcanism and seismic percussions, and from secondary explosions. In rural areas, livestock and wildlife met similar fates. Human and animal bodies and pieces thrown into the sky were pulverized by smaller impactors slicing through the air at hundreds of thousands of miles per hour. The result was a global hail storm of blood and bowel waste and flesh and bone shards and debris and molten metal and molten rock.

The regenerative bio-technology that was supposed to allow you to you live indefinitely did not make you indestructible. It had its limits. Your heightened senses allowed you to feel intensified pleasures, but that came as a double-edged sword; you also felt pain more severely than ever before. If your vital organs, particularly your brain, spine, heart, lungs, or bowels were destroyed faster than they could regenerate, then you died.

This meteor shower was unlike any in Earth's habitable history. This was not at all like what you might have seen in the movies of prior years. You did not look up into the sky thinking, wow, isn't that cool, as meteors trailing black smoke behind an orange glow crossed the sky slowly enough for you

to track with your eyes, and then hit somewhere on the horizon or conveniently behind some hill. This was nothing like that. When it happened for real, people had no idea what hit them. You could not track these objects with your eyes. They were much faster than any shooting star. These objects had been propelled at such high velocities through space that you could not even see the objects at all as they transited the atmosphere. Many of these objects did not entirely burn up on entry, because many of them were extremely dense and metallic and permeated with heat-resistant forms of carbon, including diamond. Even the small impactors packed energy on par with tactical nuclear detonations. You might only glimpse a white-hot line appear instantaneously, like a laser beam stretching from sky to ground, or like the white-hot filament in a giant flash bulb, if you were lucky enough to be dozens of miles away from the trajectory. If you were within a few miles of the trajectory, you would not likely even see a glimpse of it, as the light would instantly fry your retinas and char your skin and clothing and hair before your brain could register the flash and the excruciating pain. If you were anywhere near an impact or a grazing trajectory, the heat energy would be like the flash of a nuclear detonation. Even before the impact shock would reach you, your entire body, even your teeth and bones, would be charred to ash just from the light. When the shock wave would hit your charred carcass, it would blow you apart in a burst of dust, as if your body were a vacuum cleaner bag and some pissed-off giant had just drop kicked you or stomped on you. Flash fires

swept the land. Death tolls soared to millions and tens of millions.

This meteor assault pummeled the Earth from nearly every direction simultaneously, but it was particularly severe in the equatorial regions and in the southern hemisphere. That was an interesting coincidence, or perhaps an uncanny lack of coincidence, given the fact that the southern hemisphere was the least affected by the nuclear exchanges of bygone decades and centuries. Most of the surviving population had situated themselves in the southern hemisphere, particularly in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and parts of southern Argentina, southern Chile, Antarctica, and various southern islands left protruding above the increased sea level. No matter where you lived, sooner or later you would have your ass handed to you.

Since the asteroid belt, the Oort cloud, the Kuiper belt, and many stars, planets, and moons had been blown to bits and scattered by the cosmic storm more than two decades prior, some of the debris that had been hurled through space was beginning to reach Earth. Some of that debris began assailing Earth in what amounted to a global hail storm of rock, metal, and fire followed by a few distinctive, singular impact events. Some 30 percent of Earth's forests were burned in a matter of days. Nearly all ground vegetation, grass, weeds, shrubs, and crops were toasted in short order. Smoke once again imbued the atmosphere.

Infections resembling a combination of the black plague, leprosy, and radiation poisoning set upon the majority of Earth's population. For some inexplicable reason, this fallout

phenomenon particularly afflicted everyone who had covenanted allegiance, or indulgence, to The New Messiah, having opted into the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array and its accompanying regenerative, life-prolonging functions. It was as if the genetic and neurological interface of the Neuro-Frame Array somehow catalyzed certain types of effects in unanticipated and unexplainable and excruciating ways. Certain toxins introduced into the body from external sources caused excruciating physiological reactions that took days or weeks to heal. Most traumas, like scrapes and bruises and cuts, such as those resulting from being hit by a steel pipe, were easily and quickly healed by the rapid regenerative functions of the Neuro-Frame Array. However, in cases of severe, high-impact traumas, or acute exposures to concentrated chemical, biological, or radiological contaminants, like being sand-blasted by molten uranium, or like inhaling sulfuric acid vapors, osmium tetroxide particulates, and other such byproducts of the global meteor storm, bioregenerative processes could become overwhelmed. Such traumas and exposures caused complicated and painful secondary effects that often got worse before they got better.

A few years later, with recovery efforts well underway, a tiny new moon showed up in the sky. Not a new moon as in a phase of Earth's existing moon. This was a new moon, as in a second moon that had not been there before. It was not spherical. It was small, jagged, and oblong, like a piece of something bigger; a piece that had broken off of another moon or planet. At first, many speculated that it was a piece

of the backside of Earth's moon that had broken off. Further observations indicated it was far too dense to have originated locally. The object was a planetary core fragment composed largely of iron, cobalt, and nickel, with significant amounts of osmium, platinum, rhenium, and other heavy elements. As the weeks dragged on, this odd, jagged object seemed to loom larger in the sky. Astronomers and sky watchers calculated that it was more massive than the Himalayas and that it was not orbiting Earth like the moon does. It was orbiting the sun, like the earth does. This object had not been hurled forcefully at the earth, but rather had drifted into a solar orbit moving in the same general direction as Earth around the sun. It was ahead of the earth, but in a highly elliptical and smaller orbit around the sun, such that its aphelion, its point of greatest distance from the sun, was nearly tangential to earth's orbit. How it was captured by the sun's gravity in such a way as to place it in this precise orbit was a complete mystery, but there it was. You could see it with your own eyes. In an era of firsts, this was yet another first to add to the growing list of never-before-seen and never-before-anticipated events that provoked the classic WTF?! reaction.

On the Torino Scale, this would score a solid 10, but the interval of once every 100,000 years was, of course, a load of equine defecation. History had already proven that the intervals between Earth impact events were subject to change without notice and would often defy anticipatory calculations. The object was approaching aphelion in perfect timing to rendezvous with Earth. Earth's trajectory was almost exactly

tangent to the object's aphelion, and Earth's position would nearly coincide with the object's position for a few grueling moments.

It is a fact of orbital mechanics that at apoapsis, an orbiting object is at its slowest velocity, like a baseball thrown upward slows as it rises higher, and moves slowest at the highest point in its trajectory. In this case, as this particular object would reach aphelion, it would be moving considerably slower than Earth. Its aphelion would place it within Earth's atmosphere at around midnight Hawaii Time, when the Pacific Ocean would be facing away from the sun. As the object would reach aphelion, Earth would overtake it and pass just beneath it, grazing it with the atmosphere. But, there were some problems. Were it not for gravitational attraction between Earth and the object, the object would have stayed safely above Earth's atmosphere, making a spectacular but relatively harmless close encounter plainly visible to the naked eye. As gravity would have it, the object would not only be grazed by the upper atmosphere, it would plow right through the lower atmosphere and gouge several thousand feet deep into the Pacific Ocean.

Gravity between Earth and the approaching object began creating tidal forces on Earth's surface, pulling some of the atmosphere out into space toward the object. Barometric pressures ran wild on Earth, ranging from hypoxia-inducing lows to highs several times normal sea level pressures. Winds at all levels of the atmosphere became ferocious, changing direction violently and abruptly. Horizontal and vertical wind shear and temperature and pressure gradients created weird

cloud formations and unnatural mixtures of precipitation that defied science.

Tidal swells eroded away beaches and coastlines in the lower latitudes, sweeping newly established coastal infrastructure and towns clean off the map. This was accompanied by seismic and volcanic activity as Earth's crust flexed and bulged and stretched and compressed as it reacted to tidal forces. On top of all this, the dynamics of Earth's rotation and orbit about the sun played into the scene. Since the earth rotates about its axis in the same direction as it orbits around the sun, the rotation of the earth gives the equatorial latitudes an additional speed of about 1,000 miles per hour when facing away from the sun. So, since the approaching object would be overtaken by Earth just as the equatorial region of the Pacific Ocean would pass underneath the object at midnight, the grazing encounter would occur with a 1,000 mph bonus. Not a good bonus for the crews and passengers of any ocean-going vessels.

It was sort of like somebody was trying to skip a mountain across the Pacific Ocean, along the equator. Earth slammed into the object like a Peterbilt truck rear-ending a Ford Pinto. The atmosphere rushed across the object fast enough to cause the object's surface to melt and partially ablate from aerodynamic friction, leaving a bright glow of molten debris and plasma trailing in the wake. The grazing impact created a massive shock wave that seemed to part the sky, like water in a rushing river is split apart by a bolder in its path. The Pacific Ocean plowed into the object, explosively vaporizing humungous volumes of sea water in fractions of a

second and piling tsunamis tens of thousands of feet high racing retrograde and outward, meaning westward and northward and southward faster than the speed of sound. Walls of water and steam and sediment propelled high into the air froze into hail and rained back down in ballistic trajectories. As whales and fish and sea life of many kinds were hurled high into the air, their carcasses were ripped to shreds by smaller trailing impactors. Earth's collision with this object was slow enough that you could track the object's path through the atmosphere with your eyes, like watching in horror as a titanic falling mountain ripped open the sky and lit it up brighter than broad daylight.

The object's impact trajectory was nearly tangential to Earth's surface at the equator, and the object skipped off the Pacific Ocean twice, hitting first just off the coast of Ecuador, raking the Galapagos Islands off the face of the Earth. The object hit again in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, setting off another round of tsunamis and ejecta. Finally, the object plowed deep into the ocean floor a few hundred miles east of Indonesia, gouging an enormous, elongated impact crater into the sea floor, sending up a wall of mud and rock and magma as it lacerated volcanic regions of the subsea crust like a grenade fragment ripping open a femoral artery. The short-term effects in the equatorial latitudes of the Pacific Ocean included eruptions of ejecta, shock waves, tsunamis, and seismic upheavals, including secondary volcanic eruptions, all of which wreaked havoc on a global scale. The impact shock waves obliterated over 30 percent of the surface ships and many submarines transiting



the Pacific Ocean. Their hulls were crushed. Their crews and passengers were ripped to shreds and hurled like raw meat, as if a bloody, raw hamburger fight had broken out in a prison cafeteria.

The west coast of southern Central America and the equatorial latitudes of South America experienced a sharp momentary drop in sea level as humungous volumes of ocean water were bulldozed westward by the collision of Earth with the object. The bow shock submerged all of the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia, and neighboring islands. Tsunamis inundated Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Burma, Sri Lanka, southern India and northern Australia before pummeling the east coast of Africa.

The fallout left well over 30 percent of global marine life dead. The world's oceans became murkier and more putrid than ever, like blood-red, oxidized, rusty sludge, wafting a malodorous scent around the globe. This murk of death migrated slowly around the world's oceans, creeping like poison through the vascular system of a dying man.

The aftermath of this impact event overlapped the recovery efforts underway from the catastrophic hail of meteorites. Recovery efforts doubled up and pressed urgently forward. Society scurried to regain a foothold. After a few years, people once again began gravitating back to their old habits and vices and prideful, self-serving agendas. Recovery efforts were miraculously accelerated by the use of The New Messiah, which of course was nothing more than the application of quantum mechanics via the Neuro-Frame Array into which the vast majority of survivors had opted.

In fact, the most recent two catastrophes had prompted a surge in the number of people coming out of hiding, changing their minds, deciding desperately to opt in. People who had previously eluded the legal mandate of the Aggregated States of Sion to opt in had come running in droves to get a piece of the pie.

Third time's a charm, right? Before recovery efforts from the second major impact event had been completed, a third major impact occurred. This impactor followed a polar trajectory. The impactor was a loosely accreted mass of rocky and metallic fragments laced with mercury, lead, iron, nickel, uranium, sulfur, osmium, and various other elements, remnants of a fractured planetary core that had been ripped apart by tidal forces as it was accelerated between two binary neutron stars. This clod of debris had been shot like rubble from a cosmic slingshot. It came at the earth from north of the ecliptic plane.

The impactor entered Earth's atmosphere directly over the North Pole, slamming straight down, perpendicular to Earth's surface. When the impactor had plunged into the lower atmosphere, the heat and pressure from aerodynamic drag caused it to explode violently, like thousands of nuclear warheads detonating in a low altitude air burst. The heat and shock waves flattened terrain and structures and trees and animals and people in high northern latitudes. The fallout wafted like a heavy, poisonous mist settling over the northern hemisphere and drifting into portions of the southern hemisphere.

Almost 40 percent of global freshwater sources were poisoned by the fallout. Much of the water sources became radioactive sulfuric acid, laced with osmium tetroxide and other toxins. Rivers and springs and lakes and ponds and aquifers were laced with a dark, ruddy, murky tinge. Millions of people not directly obliterated by the impact event and its immediate heat and shock effects died an excruciating death after drinking or bathing in the tainted water supplies.

Strangely, the contaminants affected different people in different ways. That may have had something to do with varying concentrations and exposures, as well as individual genetics and the peculiarities of each individual's interface with the Quantum Neuro-Frame Array. As the regenerative processes of the Neuro-Frame Array attempted to reconstruct damaged tissues and nerves, those same tissues and nerves were irradiated and ulcerated by the radioactivity and acidity and toxicity of the waters to which they had been exposed.

Some individuals, those who had ingested waters laced with high concentrations of contaminants, dissolved slowly from the guts outward, screaming and writhing in agony as their skin became a thin sack containing the pungent, acrid goo that was once their innards and vital organs. Then, as their skin dissolved, the viscous mess that used to be their innards oozed, and then gushed out, onto the ground, leaving a bloody, caustic, reeking puddle. That process could take mere minutes or hours, or it could occur over a period of days or weeks. The symptoms and the durations were not always the same for everybody.

Some experienced a rapid decay of bone matter even before their flesh began to decay. Somehow, in these types of cases, contaminants were concentrated into the bone tissues, as if the regenerative functions of the Neuro-Frame Array in these individuals had become confused, not knowing what to do with the contaminants from the fallout. It was like the system was trying to cover up the fact that there were contaminants in the body by hiding them in the bone tissue, as if hoping the rest of the body's functions would not notice, or as if trying to burry or contain the contaminants within the denser bone matter of the body in a desperate attempt to spare the soft tissues from the deleterious effects that would become inevitable as time passed. Ironically, the artificial reaction of attempting to hide contaminants in the bone marrow is like the attempt many people make to hide their sins and misdeeds and dishonorable intentions deep in the cores of their souls, hoping no one will discern them, or hoping to delay their cankerous effects.

These individuals' bones decayed first, before the rest of their tissues. Their bones rotted away, disintegrating from the marrow outward. Their bones became thin and brittle, crumbling from the elastic pull of the connective tissues and the weight of the body. As bones crumbled within living bodies, the muscles and tendons, having lost all rigid framework, contracted like a bloody mass of rubber bands that had once been stretched over a structure only to have that structure suddenly fail, letting the rubber bands snap into a disorganized knot.

You know what a Charley horse feels like, when you get a severe muscle cramp in your leg, for example, and your leg muscles ball up in one spot. Imagine every muscle in your body doing that at the same time. And then, having no ribs or spine or skull, your lungs were crushed, your vital organs were squeezed, your brain and nervous system were twisted into clumps, and you suffocated as your flesh ulcerated, turning your skin into a sack of mush that eventually burst open like a gigantic, festering, caustic boil. Dying people began to resemble pulsating, convulsing heaps of dung blotting highways and obstructing the streets of cities and towns and villages.

Other individuals did not experience a decay of tissues or bones; quite the opposite, in fact. As the regenerative processes of the Neuro-Frame Array attempted to repair and reconstitute damaged tissues, severe overcompensations resulted. Too much new mass and blood and fluids were generated within various organs, muscles, tissues, and bones. Individuals experiencing such hyper-generative effects became living pressure vessels. Subcutaneous and dermal capillaries ruptured. Hemodynamic overpressure forced blood out through the sweat glands and oil glands and around hair follicles all over the body, causing unbearable misery. Organs became bloated and engorged. Muscle tissues became massive and bones thickened. Fat cells expanded like oily blisters. Subjects experiencing hyper-generative effects puffed up and became grotesquely swollen and morbidly obese. They experienced extreme and widespread hematomas. They looked like they had been severely bruised from head to toe.

Organs ruptured explosively. Excessive bone marrow production was so abrupt and built up such extreme pressures that bones exploded like pipe bombs, ripping open the flesh and launching putrid volumes of pus and blood and meat and bone splinters across distances exceeding the length of a football field. At times, living bodies would explode like giant, over-inflated balloons, spattering raw carnage like bomb blasts. Some exploded with such force they sounded like muffled artillery followed by a series of wet, heavy splat sounds. Sometimes, the hyper-generative effects were localized to specific portions of the body.

For example, without any warning, the phalanges in your right index finger might burst like fire crackers, obliterating most of your hand and part of your wrist. Or the metacarpals in your feet might explode while walking or running, or while just sitting still. An exploding pelvis blew someone clean in half at a dinner party. In a grocery store, someone's cervical vertebrae exploded, blowing the head clean off the live body, sending it ricocheting off the ceiling fan like a bloody soccer ball, spraying blood and brain matter like a spinning sprinkler. During a political address, the orator's jaw bone exploded in mid-sentence, sending teeth and bone splinters and tongue chunks into the eyes of the front row audience. The recoil ripped the head partially off, sending it backward, over the shoulders, like a Pez dispenser. At a rock concert, the lead singer hit a high note just before his head ruptured like a bomb. People actually thought it was part of the act, and roared with applause, demanding an encore. About that time, some of the audience began exploding, setting off a bloody,

sadistic and masochistic mosh pit. The screams were deafening and surreal. This type of scene played out in numerous public events and crowded settings around the globe. The idea of having a blast took on an entirely new meaning. It was all sensational until it happened to you. No one had pity or compassion on those who suffered these effects. It was simply another public spectacle to those unaffected.

The air was rent day and night by hellacious screams of agony and disturbing sounds of heaving and retching, explosive flatulence, and gushing diarrhea. This gruesome and maddening bedlam was pierced intermittently by the percussion of living bodies bursting explosively. Foul stench wafted everywhere; it was unbearable and inescapable. The reek was enough to cause anybody to wish for death. The odor was palpable. You could taste its repugnant flavor and feel its revolting texture afflict your tongue and mouth and lungs as you labored painfully to inhale.

Something else was happening. It was subtle, barely noticeable at first, what with all the glaringly disturbing cataclysms overlapping each other in recent years. Little by little, people around the world began noticing their clocks were not keeping time correctly. The Neuro-Frame Array's reference chronograph synchronization system was off a little more each day. Sunrise came a few seconds earlier than expected. Sunset came earlier, too. Nobody took serious note until sunrise and sunset were happening nearly an hour earlier than expected.

Eventually, people began to realize this was no fluke in their time-keeping technology. Nor was it a momentary, isolated anomaly of nature. This was a continuing, progressive spatiotemporal phenomenon that had no explanation or precedent whatsoever. The days were getting shorter and shorter; the nights likewise.

As viewed from the surface of the earth, the few stars that could be seen through the mists of airborne particulates and clouds of near-earth space debris seemed to be twisted out of place. They seemed to be moving across the sky in a manner completely out of synch with sunrise and sunset. It was as if the stars occupied planes of space, planes like giant sheets of paper, and those sheets of paper were being rolled up like a tube or a funnel around the rotational axis of the earth. This phenomenon was mystifying and unsettling to witness, but it was surprisingly harmless, at least initially, compared to what had transpired in recent years. The only thing that remained steady in the sky was that strange, inexplicable, flat-spectrum object that stayed rock solid and miraculously discernable day and night, regardless of what dust or debris obscured the sky. It was that same object that had been noticed at the beginning of the 21-year calm. It was still there, unchanging, as if it were watching and waiting patiently.

Somehow, space itself was beginning to twist, like a giant tornado extending along the rotational axis of the earth. This twisting of space along the earth's rotational axis was hardly noticed by the general population until Earth itself had significantly accelerated its rate of rotation about its axis, like



a ping-pong ball spinning faster and faster, caught in the center of a whirlpool of draining water, like the familiar swirling of water you might see at the drain of a sink or a bathtub as you let the water out; same concept, bigger scale. Perhaps the better analogy would be Earth as a fat, round turd being spun faster and faster by the swirling bowl water of a toilet as it gets flushed.

After several months, the accelerating of Earth's rotation reached some sort of equilibrium and remained steady. It never returned to what it had once been. If you thought your busy schedule was difficult to complete in a 24-hour day, try the new 16-hour day. The timing of events had to be more than mere coincidence. As strange and unsettling as this phenomenon was, it was this very phenomenon that allowed organic life on Earth's surface to have any hope of surviving what was happening concurrent with the acceleration of Earth's rotation about its axis.

The sun was becoming unusually intense. It had collected a tremendous amount of mass during the recent period of impact events following the 21-year calm. While Earth experienced three major impact events and numerous minor impacts in recent years, the sun caught the brunt of enormous, direct impacts from the barrage of galactic debris left drifting about in the aftermath of the cosmic storm. The ensuing solar tumult was like a delayed reaction making up for lost time. Solar activity that had been mysteriously absent during the 21-year calm gradually returned to normal, and then kept right on going, escalating way beyond normal. Massive solar upheavals were under way. Coronal mass

ejections and accelerated solar winds packed much greater densities and velocities than ever before observed. The physical size of the sun became unstable, as if it were a giant beast hyperventilating. It shrank and swelled visibly, as if the internal dynamics of the fusion process that made the sun what it was were sputtering intermittently, as if being interrupted and then intensifying in some astronomical overcorrection. Some type of spherical wave resonance had been set in motion deep within the sun. The sun's core seemed to be gasping and choking. The innermost planet, Mercury, was completely ablated as one of the solar distensions expanded the corona all the way out to Mercury's orbit before collapsing back, diminishing the sun to a fraction of its normal size, and then rebounding like a behemoth chest rising and falling, convulsing from some nightmarish trauma.

This solar instability wreaked havoc on Earth. The Earth's surface became heated on average several degrees above normal in a matter of months. Forget that old global warming nonsense the environmentalists and the politicians had been peddling decades ago, even centuries ago at this point. This was real global warming, and man's so called carbon footprint had absolutely nothing to do with it!

The cold that once gripped the earth under the veils of dust and cosmic debris of recent years gave way to a global overheat condition. This was not a runaway greenhouse effect. It had little to do with clouds and carbon dioxide, although that was a factor, given all the burnt vegetation of late. This was more of a direct exposure effect. In fact, if it were not for the accelerated rotation of the earth that had

shaved some eight hours off what used to be a 24-hour day, the surface of the earth would have been scorched and would have become uninhabitable; all life on the surface of the earth would have been extinguished. As it was, even with the shortened, 16-hour days, the global environment was significantly hotter than normal. This caused rampant droughts in some regions and out-of-control convection and storm systems in other regions of the world. With the earth spinning some 50 percent faster than normal, there were significant ramifications associated with the exaggerated Coriolis effect on hurricanes and ocean currents and trade winds and the jet stream.

The effects of Earth's accelerated rotation and the sun's instability began to take their toll before the world's inhabitants had recovered from the three major impact events that had recently occurred, all within the span of a few years. But nobody was getting the picture. The people did not learn a thing from any of it. The cumulative body count of the last few years following the end of the 21-year calm totaled into the billions, exceeding the combined death toll of all wars and natural disasters in the history of man's mortal presence on Earth.

Notwithstanding all these wake-up calls and the opportunities extended to humanity to recover itself, the people willfully plunged themselves deeper into their own vices and social depravity and corruptions and lootings and self indulgences and vicious attacks against every semblance of virtue, honesty, integrity, and innocence. Despite the miraculous regenerative technologies and the most elaborate

and versatile communications systems ever developed among the inhabitants of Earth, the inhabitants of Earth actively sought out the paths to their own destruction, lying to themselves all the way. Not surprisingly, rampant modern political liberalism had evolved into socialism and then fascism, and finally, undiluted nihilism.

In spite of every asset that could have been applied correctly to recover from each and every catastrophe that had befallen the earth, the cumulative death toll kept right on mounting, and the overall state of global society kept right on sinking. Yet the earth was still spared, and despite unfathomable losses, mankind had not been wiped off its face. Again and again, every opportunity was given to man to change his course, to correct his ways, to make better use of every tool he had been allowed to develop. But he persistently and scornfully refused. And while man had once sought to live forever, he would soon wish he could die.

If the third time wasn't a charm, the fourth time was an omen. Earth took a fourth major impact event. But, this event was unlike anything heretofore unleashed in the history of man's mortal presence on Earth. The impactor's composition was completely unknown, but it must have been some kind of very small, highly dense object. It acted like a black hole, but mathematically it was not possible for such a small black hole to exist stably. This event was a befitting irony indeed, almost poetic. This incredibly dense impactor travelled on a hyperbolic trajectory, far exceeding galactic escape velocity. It came up from below the ecliptic and slammed directly into the earth's South Pole as if it were a

suppository being rammed up Earth's ass by an angry physician. It ripped straight through the planet as if the planet were made of butter. If Mother Earth could reel to and fro like a drunkard, then she could puke like one, too. The impactor shot up, out of the North Pole just a spilt second after it had entered through the South Pole. It was like getting a boot to the ass so hard you got your teeth kicked out. The impactor, later aptly nicknamed The Boot, continued onward through space with negligible change of velocity, onward to who knows where, having come from who knows where. It passed through space so fast nobody saw it coming and nobody saw it going, and nobody really knew what had happened. Impact debris ejected out of the North Pole like projectile vomit on a planetary scale as Mother Earth heaved her guts out. The small but massive anomaly was precisely dense enough and moving precisely fast enough to consume just enough of Earth's mass during its pole-to-pole transit that its impact did not rupture the earth. Instead, it yanked some core material out through the North Pole as it exited, leaving a tunnel bored through the planet. Strangely, no significant tidal forces affected Earth during the approach or the departure of this hyper-dense impactor. By all known laws of physics, its gravity should have ripped the earth apart before impact. But, it did not. It ripped a tunnel through the earth, but left the planet relatively intact.

The impact itself was not the biggest problem. What came out of the exit hole was the real problem. Before material from Earth's mantle could rush into the bore, causing related seismic and structural effects on the crust of

the earth, something came out of the tunnel. Something that had inhabited the bowels of the earth since before man had begun his mortal probation upon the earth. Something that had been placed within the earth to be released upon man should man ever become as proactively iniquitous as he had become by this point in history.

Man had sunk far below mere passive societal deterioration centuries ago. Having gone way beyond merely dwindling in idle apathy, mankind had spent the past few centuries engaged in purposeful and willful depravity, deliberately applying all manner of trickery and sorcery, relentlessly seeking out new ways to accomplish evil, actively rejecting and attacking every semblance of integrity and virtue. In other words, societal deterioration devolved into proactive and calculated deceptions and unrelenting cruelty and merciless, senseless war, including the systematic hunting down and extermination of anything and anyone that represented the slightest flicker of virtue or liberty. The vast majority of Earth's inhabitants had hurled themselves into degeneracy far beyond the practices of summoning demons and conjuring dark arts and making deals with devils. Earth's inhabitants were, instead, aspiring and attempting to actually become demons. Ironically, many of the two-thirds coveted the demonic nature and influence of the one-third, just as the one-third coveted the bodies and the sensual indulgences of the two-thirds.

The North Pole became what could only be described as a volcanic pit from which magma gushed, leaving rivers of molten rock running southward like creeping tentacles

reaching across the earth's northern latitudes, solidifying into ridges upon which roads and infrastructure could be built. Migrations of hordes of people, unknown survivors of some miraculously undiscovered northern regions, began evacuating southward. They had fared little better than the rest of mankind. They brought with them their own indulgences and cankers. These strangers had been just as susceptible to the rot and depravity of the flesh as the rest of mankind, and they merged into the Neuro-Frame, too. But they were not the real problem. The real problem was what had come out of the core of the earth through the impact-bored tunnel.

Strangely, nothing like this was happening at the South Pole. The South Polar impact site was just a gaping hole. Impact debris had been sucked northward through the impact-bored tunnel. Consequently, the North Pole was where all the action occurred in the aftermath.

As dense, black clouds of ash and molten debris and dust spewed out of the North Polar pit, swarms of large, unidentified, insect-like vermin escaped the bowels of the earth. Their natural habitat had been violently disrupted. Hordes of these vermin formed massive, black, strange looking clouds on the northern horizon. They rushed southward like a black cloak, as if to cover the whole earth. People all around the world felt subtle vibrations in the ground. No one thought much of it at first, passing it off as just another round of seismic tremors. As black clouds of vermin loomed like solid walls over the northern skyline, the vibrations in the ground intensified. Dust, sand, pebbles, and

other small debris on the ground began to bounce around, making the whole ground appear as a vibrating liquid. People began to feel an unsettling reverberation in their bones, like they were being shaken by some unknown, low-frequency resonance. A low, deep, audible rumble became perceptible. The rumble became a deafening thunder accompanied by a shrill, high-pitched, whistling noise.

Although these creatures had come from the bowels of the earth, crews working on subterranean and trans-core infrastructure projects to facilitate the conveniences and survival of World Order elites had never encountered any of these vermin. The nature of these creatures was unfamiliar to even the most respected entomologists and paleontologists. These were not some prehistoric species thought to be extinct and then discovered not to be extinct. These were a species completely unknown. No one had even speculated such a species could exist. As far as insects go, they were frighteningly huge. They were not true insects. They were in a class all by themselves, but they resembled insects, and nobody had a name for them. Aside from their size, their appearance was grotesque and terrifying.

Their abdomens were roughly football shaped and about as big as a large hog. Their exoskeletons consisted of articulating annular segments of some unknown composition that was manufactured by their metabolism and secreted like an extremely viscous liquid, but the substance was impermeable, like a solid resin, and surprisingly light weight. It felt similar to a combination of silk and Kevlar, but thousands of times stronger and dozens of times lighter.



Their articulated exoskeletons had unusually extreme insulative and heat resistant properties, allowing the creatures to dwell in regions of the earth where subsurface and core temperatures reached well over 6,500 degrees Fahrenheit (3,600 degrees Celsius).

Their legs had no joints; they were more like tentacles. Their legs were covered by articulating annular segments similar to the plates that covered their exoskeletons. Their legs could not only articulate in every direction, but could also telescope in and out of their bodies. Sharp serrations laced the protruding edges of the annular segments of their legs. Each annular segment could rotate back and forth independently about its axis like a hole saw. The serrations along the edges of the annular segments of their legs could grip like tiny claws. The creatures could use their legs to anchor themselves firmly to anything in their grasp. Once they latched onto something, there was virtually no way to get them to let go against their will without destroying whatever it was they had anchored themselves onto. Many of them anchored onto infrastructure such as roads, train rails, buildings and machinery, including the frames of trains and trucks, and the hulls of ships and aircraft.

The night was pitch black. Johnny was on a midnight date with his girl, Sasha. They were headed to an illegal vintage street race out on a stretch of abandoned freeway that crossed what was left of the Rocky Mountains. He was driving real American muscle; raw Detroit steel, totally banned from personal ownership way back, before the days of world aggregation, back in the days when American voters,

feverish for change at any cost, had elected a charismatic terrorist to the office of United States President.

Bear in mind that vintage to Johnny meant anything still using four wheels and an iron-block V-8 engine, no matter how high-tech the mods may have been. He was running a stand-alone, custom, solid-state hypercharger induction system and contraband zero-fuel positron pulse plugs on his prized and extremely rare and absolutely illegal 1967 gloss-black Chevy Camaro. The hypercharger system used no moving parts; it operated somewhat like a particle accelerator, electrically forcing air through the intake runners at extreme pressures. The zero-fuel positron pulse plugs were direct replacements for conventional spark plugs. Instead of a spark to ignite a fuel-air mixture, they emitted attenuated gamma radiation from electron-positron annihilation. The radiation pulses super-heated just plain air inside the engine cylinders, yielding a precisely controlled thermal expansion rate and constant cylinder pressures throughout the entire power stroke, all without the need for fuel or chemical combustion of any kind.

Zero-fuel positron pulse plugs were cleaner, cheaper, smaller, lighter, and safer than any type of nuclear power device, and far more powerful and efficient than chemical energy. They were totally self-contained, independent, stand-alone units. No need for solar exposure or recharging. No wires to hook up. Nothing to refill. Just remove the spark plugs and bolt in the zero-fuel positron pulse plugs. Get rid of all the plug wires, distributors, coils, and fuel management hardware. No more need for all that crap. The zero-fuel

positron pulse plugs were among the greatest single inventions since the wheel, but getting your hands on one, let alone eight, well, that required gifted resourcefulness and a death wish. But, Johnny was exactly that type of guy.

Johnny had built the car himself, scoring parts on the black market. He had that thing slammed to the ground, chopped down to a low profile so the windshield was more like a narrow slot, barely six inches tall. To compensate for the gross lack of headroom, the seats were reclined nearly 60 degrees. The dash was like the cockpit of a fighter jet. An advanced racing continuously-variable transmission eliminated the need for shifting, saving time on the strip. The car topped out at a solid 320 miles per hour and accelerated from zero to 60 miles per hour in one second flat. Lateral acceleration tolerance was an astonishing three G's, thanks to advanced adhesion compounds in the tire material, and redesigned frame and suspension systems.

"Johnny, slow down, you're going to kill us and we're not even there yet!" screamed Sasha.

"Shut up! I can't see in the dark with you shouting like that!" retorted Johnny, as he donned his designer shades, cranked up the volume on his favorite Pantera album, and adjusted the gain on his full-spectrum synthetic vision head-up display that was the windshield. Yes, Pantera was way before his time, but old-school metal was just plain gnarly; hammered that new-rave faggot crap everybody was drooling over lately.

Johnny was eating up the road. There was no other traffic in sight, as was to be expected given that this was an

abandoned, out-dated freeway. It was illegal to be driving on it at all. Race drivers and rogue, old-school pilots kept it clear of debris as if it were their sovereign territory. That rural stretch of old four-lane freeway was just too irresistible. Johnny's foot was glued to the firewall. His signature fece-devouring grin was pasted across his pimply, adolescent face. Adrenaline surged through his veins.

"Perforated copulating defecation! This kicks posterior anatomy!" Johnny exclaimed, hyped up and over pumped with youthful exuberance.

The engine came through the firewall. Johnny's eyes saw it happen as if in slow motion. The ball of his right hip tore out of its socket and penetrated the back of his seat, twisting his pelvis and lower spine a full 90 degrees with a loud, muffled, percussive POP! Johnny saw his entire right leg and part of Sasha's left leg fly past his peripheral vision along with the engine on its way out the rear window, taking the back seat with it. Johnny's right ribs and right lung made the same journey. Red spray gushed. A torrent of shrapnel followed, just as Johnny's head and Sasha's head departed what was left of their bodies and shot through the narrow slit of a windshield like a pair of mangled, raw chickens being launched out of cannons in perfect unison.

As if driving into a field of camouflaged, bolted down, frozen cadavers at 300 mph, the front undercarriage of Johnny's car shredded. His tires exploded. His wheels and suspension shattered like glass. The twisted frame of his car lurched and caught air, whipping about each axis simultaneously in a rapid series of snap rolls and Lumcevak

maneuvers, as if putting on an air show. As the chassis struck ground again, it somersaulted and cart wheeled like a dismembered gymnast hopped up on phencyclidine (PCP), scattering metal debris and oil and coolant and Johnny's and Sasha's blood and carcass fragments over several thousand feet of roadway.

Johnny and Sasha never knew what they hit. Nor did they know similar accidents were occurring all over the world. The creatures didn't budge; nary a scratch on them. They weren't after Johnny or Sasha or people like Johnny and Sasha who had successfully remained undetected, living independently outside The World Order's Neuro-Frame Array. People like Johnny and Sasha just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The creatures had some type of corrosive venom they could secrete through a hollow spike at the end of their abdomens. This venom was almost instantaneously corrosive to whatever it touched, except the creature itself. They often used this venom to dissolve solid rock, and then, with their telescoping legs, they would push themselves backwards through the dissolving rock. In other words, they were like backwards moving subterranean chemical boring machines. They propelled themselves backwards through their own tunnels by aligning their legs parallel to their thoraxes with the ends of their legs aimed towards their heads and then telescoping their legs in and out while the serrations on the annular segments of their legs gripped the walls of the tunnel to provide traction. As they bored tail-first through the ground, their heads trailed behind, allowing the creatures to

look where they had been, thus preventing anything from sneaking up on them. Not that it would matter. There were no natural predators for these creatures. These creatures could bore through solid rock like it was butter. But they were not confined to subterranean habitats.

They were well equipped to fly. Their wings did not make the typical buzzing sound like you might expect from most flying insects, in fact their wings were not their primary form of propulsion. These creatures had wings that were more like a bat's wings than an insect's wings. Their wings were flexible and thin and had a tubular structure beneath highly elastic but incredibly strong upper and lower membranes. The tubular structure of their wings included a main spar tube running from root to tip through the leading edge of each wing, and smaller tubes extending backward from the main spar tube to the trailing edge of each wing. The main spar tube was hollow; it was flexible in any direction and capable of telescoping in and out of the creature's thorax, allowing the creature to retract its wings flush to its body or extend them to a span of about nine feet from wingtip to wingtip. They did not fold like a bird or a bat or an insect wing. They retracted, more like an accordion or a telescope, into the exoskeleton of the thorax. When fully retracted there was no visible way to discern the creatures had wings at all.

The hollow main spar tube that ran along the leading edge of each wing had a row of smaller, hollow tubes that extended from the leading edge back to the trailing edge of the wing, somewhat like the stems of feathers, but there were no feathers on these creatures. These smaller tubes that

joined the leading edge and trailing edge of each wing were capable of flexing in any direction and telescoping, just like the main spar tube. The difference was, when these smaller tubes telescoped, they changed the wing chord measurement, the distance from leading edge to trailing edge. The chord measurement could vary between a few inches to about five feet. The smaller tubes had open ends at the trailing edge of each wing, giving the trailing edges a row of small, nozzle-like orifices. The independent flexibility of these tubes gave the creatures a tremendous range of control over the aerodynamic properties of their wings. They could change aspect ratio, airfoil cross-section, wing planform, sweep, virtually any parameter at will, and within mere fractions of a second.

These nameless vermin could flap their wings to produce lift and thrust if they so desired, but they seldom had need for flapping. They had a unique and powerful means of self propulsion. The mouths of these creatures could open to gaping proportions, allowing them to ingest humungous volumes of air. The creatures had no stomachs and no digestive systems. They had no reproductive systems. They had no typical vital organs. Their design was uncannily simple, and the mere simplicity of their physiology alone should have been enough to strike terror into the heart of anyone inquisitive enough to ponder why such simplicity. They were not designed to eat or drink. They were not designed to reproduce. They had never afforded any hint of their existence until they suddenly swarmed over the earth at

a particular point in history. So, what was their purpose? Why were they here? Why now?

Their whole insides were a series of annular muscles, like the rings on a giant earthworm, only much, much lighter in weight, and orders of magnitude stronger and faster. This annular muscle structure formed a hollow duct connecting the mouth to the abdomen. These annular muscles moved in a successive pattern like an extremely rapid but voluntary peristalsis, sucking air in through the mouth and forcing it backward into the abdomen. The abdomen acted as a pressure vessel into which the ingested air was forced at such extreme pressures that it approached the density of water.

Exiting the abdomen just behind the thorax were two short, flexible ducts, one on each side. These flexible muscular ducts could be extended telescopically out of the forward part of the abdomen, near where the thorax joined the abdomen. Each of these ducts acted as a variable nozzle through which compressed air from within the abdomen could be released at will, at any flow rate desired. This provided variable thrust as well as vectored thrust with a simplicity and controllability so smooth it would have been the envy of every rocket scientist on the planet.

Each of the two exit ducts was equipped with a unique, annular valve muscle located at the root of the duct. The valve muscle moved somewhat like a sphincter or an iris, forming a variable throat that could be constricted or opened at will. It could completely shut off the duct, allowing no airflow from the abdomen, or it could be open to the full diameter of the duct, allowing maximum outflow, evacuating



the abdomen almost as fast as the ingestion peristalsis could pressurize it.

There were similar but smaller muscles at the root of the tubular structure in the leading edge of each wing and at the root of each tube that joined the leading edge tube to the trailing edge of the wing. This allowed the wings themselves to provide variable thrust and vectored thrust, all fed by pressurized air from the abdomen. These creatures were extremely agile and maneuverable in flight. They were capable of extreme hypersonic flight. By gathering up enough momentum, they could even launch themselves into space on sub-orbital or ballistic trajectories, allowing them to get from any point on the surface of the earth to any other point on the opposite side of the earth in about one hour or less. They were extremely intelligent and could navigate instinctively with pinpoint accuracy.

The sound they made in flight was unlike anything ever heard from any known flying creature. The pulses of pressurized air being forced into their abdomens by peristalsis and then exhausted out the nozzle-like ducts were nothing short of explosive. It sounded like heavy artillery firing in rapid succession accompanied by an extremely harsh roar of high pressure air venting like rocket exhaust. The air being ingested through their gaping mouths made an ear-splitting, shrieking, whistling noise as it rushed past their fangs.

The ability of these creatures to fly at Mach speeds gave them an element of surprise. If they went supersonic, you would not hear them coming at you, and if you happened to see them coming at you at such speed, you would have no

time to react anyway. If you happened to witness them in pursuit of another target, you would not hear them until after they passed by and you heard the loud crack of a sonic boom followed by the Doppler-shifted, low and thunderous staccato of their pulse-jet-like propulsive venting. When flying sub-sonic, the air being sucked into their gaping mouths and past their teeth created a deafening, hellacious whine.

Couple all this with the fact that these creatures could ingest and exhaust virtually any fluid as a means of propulsion, and you had yourself one hell of a formidable predator in every sense. They could propel themselves through air, water, mud, and even through magma. Of course, they could not travel nearly as fast through liquids as they could through the atmosphere, but under water they could clock well over 200 knots. They never tired. They did not eat or drink or sleep. They did not reproduce.

No one knew what their life cycle involved, whether they were born or whether they hatched or evolved or mutated or metamorphosized. They just were what they were. They were not some alien species. They were indigenous to Earth. They predated mankind on Earth. They predated all animal life forms on Earth. They were formed out of the elements of the earth. They lived dormant within the very core of the earth, subsisting on primordial elements left for them during the creation of the earth. They had spent millennia just waiting. They existed for one purpose and one purpose alone, and once man encountered them, he would wish he were never born.

They had faces. The nature of their faces made them even more terrifying on a deeply personal level. Their faces looked like you. Not just some general resemblance of your face that made you fill in the details with your imagination, but exactly your face, right down to the expressions and the pores and the pimples and the facial hairs, even the scars and tattoos and piercing paraphernalia, if you had any. The only differences were their teeth and their jaw structure. Their teeth were razor sharp and jagged, with a set of canine-like fangs, upper and lower. Their jaws, when shut or only slightly open, looked exactly like your jaw. But when wide open, their jaws gaped nearly as big as their faces, contorting their facial features grotesquely.

And their eyes, their eyes were exactly your eyes, every unspoken expression, every tell-tale emotion, every detail of iris and pupil and white and vein, every blink, every glance. They looked you right in the eyes like they knew you, like they could read your mind, like they could anticipate your next thought even before you could think it. They looked you in the eye and forced you to look yourself in the eye. Not like looking in the mirror. More like you meeting yourself face to face and being stalked and haunted by your own face, your own gaze, your own stare, your own countenance, your own soul.

The creatures possessed super-human intelligence. They would hunt you down by some primeval instinct, as if they had known your every move your entire life. Once they found you, they would corner you and pry open your eyelids and stare you down until you pissed your pants or dropped a

deuce. They looked you in the eye to mark you. Every one of them that marked you would haunt you and you alone. The ones that had marked you were entirely fixated on you and became obsessed with you. They could not be distracted. Once they marked you, their faces would mimic your face and your every expression, whether they remained in sight of you or flew to the opposite side of the planet. It was as if they had peered into your very soul and had become telepathically entangled with your mind, like quantum entanglement, meaning whatever expression you made, the creatures that had marked you also made, simultaneously. Their faces reflected your countenance in every detail. They exposed you. There were hundreds of them for every individual person left alive on the earth, so, no, you did not get off lucky by hiding out until all the creatures had marked somebody else. There were more than enough to go around, and they would instinctively find you wherever you were, and they would get you. They would tunnel through concrete bunkers. They would pursue and attack pilots and passengers of jets. They would bore through the hulls of ships and submarines to get at the crews and passengers they were hunting. They did not hunt randomly. They knew exactly who they were hunting, and they absolutely would not stop until they had accomplished their mission.

After they marked you, they would attack you at unpredictable intervals and without warning. Sometimes they would attack immediately after marking someone. Sometimes they would locate you and mark you and then fly away only to come back days or weeks later to attack, as if deliberately

lulling you into believing or hoping they had forgotten about you. Sometimes, they would leave you alone for a while as others were being attacked around you, as if to taunt you by forcing you to watch what was happening to those around you who became prey. Sometimes, they would hunt a person in swarms. Sometimes, just one of them would ambush you when you least expected it.

Usually, one or two, or a small group of creatures would deliberately stalk you, not attacking immediately, but making sure you knew they were watching you every moment of every day and every night, staying right in your line of sight at all times, upping the fear factor until you went out of your mind, and then they would attack you. You could not shake them or lose them or fool them. If you sat in your chair and moved your body from side to side, one of them would be directly in front of you, staring you straight in the eyes, rocking from side to side in perfect synch with you, and anchored rock steady into the floor or the wall or your femur with those creepy, rebar-like legs of theirs. You could reach right out and grab one of these creatures with both hands and it would not flinch. It would do absolutely nothing but stalk you and stare at you until it decided to attack you, and it would give you no warning when that time came.

Somehow, for some reason, these creatures only went after those individuals who had opted into The World Order's Quantum Neuro-Frame Array. There was something about the Neuro-Frame Array that got these creatures riled up, as if the Neuro-Frame Array had molested them during their deep hibernation. The unique impact event that

disturbed their habitat seemed to have been masterfully orchestrated to unleash them at a point in mankind's mortal history when mankind had persisted in waging war against every virtue under the sun, right down to an individual and personal level. These creatures were doing nothing less. But their targets were individuals who had become utterly devoid of virtue. Their targets were those who waged war against virtue. Their targets were those who refused to defend virtue. These creatures could smell a rat. They could smell the filth of your indulgences. They could sense the corruption, pride, envy, deceit, and devious intentions of your heart like a homing beacon. It attracted them like rotting garbage attracts flies.

They attacked with the same venom they used for chemically boring their way through solid rock. So, yes, it hurt like hell. The regenerative attributes of which you had availed yourself via the Neuro-Frame Array may have once been your greatest asset for longevity, giving you what The World Order had been peddling as immortality. But, now, that same asset had become your worst liability. The regenerative functions of the World Order Neuro-Frame Array you so covetously opted to indulge were ensuring you did not die. The venom of the creatures would torment you without relief. The pain was so excruciating and unbearable that you would want to kill yourself by any means possible, but your pain was so debilitating that you could not even think straight to do it even if you had the means at your disposal.

Don't bother looking to The New Messiah to bail you out of this one. The New Messiah was designed to keep you alive

and feed your every need in life, and heal you from all known ailments, including your own conscience. It was designed to make you a productive constituent of The World Order, to make you serve the elites who peddled this lifestyle, selling you on the idea that you could have everything you always wanted and avoid all the stuff you did not want just by simply opting in. By opting in, you got what you wanted while serving the cause of the elites whom you had allowed to convince you that they represented some greater good, when all along they just wanted you as their unwitting slave. You were their asset, just another cog in their wealth machine, just another subject in their power grab. The New Messiah was not designed to kill you. What a public outcry that would be. Imagine rumors that The New Messiah was killing its own constituents in an age where death and disease and aging had been eradicated. Furthermore, the elites were not about to allow rumors to spread that people desperate to opt out, should such a demographic actually emerge, could opt out by getting The New Messiah to assist in suicides. That would not only fuel a resistance and a martyr complex; but more importantly, it would deprive the elites of perfectly productive slaves and component nodes that empowered the Neuro-Frame Array. Remember, the Neuro-Frame Array was everyone who had opted in, so the more who opted in, the more powerful the Array; all part of the allure at first, but all part of the trap in the end. But that's beside the point, now. The creatures posed a completely unknown and unanticipated situation for which The New Messiah had no reference or response other than to attempt to preserve your functionality

at the expense of your comfort. The fundamental protocol to which you were not privy was, after all, to preserve the interests of the elites, not to preserve your comfort, should the two ever conflict.

The creatures struck you with their tails, bending their abdomens downward and forward like a wasp while in flight, stabbing you with their hollow tail spike like a big stinger, pumping a shot of their caustic venom into your flesh, or into solid bone if they hit bone. If they wanted to attack you while they were crawling across the ground, the creatures would bend their abdomens upward and forward, like a scorpion. They were lightning fast. You could not outmaneuver them no matter how hard you tried. In one violent jerk, they would sink that spike into you with a resounding thud! Your life would never be the same again.

Once they struck you, the effects were maddening. The venom caused your muscles to contract so violently they would break your bones and rip your tendons. The venom caused a pain worse than having your whole body covered in third degree burns. Your broken bones and torn tendons and pulled muscles felt like raw amputations. Your blood pressure went out of control and muscle spasms created such intense localized hemodynamic overpressures that blood was squeezed out of the pores of your skin, shooting out in pulses like thin sprays of red mist. Your brain bled inside your skull, pressurizing it, giving you a migraine that could kill an elephant. You wished you were dead, but you could not die. You could not even pass out. The venom interacted with the Neuro-Frame to create a super-stimulant effect in addition to



the regenerative processes that kept repairing your nerves and tissues as fast as the venom corroded them, subjecting you to progressively exacerbated agony. You were wide awake and fully conscious the whole time. A tanker load of morphine and muscle relaxants would not even begin to quell your agony. Nothing would. Nothing could.

Not only were the physical torments unbearable, but the effects on the mind and on the soul were far worse. You did not hallucinate; you did not get the luxury of an escape from reality. You remembered. The venom did something to the primordial interface between your mortal mind and your spirit, as if to selectively part the veil that protected you from the harrowing memories of the war on Antecedeon. In other words, you got flashbacks that made the most severe cases of post traumatic stress seem like daydreams about your favorite girl. You lost your mind and you knew it, you felt it, you remained alert and aware of every acute detail of your condition. No matter how well grounded and educated and rational and tough you had been, you snapped. You broke. You saw yourself. You were fixated on the depths of the agony of your condition and the harrowing recollection of the war against you on Antecedeon. You could no longer function in any capacity; you were rendered entirely useless, a wasted soul, utterly confounded. The days of Babel during which the languages of Earth's inhabitants had been disrupted several millennia prior paled in comparison. Your screams were unintelligible gibberish to anyone who could hear you. Not that anyone even noticed you, unless they had

not yet met their own day of reflection at the business end of these creatures.

If you happened to be in the precursory period of sheer terror, having been marked and stalked, anticipating an attack while witnessing attacks on others first hand, you got a preview of what you were going to face. Few things are more terrifying than witnessing a fellow human being writhe helplessly in the agony of merciless torture while anticipating being afflicted with the same torture. Once the screaming started, you would seek death more desperately than you had ever sought anything in your entire life, but you would be powerless to obtain it.

The tormenting effects of the venom lasted up to five months from the time you were stung by one of these hideous monstrosities that had been puked out of the bowels of the earth. The creatures simultaneously dropped dead five months after they had swarmed over the earth's surface. No warning, no gradual decrease in activity, no hint of letting up. They all just died. It was as if their kind had been given exactly five months to accomplish a very specific purpose; five months, not a day longer. Their entire species went extinct, just like that.

If you were one of their least fortunate prey who had been stung at the beginning of their infestation, then you spent a full five months of your life writhing in unspeakable agony of body and mind and soul, wishing you were dead but being unable to procure the luxury of death. The painful effects of the venom were unmitigated by the regenerative capabilities of the Neuro-Frame Array. Ironically, it was the

Neuro-Frame Array that exacerbated the effects of the Venom. Had any of these creatures stung an individual who had not opted into the Neuro-Frame Array, that individual would have died almost instantly with comparatively little pain, as the body would have just dissolved in seconds.

The cessation of the venom's effects was not due to the mollifying abilities of the Neuro-Frame Array, but rather due to the genetic properties of the venom itself. Its potency was somehow linked to the life of the specific creature that had produced the venom. The venom was specifically formulated to affect only the individual marked by that particular creature. The venom would have been nothing more than physically caustic to anyone not marked by that creature. But that was of no consequence, since each creature instinctively hunted down and marked only one specific individual, and then stalked and attacked only that individual for the duration of the creature's five-month mission of terror. The creatures and their venom had an intimate, personal connection to their prey; nothing random. As soon as a given creature expired, the venom it had injected into its prey went completely inert. The same thing happened to any unused venom remaining in the creature's venom glands.

Researchers took samples of the inert venom, both from victims and from the carcasses of creatures. Nobody could reverse engineer the venom or its effects. Under a microscope, even under the most advanced quantum microscopes and spectroscopy, the venom appeared completely transparent and contiguous, revealing no discrete particles at any level of magnification. Microspectroscopic

analysis revealed nothing; no continuous spectra and no discrete emission line spectra or absorption line spectra. The inert venom emitted no energy and absorbed no energy at any wavelength, as if it simply did not exist. But, it definitely existed. You could handle and feel the inert venom. Its viscosity was less than that of water at room temperature; it was a thin, tasteless, odorless fluid, but it was, for all intents and purposes, invisible. No one could uncover even the remotest hint of how it worked or what it was. Nobody could learn anything about its original composition or how it did what it did to the materials of the earth or to the human body and mind and soul. It remained a completely unanswered mystery, a mystery to which mortal man was simply not privy.

Some reclusive, independent scientists in hiding outside The World Order speculated privately amongst themselves that the venom in its inert state may have shared some fundamental traits with whatever might be the fluid that flows in the cardiovascular systems of resurrected human beings. However, they had no evidence to support the thought, so they left it and went on to other musings, supposing such a notion might be stretching things a bit.

The global infestation of the horrifying, nameless creatures should have been taken as a sign, a foreshadowing, and a dire warning to everyone, particularly to members of The World Order. Every member of The World Order, including the new men, without exception, had been tortured to the point where they had wished for death but could not die to escape their pains or their shame. Every member of The World Order witnessed the sudden extinction of the

vermin that had tormented them. The year these creatures swarmed the earth was a year of chaos and confusion that exceeded any previous levels of distress among mankind on Earth. Not even the new men had anticipated the existence of such creatures. The creatures predated the exile of the New Order spirits from Antecedeeon. Though the creatures were only seen alive by mankind for five months, those five months were as close as mortal man had ever come to experiencing the reality of hell. The year during which those five months of hell on Earth transpired was the year that delineated the beginning of the darkest season of mankind's mortal presence on Earth. The New Messiah had been eradicated by the effects of the creatures' venom. Try as they might to get it back, the constituents of The World Order's Quantum Neuro-Frame Array were left without their false god. They were, however, still interconnected as nodes in the Neuro-Frame Array.

The World Order had become a colossal oxymoron. It was world disorder, a society of complete disarray. The World Order had been shaken so severely that all efforts to hunt down and recruit, indoctrinate, or extinguish the few pockets of independent factions left hiding outside its ranks was all but abandoned. Nihilism and tyranny reigned, born of modern liberalism and its opprobrious views and policies.

Gradually, fractured groups of World Order members, citizens of The Aggregated States of Sion, began to regain some semblance of social functionality, but they were not the same as before. They were exhausted, spent, awakening from a nightmare only to remember that the nightmare had

been real. They could not shake the shakes. They were feeble and jumpy, afraid of their own shadows, haunted by phobias about which they had once laughed, or which they never had supposed existed. They were heavily burdened under the insurmountable weight of personal guilt and the anguish of loss, but not the kind of guilt and anguish that makes one want to do better or make personal corrections. This was the kind of anguish and bitterness that comes from having your pleasures snatched away from you, and from getting caught and being exposed doing things you thought would remain secret. This was the anguish that comes from realizing it is too late to change things. That time had been extended and had passed.

People could no longer justify their procrastinations with the excuse that it is never too late to change. The time had come when it was indeed too late to change. The inhabitants of Earth could no longer find pleasure in their favorite vices or indulgences, yet they returned to such activities and behaviors because they had let such things define them; they had made such things their nature. Habit had nothing to do with it. They were way beyond habit. Mankind had no redeeming qualities left. None whatsoever. Those who had insisted on placing their faith and hopes on man had nowhere to turn and no foundation upon which to ground themselves.

Finding no more pleasure or excitement in their vices and indulgences, and having their minds and confidence and false hopes dashed, people everywhere turned on each other. The World Order never again saw order. It became a mess of conflicting political and social camps. Most groups engaged

each other in heated disputes over who had the most effective plans for restoring order and rebuilding global society. Other groups wanted nothing to do with a global society, but saw the prospect of global anarchy as an opportunity to grab some power and corner their own piece of sovereignty. They had no noble intentions of restoring any type of liberty. They were merely promoting their own particular brands of absolutism, like one gang of thugs against another, only these gangs had pieces of the most advanced technology ever developed on Earth. The Neuro-Frame Array made the disputes between these factions quite interesting to say the least.

It was more of a fight among the elites, while the common masses of The World Order were still pawns and puppets and slaves. But this time, they were being played against each other in mind control skirmishes as the elites fought amongst themselves and vied for majority control over the constituent masses.

Dust and debris and smoke had continued to hemorrhage violently out of what amounted to a giant exit wound at the North Pole from the last major impact event. While the unnamed creatures had been torturing the members of The World Order, the earth had been virtually bleeding to death. A veil of black mist had begun creeping through the atmosphere from north to south. Within a year after the last major impact event, the entire earth became enshrouded in blackness; literal, physical blackness in the atmosphere, as well as figurative blackness in the souls of men. The sun was never seen again.

In spite of the blackness covering the earth and blocking out the sun, the earth's surface did not cool. The sun's unstable and heightened activity and the absorptive properties of Earth's drastically reduced albedo combined to perpetuate global overheat conditions. But, this was not a clean, dry, open air, desert-like heat. The dense curtain of blackness that hung low in Earth's atmosphere wrapped the earth in a dark, thick, smoky, grimy, muggy climate, far worse than previously experienced.

In spite of the overall blackness, there was that ever-present flat-spectrum object shining brightly on the eastern horizon, visible from every vantage point on Earth simultaneously, rock steady, never moving, never flickering, still visible exactly where it had appeared at the beginning of the 21-year calm. That was some 40 years ago at this point.

Earth was a landscape of corruption and conflict and devastation and rage. Opposing factions gathered up whatever weapon systems had not been rendered useless by the numerous overlapping calamities of recent years. The false pretense of world peace had evaporated. People prepared for all-out war. But, they fought not for freedom or any worthy cause. They fought only for what they could take or what they could destroy or for nothing more than insatiable bloodlust, hatred, and demonic cravings to inflict pain. The various proponents of reorganizing the global society, though hotly disagreeing on how to carry out the reorganization, did agree that global society should be reorganized. On this common ground, they agreed to unite against the smaller set of factions who clamored for their own



sovereignty. The state of world affairs had become nothing more than a cluster of big, high-tech gangs against a clot of little, high-tech gangs, with individuals and small groups interspersed randomly, running wild. It was every man for himself, or rather, every person for itself.

The scant pockets of outsiders evading the clutches of the remnants of The World Order were powerless to affect any significant change. They resorted to merely hiding and staying out of the way, like strangers in a bad sector of town avoiding the clashes between the rival gangs that owned the streets. At this juncture, you could no longer assume that these outsiders who had avoided The World Order represented any shining glimmer of virtue or any last bastion of hope. No. They had avoided the vices and indulgences and immoral practices and corruptions of The World Order. They had been hunted for their values and beliefs. They had not participated in the heinous crimes and atrocities committed by The World Order. But, these outsiders had become negligent in living up to what they had long known and professed to be important. They had committed sins of omission. While they had occupied their time with honest and harmless endeavors and had been engaged in numerous wholesome activities, they had ignored the priorities of eternal impetus. They had deteriorated to merely surviving. While they were never outright evil, they had more or less abandoned the proactive principles of truth upon which they had once firmly stood. They had relinquished their firm resolve and had embraced mediocrity. Their most noteworthy achievement had become merely remaining aloof of The World Order and its

pernicious, diabolical practices. At this point, no one on any side was founded upon principles of nobility, liberty, justice, or mercy. It was a global Charlie Foxtrot! And modern political liberalism had caused the worst of it. It was the modern liberal mindset that had vigorously campaigned to remove individual agency, just as had been attempted on Antecedon. Warning after warning had been given throughout history, but nobody learned a thing. Those who had professed the importance of freedom had been negligent. Those who should have and could have preserved liberty had not stood firm against the cancerous spread of modern liberalism. They let modern liberalism escalate to its inevitable end, namely unbridled nihilism and global despotism. It was really that simple. But, people are stupid. Why else would they be compared to sheep?

The confusion and the discord among the Neuro-Frame Array nodes, meaning the people of The World Order, had all but nullified Remote Real Matter Rendering for the use of forming complex weaponry. What one group would try to realize, another group would attempt to interrupt or remotely confiscate. The nature of the ensuing conflicts was a mixture of technology and sorcery. Partially formed objects would fade or flash in and out of view like random strobes all over the globe as minds hacked against each other and tossed matter and energy about, like drunken brawlers throwing whatever they could at each other, like looters taking whatever they could from each other.

The salvaging and hoarding of leftover arsenals of previous eras were among the most feverish frenzies of the

day. Given the difficulty of physically annihilating people who had opted into the regenerative effects of the Neuro-Frame Array, tactical and strategic nuclear weapons and a host of more recently developed directed-energy weapons and placed-energy weapons and anti-matter weapons were at a premium. The most coveted weaponry and techniques included anything powerful enough to supersaturate the Neuro-Frame Array's individual regenerative processes and permanently annihilate a node, a node being a person who had opted in. While destroying nodes would supposedly weaken the Array and thus weaken the influence of individuals linked within the Array, many had caught onto the fact that the weakening of the Array was not immediate, due to the temporal displacement of the constant, minimum trickle storage of metabolic and thought energy drawn from each living node. They figured out that the flashlight did not go out or go dim as soon as a battery was removed, so to speak. They surmised that at some point it might go out, but since nobody knew when or how abruptly, it seemed highly advantageous to annihilate as many competitors and opponents as possible and be among the few remaining while the Array still functioned for however long it would function as if at fully populated capacity.

Some individuals had learned how to apply the Neuro-Frame Array to remotely generate anti-matter particles of extremely small mass, like positrons, which are anti-electrons. At first, people experimenting with this concept tried directly generating individual positrons inside the mass of a selected target, hence the term placed-energy

weapon system. You were not shooting a beam of energy at a target. You were placing a concentration of energy or matter directly inside the target, without any entry point. At first, this process was only mildly effective, as it was difficult for one individual to generate enough positrons inside the target to get an appreciable annihilation of the target mass. If the target was a human being, and that human being happened to be savvy at applying the Neuro-Frame Array in defensive and counter-offensive operations, then the target could attempt to counter-teleport the positrons back to the source if the positrons had not been targeted to precisely coincide with individual electrons. Had the positrons been targeted precisely to coincide with individual electrons, there would be no time for counter-offensives. The positrons and electrons would mutually annihilate instantaneously. It was quite a feat to teleport a positron to the exact location of an electron. Usually, the individual teleporting a positron into a target mass was only capable of getting a positron into the general volume of a target mass. Then, the motion of surrounding electrons would naturally result in a collision some miniscule fraction of a second after the positron had been deposited into the target mass. That spilt second between positron introduction and positron-electron collision was enough time to allow the Neuro-Frame Array to detect the positron presence and initiate a counter teleportation traced back to the source or relayed to an entirely different target.

This manner of warfare and other similar manners of warfare literally involved battles of mind over matter at subatomic scales and at the speed of thought. Distance and

physical fortifications were not factors in the effectiveness of this type of warfare. Whenever positrons and electrons mutually annihilated in a target mass, that portion of the target mass would burst in a flash of gamma radiation. Damage was exacerbated by collateral irradiation and ablation of surrounding tissues. Usually, targets were only partially annihilated in these types of skirmishes. The result was people of various levels of corporal integrity writhing around with cavities burnt inside them and portions of missing body parts and various levels of burnt and blistered flesh or charred bones.

An easier and more widely used method of placed-energy warfare was to teleport microwave energy into a target mass. The process took longer, depending on how much energy was being placed inside the target, and depending on the mass of the target, and various other factors. The result was usually the same. A targeted person might be going about daily business, completely unaware, and then suddenly, the target would start screaming in pain just before exploding like a bloody sack of pressurized hamburger. The target's head might rupture like an egg in a microwave oven, or the target's abdomen might swell and burst like a pressurized balloon as blood and innards boiled, or bones might char and crumble or burst apart as they cooked the flesh around them. A femur might explode like a pipe bomb. Metacarpals and phalanges might detonate like small sticks of dynamite. A skull might act like a shell of plastique, imploding the brain or pressure cooking it so fast it would expand explosively and force the

eyeballs to shoot out of their sockets like slugs out of a double barrel shot gun with a resounding POP!

The brain-propelled eyeball technique was actually adopted as a popular assassination tactic by individual nodes acting alone, in cases where both the assassin and the mark were to be executed simultaneously in close quarters with minimal collateral damage. The node, or operator, could remotely visualize and manipulate an assassin through the Neuro-Frame Array. The operator could be on the other side of the earth. By tapping the visual cortex and motor cortex of an assassin's brain, an operator could see through an assassin's eyes while remotely exercising thought control amplified via the Array to move an assassin who had access to an intended mark into close, face-to-face proximity to the mark. The operator could then remotely place microwave energy to detonate the brain of the assassin, launching the assassin's eyeballs straight into the eye sockets of the mark, causing fatal brain damage. Two for one! Many applied this tactic and similarly gruesome and cruel tactics without any cause whatsoever, other than to satisfy personal bloodlust as if it were a sport or a game. Often, such tactics became lucrative spectator events around which significant wealth and booty were wagered. Anyone who could did.

The regenerative effects of the Neuro-Frame Array reconstituted some targets if the damage was not immediately fatal. However, the regenerative capacity of the Neuro-Frame Array was eventually hampered by the loss of nodes and the redirection of Array energy to numerous high-demand operations that required humungous amounts of power.

At some point, way back before Johnny and Sasha had repaved a mile-long stretch of four-lane with their puréed corpses, somebody had figured out how to tap a proton to get an eruption of positrons without diminishing the mass of the proton. The technology appeared to defy the scientific principles of conservation of energy. Nevertheless, it worked, and it was the basic technology behind the zero-fuel positron pulse plugs Johnny had used in his car. However, this was a far more advanced and malevolent application of that technology. Upon teleporting a single photon of light at a precise energy level directly into a proton, the proton would spew out a deluge of positrons in every direction, releasing far more energy than what had been initially introduced by the single, precisely placed photon of light. The energy level of the photon of light had to be exact, or no positron production would result. It was an all-or-nothing type of reaction.

This concept, used as a weapon system, was among the most potentially devastating weapon systems ever developed on Earth. A single individual with proper knowledge and skill could apply the Neuro-Frame Array to teleport a single photon, at the precise energy level, into a proton within the mass of a target, and the eruption of positrons would mutually annihilate an equal number of surrounding electrons in the target mass. The resulting burst of gamma radiation would irradiate surrounding tissues and cause secondary tissue damage of various degrees of severity, none of which were pretty. Partial target eliminations were still common, but a far greater number of targets could be attacked with far less

possibility of the target having any ability to counterattack or recover from the attack. There was no delay time between the introduction of the photon of light into a proton and the eruption of positrons out of the proton. The distribution of the erupting positron cloud could be predicted and controlled based on visualized intent embedded within the photon by the mind of the operator. This was one of the capabilities derived from body-spirit interface experiments that had been ongoing in secret. The ability to endow an individual photon with an intelligent intention and the ability to propagate the realization of that intention was just one example of the marriage between technology and sorcery in the wrong minds and hands.

To counter such an attack, the target would have to apply the Neuro-Frame Array to identify every positron yielded by the eruption and counter teleport each of them before they could collide with any electrons in the target mass. Such a feat was practically impossible, given the chaotic and surging demands being placed on the Neuro-Frame Array, and given the overwhelming amount of positrons simultaneously erupting within the target mass.

One of the challenges and secrets of this technology was finding that elusive, exact energy level that must be imparted to the photon of light being placed inside a proton to cause positron eruption. That exact energy level was not common knowledge. Those few who had discovered it were among the elites and the new men. They possessed high-level security clearances within the Neuro-Frame Array. They were not about to share their discoveries or their security



protocols. Any attempts to hack them had already been anticipated and preempted, and would likely backfire with catastrophic consequences.

Among the latest advanced weapon systems was a remote, placed energy, selective anti-personnel system aptly called the Charlie Foxtrotter, or CF'er for short. The CF'er was the ultimate non-invasive stealth weapon. A live target node of the Neuro-Frame Array could only detect its deployment by observing the results of the deployment fractions of a second after it had begun, and too late to prevent or counter the effects. The CF'er yielded no explosion or burst of energy, and thus left no signature radiation or debris. It was great for surgically removing a target embedded in a delicate environment where collateral effects or contamination of the target environment needed to be minimized.

The CF'er was an implosion system that used teleportation to concentrate energy into such extreme densities that it acted as tightly compacted matter creating a singularity. That singularity could be remotely generated by visualization and delivered via the Neuro-Frame Array. Due to the dilution of the Neuro-Frame capacity caused by so many conflicting attempts to tap the Array, no single individual could focus sufficient energy to deploy a CF'er. However, several dozen individuals could be volunteered to serve as a CF'er deployment crew. These crews seldom had any idea what was really going on, and they were not about to be informed by those who were volunteering them for the task. The selected crew could successfully deploy a CF'er if

they could be forced to concentrate and focus on the same target at the same time long enough. Crew members just assumed they were having waking nightmares about each other and the target.

The advantages of a CF'er did not come without a price, however. This was no plug and play system. You did not just point and shoot, or acquire and deploy. It was not that simple. Deployment of a CF'er required a precise and intense team effort, and was invariably followed by a nasty aftereffect. The backlash of deploying a CF'er was maddening. It caused everyone on the deployment crew to turn on each other and never recover; hence the nickname Charlie Foxtrotter. The term was coined not because of what it did to the target, but because of what it did to those who deployed the weapon system.

CF'er deployments were only used to strike the most high profile targets, and only when other options were deemed too risky. Deploying a CF'er resulted in irreversible psychosis affecting whoever participated in the deployment. The permanent and total insanity of those who deployed a CF'er translated into the effective loss of multiple Neuro-Frame Array nodes, which would eventually weaken the Array. Since the Array was already weakening, such sacrificial deployments were few and far between; but if the target was deemed imperative, and the cost of leaving the target intact would exceed the cost of weakening the portion of the Array controlled by the faction deploying the CF'er weapon system, then it would be deployed.

Of course, World Order constituents were the ones who were volunteered to deploy the CF'er. The elites would simply select the target and then direct or manipulate the volunteered constituents to deploy the weapon system. After the deployment, the volunteered constituents would be abandoned to hunt each other down and rip each other to pieces with their bare hands and teeth for the duration of their lives. That could theoretically last indefinitely, as long as their Neuro-Frame regenerative systems kept healing them as fast as they tore each other apart. It made for a perpetual scene of mutual distrust and grotesque, unnatural, unspeakable violence and carnage spattered about the world.

A CF'er had an interesting effect on a target. Basically, a CF'er generated a tiny, instantaneous singularity, like a black hole, inside the mass of the target. However, the target, or a significant portion of the target's mass, would not merely gravitate into the singularity like you might think of matter getting pulled into a black hole. Instead, the target mass within a radius proportional to the energy used to generate the singularity would be teleported all at once into the singularity. Then, in an instant, the singularity would evaporate in a random spatiotemporal displacement, taking all the ingested matter of the target with it and returning zero matter or energy into the target's ambient environment. In other words, the mass of the target consumed by the CF'er singularity would be randomly dispersed through space and time; or maybe not so randomly. The combined mass of the target and the singularity were precisely redistributed back to the sources of the energy that created the singularity, those

sources being the very same constituents who had deployed the CF'er.

The mass of the target and the mass of the singularity were somehow combined and then divided among the minds of those who deployed the weapon. The randomness was not in the spatial redistribution of the mass, but in the temporal redistribution of the mass. Not all the mass was displaced back into the deploying constituents at the same time. Small portions of the mass would flash randomly among past, present, and future inside the brain of each individual who had participated in the deployment of the weapon.

The mass was embedded with the complete life sensory experiences of the target. All that sensory information was superimposed onto the minds of the deployment crew and replayed randomly, as if in past tense, present tense, and future tense within their minds. It tore their minds up. It was like their identities had merged with each others' identity and with the identity of their target. The entire life of their target seemed to be happening to each of them, all in an instant, as if the target's entire life were the present moment. Then, it would shift and seem as if their lives and the target's life had been a memory of a distant past, with no sense of present and no future whatsoever. Then, it would shift again and seem as if their individual lives would become what the target's life had already been, right up to and including the target's termination, which from this perspective had not yet occurred. In other words, at times it would seem as if they saw themselves as the target, envisioning their own deaths as the target's death while simultaneously seeing themselves as

the instruments of that death. It was surreal. The deployment crew lost all ability to discern between their lives and their target's life. They lost all concept of past, present, and future. Everything kept jumping forward and backward. The outward effect was to drive these individuals into an agonizing and constant state of violent psychosis in which they fixated entirely on each other in uncontrolled fits of rage, as if blaming each other and being blamed by each other and by the target.

The mass and the pains and the fears of the victim, the target, were returned back to the deployment crew and multiplied by a factor proportional to the mass of the singularity they had generated to terminate the target. No one knew why this occurred, or how. It defied science. But then, these days everything was defying science. No one knew what to believe anymore. You could not even trust your own senses; they might not even be your senses, but somebody else's, somebody's inadvertent or deliberate transference of sensory stimulus over to you via the Neuro-Frame Array. If sensory transference had been deliberate, there may or may not have been a reason for it. It may have been as senseless as vandalism. It may have been as involuntary as a glitch in an ailing relic of technology.

When a CF'er was deployed on a human target, the singularity occurred instantaneously, but the secondary effects of mass collapsing into the void left behind took an agonizing split second to complete. Imagine you were a target. This is what might happen to you: the instant the singularity would form inside your body, a spherical void would appear where

part of your body used to be. The singularity would vanish in the same instant it appeared. Whatever matter had been encompassed by the spherical void surrounding the singularity would be gone, vanished, leaving behind no trace. The rest of you and the ambient atmosphere around you would collapse violently into the void, pulling mass from your innards, ripping your flesh from the inside, like an invisible vacuum inside your chest or your gut, or wherever the deployment crew had envisioned the placement of the singularity. You would have no idea what was happening to you. You would have no warning. You would have no time to scream, and you would be unable to scream, anyway, as a large portion of your lungs would likely vanish, and air would be sucked into your mouth and nose as you abruptly crumpled and shriveled like a raisin. Your muscle tissue would be torn from your bones and pulled into the center of the void. Your remaining skeletal structure would collapse during the split second you remained alive. You would be stricken with an unutterable and instant surge of horror as your appendages would be yanked into the void where your gut used to be, sucked like spaghetti into ball, along with your spine and neck and head. By now, you would likely be dead. Your brain matter would be sucked out of your skull through your neck, brain stem first, then brain, and then your eyes would be sucked into your skull cavity and out the bottom of your skull as your bones and remaining skin and remaining organs and tissues would all crush together like a bloody paper Mache and fall with a wet, resounding splat onto the ground where you had been standing.

Some collateral matter such as the corner of a desk, part of a wall, ceiling, or floor, or even a hand or arm or piece of gut from somebody in close proximity to you would vanish if encompassed by the circumference of the void surrounding the singularity. If the singularity was massive enough to carve a void out of space-time that fully encompassed you, there would be nothing left of you. Of course your spirit did not cease to exist, but there would be nothing left of your body; your corporal mass would be dispersed in space-time. No one could anticipate the shock your spirit would have felt upon having its body of flesh and bone ripped away from it in an instant. If it were possible for a spirit to feel physical pain, this would have to be excruciating.

Occasionally, partial implosions resulted when deployment crews were too small or could not be influenced to hold the same vision of their targets long enough. That was messy; weird and messy; people turned halfway inside out, a head sticking out of a pelvis, limbs joined like starfish. Forensics agents unfamiliar with CF'er weaponry were baffled by the peculiar patterns of carnage. Over-implosions were just as puzzling; pieces of surrounding objects and people vanished with no explanation.

Immediately following the expiration of the singularity, the deployment crew, wherever they were, would begin hunting each other down and attacking each other like rabid dogs. To an uninformed observer, there would be no evidence to correlate the implosion of a target in one location with the violent outbreak of group psychosis somewhere else on the earth.

The Reorganizers ganged up on the Sovereigns, and the most physically destructive war in the history of mankind's mortal presence on Earth ensued. The global war between those who sought to reorganize global society and those who sought to retain independent sovereignty within their own groups had been brewing for quite some time following the decisively debilitating plague of nameless vermin that had mysteriously appeared and then mysteriously gone extinct. But, notwithstanding several years of escalating tensions, as soon as widespread targets began vaporizing in flashes of gamma radiation, and secondary mushroom clouds lit up ghostly, glowing fireballs in the veil of darkness, it was not a long and protracted war. It was sudden and devastating. The war supersaturated the regenerative processes of the Neuro-Frame Array. Over four billion human lives ended like flashbulbs going off all over the world. It was the largest and most abruptly accumulated body count of any single war in Earth's history. Miraculously, or conveniently, the new men were not among the body count. The new men were expending their pawns indiscriminately. The new men were clearing the board and posturing themselves according to their own hidden agendas.

The remnants of society left alive on Earth never fully recovered. In the aftermath of the war, which was a war without name as it had been a war without equal, the remnants of Earth's inhabitants were battered by more ferocious and unnatural upheavals of nature. Unnatural upheavals of nature, an oxymoron for sure, but what else could you call it?



Terrestrial lightning events were most severe within super-squalls. As the term implies, a super-squall was a cluster of cumulonimbus super-cells that merged together into a vast volume of the atmosphere. You may have heard sailors and pilots tell of squall lines, where thunderstorms form in a line at the leading edge of a cold front as it plows through warm, humid air. Squall lines were once considered among the most dangerous of weather phenomena. But, next to these mystifying super-squalls, a typical squall line may as well have been a row of rats farting.

Super-squalls typically towered more than 180,000 feet above sea level and covered expanses of thousands of miles. Cloud-to-cloud and cloud-to-ground super-bolt lightning ripped apart regions of the atmosphere, causing pressure gradients intense enough to induce winds and shock waves akin to that of nuclear detonations. The associated thunder shattered structures and ruptured eardrums miles away from the lightning.

What made it worse was the fact that you could not see a thing. Everything was embedded in muggy blackness. Often, you could not even see the glow of the lightning unless you were close enough to be blown apart by it. The only thing visible was that inexplicable flat-spectrum source of light on the eastern horizon. Just how it was visible through all the blackness and obscurity that had besieged the earth was still a complete mystery, although it should have been intuitively obvious.

Under a super-squall the sky was absolutely black and palpably thick. Cloud tops rushed skyward on fierce,

convective updrafts. Far more violent upsurges, propelled to supersonic speeds by massive, low altitude lightning bursts, lofted moisture and weather phenomena into the upper regions of the atmosphere, often exceeding altitudes of 240,000 feet above sea level.

Just to illustrate the significance of this, consider that it was once taught in science classes that weather events were confined to the lowest region of the atmosphere called the troposphere, and that the troposphere only extended up to a maximum altitude of about 55,000 feet above sea level. That height occurred at the tropics and equatorial latitudes, and during certain seasons, such as monsoon seasons. Generally the troposphere only reached about 36,000 feet above sea level. It used to be extremely rare for even a large thunderstorm to top out at anything above 60,000 feet, which was reaching into the lower stratosphere. Weather events pushing beyond the upper stratosphere were unprecedented. But precedent had been superseded decades ago. Super-squalls generated continent-sized fields of cumulonimbus cells punching straight through the stratosphere and topping out in the mesosphere.

Due to the Coriolis effect of Earth's spin and the dynamics of wind interaction in the super-squalls, gigantic mega-typhoons developed. Mega-typhoons would occasionally cover almost an entire hemisphere of Earth's surface and persist for weeks before dissipating. You've heard of the Saffir-Simpson scale of storm categories for hurricanes, ranging from category one up to category five. When sustained winds were encountered routinely exceeding the

speed of sound, the Saffir-Simpson scale was redefined. New storm categories were extended beyond category 10. Category 10 represented sustained surface winds of Mach 1.0, the speed of sound; about 760 miles per hour at sea level. Higher category numbers represented the Mach number of the maximum sustained surface winds in tenths of the speed of sound. Category 11 meant sustained winds were reaching Mach 1.1; category 12 was Mach 1.2, and so on. The record was a category 27, or Mach 2.7, about 2,000 miles per hour.

As if the sustained winds in a mega-typhoon were not bad enough, the word tornado simply does not do justice to what was spawned by super-squalls and mega-typhoons. Initially, there was not even a word for it. New words had to be made up for a lot of things in those days. Hyper-tornados made it necessary to rewrite the Fujita scale, the scale that represented the severity of a tornado, the scale that once topped out at F-5. New levels of severity were added, going beyond a level F-10. Similar to the mega-typhoon categories, a hyper-tornado labeled an F-10 had winds reaching Mach 1.0. Anything beyond that, the “F” number indicated the Mach number in tenths of the speed of sound. An F-11 had winds reaching Mach 1.1; an F-12 was Mach 1.2, and so on. The record was an F-63, with a core funnel tightly concentrated, about 50 feet wide, packing hypersonic winds at Mach 6.3, about 4,700 miles per hour. The outer funnel was miles wide. Such twisters and the abrasive grit they carried eroded and ablated solid rock. They carved canyons right down to bedrock, like somebody had taken a giant soldering iron and

burned out weird scribbling across hundreds of miles of terrain.

Hyper-tornados often developed in packs of several dozen to several hundred. Lightning snapped from funnel to funnel, and lightning flashed inside funnels as well. Concentric shear zones developed inside funnels, spawning eddies and secondary funnels that whipped around inside the walls of larger funnels. The effect was like a giant grinder, ripping apart and pulverizing anything being sucked into the main funnels. Spinning and twisting, long-duration lightning currents generated powerful electromagnetic fields and electromagnetic pulses. The hail that accompanied these monstrosities was as bad if not worse than the hail caused by effects of the cosmic storm before the 21-year calm. The noise was bone-rattling, deafening, terrifying.

In these violent terrestrial storms, it was not uncommon for moisture to be hefted into the upper atmosphere and held aloft, electrically charged, blown from one updraft to another, accreting more and more mass the longer it was flung about, until the resulting hailstones ranged from basketball size to house size. Some of these massive super-chilled hailstones found their way into supersonic hyper-tornados or packs of hyper-tornados. Hail was often thrown horizontally from one twister to another, getting tossed about in very unpredictable trajectories at extremely high speeds. In some of the worst cases, thousands of house-sized chunks of super-chilled ice were flung horizontally at speeds exceeding Mach two.

In addition to moisture condensing and freezing into hail directly, all kinds of debris were ripped up by

hyper-tornadoes. Debris was hurled everywhere, sucked up into the upper atmosphere, frozen solid, and then hurled back down and often flung horizontally at supersonic speeds. Cars, trucks, trains, ships, buildings, dumpsters, portable toilets, trash, trees, dirt, cattle, and people; entire cities were carved apart, mowed down, or ground into pulp. Bodies were ripped to pieces and spattered at Mach speeds across the landscape in torrents of blood and ice and bone fragments and urine and bile and feces.

A series of mega-typhoons driving the hailstorm to end all hail storms whipped across the globe like a giant shredder. Abrasive, dirty hail driven by fierce winds raked across the surface, pulverizing everything. People, livestock, vehicles, and debris were all hurled across the terrain, ground into chunks, and sucked upward by violent updrafts. Much of the debris, including people living and dead, was heaved into the upper atmosphere and frozen solid, held aloft and flung about for hours by ferocious winds and convection currents. Some were vaporized or blown to bits by lightning. Others were hurled back down by fierce downdrafts, micro-bursts, and macro-bursts. Many frozen corpses collided violently in mid air and shattered like stained glass. Ruddy hail was driven in sheets through the black, gritty, palpable, air as torrents of bloody corpse chunks pummeled the earth. Heads, torsos, arms, legs, frozen innards and their putrid contents rained down and bounced about. In many places, such morbid debris was hurled horizontally, like a volley of projectiles, propelled by fierce, howling surface winds.

Miles away from the direct effects of hyper-tornados, massive far-flung hailstones and projectile debris still traveling faster than the speed of sound slammed into neighboring populated areas. It was difficult to discern whether you were hearing and feeling thunder or whether it was a chorus of sonic shocks from hail and debris, or seismic impact shocks. People had limbs ripped off by hail impacts or secondary debris impacts, including body parts torn from other people. People sustaining direct impacts exploded, flinging bone splinters and tattered flesh through the air, spattering blood and bile and gastric sludge all over local accoutrements. The distant howl of wind and the rumbling ground drowned out the shrieks of terror.

One of the new men got hit square in the chest by a human head. It hit him so hard it mashed his sternum into his spine. His ribs splintered, and he popped like a ripe zit. So did the head that struck him. A genderless individual took a 700 mile per hour femur in the pelvis. The impact doubled the person over as the person's legs separated from its body and whipped upward, over its head, end over end like a tumbling boomerang. Its face slammed down onto the ground, splitting its skull wide open like a watermelon being dashed to pieces against a rock.

A twin-hull, anti-matter powered submersible aircraft carrier, one of the newer ones over a mile long and a half-mile wide, was hefted out of the water by fierce winds and flung sideways at several hundred miles per hour. It obliterated a large segment of metropolitan skyline and razed

a stretch of residential neighborhoods several miles through the city.

Hundreds of thousands of animals and people, some intact and others dismembered, along with tons of mangled debris were sucked up, whipped about and rained down in torrents miles away from where twisters had grabbed them. It rained mutilated cattle, humans, dogs, cats, buses, cars, tractors, trucks, asphalt, steel, concrete, toilets, refrigerators, washers and dryers, dumpsters, uprooted septic tanks, nuclear reactors, ships, practically anything imaginable. And it usually rained sideways. All this was made more terrifying by the fact that you could not see anything coming. Hail, debris, tornados, and lightning were embedded in the thick, dark, gritty, abrasive smog that blew like a sandblaster across the surface of the earth. Lightning at close range merely gave you a vague glimpse of whatever was about to slam into your ashen carcass as the lightning flash-fried you. If you were close enough to lightning to actually see it, you were too close to survive it. The air was pitch black, except for that flat-spectrum glow in the east just above the horizon. Conditions were such that you could see nothing but that glow and live.

A few jumbo airliners remained operational. Older legacy aircraft had been retrofitted with advanced, planar field laser foreign object damage mitigation systems. Such systems were designed to vaporize abrasive particulates and larger debris before such debris could be ingested into the engines. The planar field laser was a sheet of laser light rather than a beam of light. The sheet or plane of light was generated in the

aircraft engine intake ducts in such a way that all air and anything suspended in the air entering the engine had to pass through this sheet of laser light. Debris, even large debris like birds, hail, or human bodies, would be vaporized before being ingested into the engine. The vapor would pass through the engines right along with the air, without damaging the compressors or turbines or other components of the engines. Explosive overpressures caused by the vaporization of large objects would be vented through openings in the engine nacelles ahead of the intake fans or compressors. Variable geometry fan hubs were fitted ahead of the fans or compressors. These fan hubs could preempt overpressure damage by sliding longitudinally and expanding radially to block and redirect severe overpressures. Planar field laser systems were retrofitted onto legacy airliners that still used conventional jet engines. Similar impact damage mitigation systems were developed for the airframes. Advanced navigation systems allowed pilots to fly with synthetic vision directly displayed in the visual cortex of the brain. No need for windows.

Newer jet engines had no moving parts. You may have heard of ductless fans used in aircraft propulsion, but these newer engines were fanless ducts. They ran on electromagnetism using technology similar to the solid state hypercharger induction system on Johnny's custom modified 1967 Chevy Camaro, but on a more advanced and much larger scale. Fanless duct engines looked like regular jet engines, but with nothing inside, just an empty duct, open in front and back. The compressor blades, turbine blades,



stators, shafts, and other internal hardware were no longer needed and had been gutted out. These newer engines simply forced an electric current through the air in the intake and magnetically accelerated the air through the engine duct, like a high-volume particle accelerator or rail gun. This afforded a light-weight, efficient, simple, and versatile means of propulsion, easy to maintain and easy to replace. These newer engines had little need, if any, for complex and expensive foreign object damage mitigation systems. Particulates and debris would pass right through the engines and be shot out the back, like crap through a goose. These fanless duct engines were much quieter and produced far greater thrust than legacy jet engines. Two million pounds of static thrust from a fanless duct engine was common. Advanced airframe materials afforded frictionless surfaces and light-weight, elastic, virtually impenetrable skin. Nano-technology made self-repairing structures possible, as long as damage was within design tolerances. Gross, catastrophic damage would overwhelm the self-repairing structures.

Jumbo legacy airliners could carry up to 1,000 passengers per flight. Jumbo blended wing airliners could easily carry over 2,000 passengers on a single flight. Blended wing passenger accommodations were more like luxury cruise ships than airliners. The staterooms were plush and quiet and spacious.

Storms developed rapidly, without warning. Many airliners were unable to land before severe storms formed beneath them. Several jumbo legacy airliners were slammed from below by upward moving micro-bursts which were

concentrated, violent updrafts that ripped the wings off the planes and hefted the fuselages into the mesosphere. The torn fuselages abruptly depressurized. The terrified passengers exploded while still alive. Stomachs turned inside out and blew out of people's mouths as internal body pressures rapidly tried to reach equilibrium with the near vacuum of high altitude ambient atmosphere. Projectile vomit launched in every direction, lacing the rarefied air with the tangy, pungent scent of gastric acids. Lower bowels turned inside out as they erupted out of people's anuses with muffled percussion, leaving people's seat-belted carcasses jerking in the throws of a torturous death, perched upon bloody, malodorous blobs of innards, bile, and feces. Blood flew throughout the cabin, freezing on contact, forming a stucco texture. Innards slithered down the aisles as the fractured fuselages careened through the sky. Vomit, feces, urine, and bile from inverted stomachs and ruptured bowels and bladders textured the walls and imbued the fabric of the seats, soaking right through the underperforming, brand name fabric protectant.

All across the world, hyper-tornados drilled and carved canyons into the terrain like giant scribes. Immense lightning bolts ablated solid rock, flash-etching canyons of various sizes in many parts of the world. Forget about crop circles and their cryptic messages. The channels and chasms carved out by tornados and lightning discharges and earthquake fissures displayed an uncanny lack of randomness. It was as if some intelligent being were engraving the face of the earth with the hidden designs and secret deeds of Earth's inhabitants.

If viewed from above, through transient patches of thinning in the dark mists engulfing the earth, when the sun, though never directly visible, gave a dim, eerie, ambient glow, the stark patterns these events left in their aftermath spelled out or illustrated many secret acts of men in recent history, literally carved in stone, right through the bedrock. In the darkness, the ghostly glow of magma filled the deepest chasms, making many of the patterns carved into the earth glow as incandescent script, as if the earth itself were the parchment upon which mankind's affairs were written. The whole face of the earth was grotesquely deformed.

Suddenly, about 50 years after it had first been observed, the unidentified flat-spectrum glint on the eastern horizon finally did something. It became noticeably brighter. Its spectral signature began to emit an uneven distribution of wavelengths, intensifying the 650 nanometer to 1,000 nanometer wavelengths at a significantly more accelerated rate than all other wavelengths, though all wavelengths were intensified at a geometric rate. The asymmetric spectral intensification weighing heavily on the 650 to 1,000 nanometer bands gave the object a visible, blood-red brilliance coupled with intense infrared and near microwave radiation.

After half a century of being summarily ignored while in plain sight, causing little more than an initial stir of curiosity, after which it had been dismissed as nothing more than yet another strange and inexplicable phenomenon, no one took note of the fact that there was something unique about this peculiar light. This phenomenon had been silent, perfectly

still, unfading, unchanging, unmoved, and always clearly visible throughout all the tumultuous upheavals and the changes and the periods of darkness that had plagued the earth since this unusual light had mysteriously appeared on the eastern horizon.

This peculiar light's sudden and unexpected, exponential increase in brightness over a period of only a few minutes shocked people everywhere. What also shocked everyone was the mysterious squelching of the Neuro-Frame Array. It just went out. Poof! Gone! Not just interrupted, but completely annihilated. Earth's inhabitants were abruptly left to themselves, confounded, unable to communicate by any artificial means. Instantly, the world went from high-tech to no-tech. People were left to witness with their own senses what was occurring.

Everyone witnessed with naked eye as the mysterious light on the eastern horizon intensified and appeared redder in color by the minute. No longer could anyone ignore it, nor could anyone explain it. Everyone feared it. No one could hide from it. It illuminated the darkest corners of the deepest caves and tunnels and structures. The very ground beneath your feet seemed to become translucent red. The light penetrated the earth itself, making rocks, dirt, the whole ground glow and shimmer as if saturated with bioluminescent blood. Every liquid on the planet appeared to glow as if it were bioluminescent blood.

Dissolved minerals and impurities precipitated out of solution and crystallized at impossible rates. This had interesting and destructive geological ramifications, but such

effects were far more acute when forming deposits akin to broken glass within the tissues and organs of the body. It was as if this phenomenon were purposefully designed to be physically symbolic of spiritual impurities that suddenly concentrated within the conscience as the light pierced every soul to the core, without exception. Faded memories dulled by time and by artificial means snapped back with full clarity. The passive bliss of willful ignorance, slothfulness, and unbelief was replaced by unfettered lucidity, undiluted ignominy, and petrifying horror.

Tears, saliva, urine, bile, mucus, all took on the physical properties of blood. You gagged and vomited, sickened by the pasty, clay texture and bitter, coppery taste of your own saliva, as if every time you swallowed you were swallowing a mouthful of dead blood laced with shards of glass. You waxed incontinent, urinating from fright. You urinated blood, and you passed streams of kidney stones and bladder stones, many of which formed in mid-flow. The pain was indescribable. Your vocal cords resembled serrated needles or wire saws. You could utter no intelligible words. Screaming and wailing in agony was all you could do, and you could not refrain from doing so, even though the very act of screaming tore the flesh of your throat, as if your larynx were a blender or a shredder.

If you were scared into constipation, then you were more fortunate than those who had the manure scared out of them. They involuntarily defecated in terror, hemorrhaging blood out the anus like explosive diarrhea. Blood mixed with shards of crystallized minerals shredded the lower bowels and the

rectum the same way kidney stones tore through the ureters and the urethra, only bigger, like defecating a colon load of sea urchins.

The peculiar light became painfully red, excruciatingly bright to the eyes. It burned the subcutaneous flesh. It made you feel hot from the core out, like your blood and your innards were being boiled, like you were being cooked from the inside out. The infrared and microwave emissions fried your subcutaneous tissues and musculoskeletal structure and vital organs. The ultraviolet wavelengths started taking a visible toll on your skin, causing your skin to redden as if you were getting severe, accelerated sunburns over every inch of your body. The light seared right through your clothes like they were never there. You stumbled and fell, writhing in debilitating pain. Soon, your skin began to blister, and then it began charring as third degree burns began covering every inch of your flesh, including the parts where the sun does not shine. Yes, you literally got third degree burns up the ass and every where else. Every hair on your body was singed, scorched, ignited, and burned away. You wished you could die, but you could not. Not yet, anyway. Your clothes combusted violently, like dry paper in a bonfire. You were left with nothing but your charred flesh, naked and exposed. There was no shelter from this peculiar light. No dark basement in which to hide. No structure could cast any hint of a shadow.

This was no ordinary light. It was much more than mere electromagnetic energy. It carried detailed and specific information directly to your thoughts and memories.

It permanently and abruptly ripped the veil of Antecedeon away from your mind, exposing you to every detail from which you wished you could hide; it rekindled every memory in stark and undeniable clarity, every memory you wished you could forget; it uncovered all facts, undiluted by mortal rationale. It revealed in pure, irrefutable, unadulterated plainness, every truth you had tried to deny. It was as if the light itself were a flood of history, personal, private history as well as collective history. It uncovered every hidden act and secret intent of mankind, living and dead, since the beginning of man's mortal presence on Earth. It revealed with piercing sharpness the incontrovertible and eternal consequences of your persistent acts of indulgence in the vices of the world. You panicked as you understood all too late how the immediate gratifications you had sought throughout your life had accumulated a mounting debt against your mind and body and spirit. Your unrepentant decadence and your self serving rationalizations had sealed within your being the inexorable cravings and urges that accompanied such vices. But, at this point, you realized to your utter horror and eternal shame that there would never again be any means at your disposal with which to satisfy your urges or quell your cravings. Nor would there ever again be time or means for you to purge yourself of such tendencies. You had indulged and sought to justify your harmful, dishonest, immoral and unnatural tendencies for so long that you had not only defiled yourself with them but had defined yourself by them; you were forever stuck with them, and you could no longer hide or conceal anything. The time and means for learning to

control and overcome harmful, perverse, and immoral appetites and unnatural tendencies had been long extended and had abruptly expired. You were left to live out your own eternity panged by the addictions and appetites and tendencies you had so long fed and embraced, but which you could no longer fulfill. By your own contumacious decisions, against all common sense and sound principles and wholesome affections, you had sentenced yourself to perpetually hunger and thirst for that which you could never again experience. You felt like you were starving, and you could perceive the most satisfying foods all around, but you knew you could never eat again. You felt thirsty, but you knew a drink was forever out of reach. It was like craving a cigarette and never being able to smoke again. It was like being horny but unable to satisfy your sexual urges ever again. It was like being sentenced to a cold turkey drug cessation program and writhing in the throws of withdrawal, but unable to procure a fix. It was like wanting to shop and dine and mingle with sophisticated crowds in fancy settings but being forever shut out in the cold, naked, exposed, and alone, impoverished, publicly ridiculed, and unable to cry for help. It was like everyone could see you, but nobody would help you. You felt as if nobody cared about you, as if you no longer mattered. You saw how you had refused to care for others when you had been granted the time and the means to do so.

You yearned for the company and praise and flattery of family and friends and colleagues and associates only to discover that many of those same people had despised you and hated you secretly and had gossiped and plotted against



you behind your back. You realized you had been guilty of doing and thinking and intending the very same types of things you had been so quick to judge others for doing. Narcissism had consumed you.

You were the popular, good-looking bully who struck fear into those around you, but now you were the one in fear. To your eternal embarrassment, everyone saw you for the fugly, insecure, weak-willed sissy you always were. Your cover was blown. Your charade crumbled. The pains and humiliation of those you taunted, abused, cheated, or robbed returned upon you openly.

You may have been a public figure who had sought to push your own agenda on your constituents for your own gain and for your own fame. But, your fame had become notoriety. You had become a publicly exposed spectacle of all the dishonesty and corruption and conspiracy and murderous intent you had sought to conceal from those for whom you should have had compassion. You were exposed as the fraud you had been all along.

The strange light cast no shadows. It pierced you to the core of your soul. It could not be occluded or obscured by anything. It rendered solid walls visibly translucent without regard to material composition or density or thickness or depth. It not only became increasingly warm, and then hot, and then blistering and charring to the flesh, but it was searing to the conscience. Whether you were indoors or outside, it was the same. Though unbearably painful to the eyes, this light was not entirely blinding. It was as if the inhabitants who remained alive on the earth were supposed

to witness the things that were happening and about to happen, whether they wanted to or not.

The instant annihilation of the Neuro-Frame Array was like Moses releasing the Red Sea after he had held its waters apart. Like the waters of the Red Sea had come crashing back down on Pharaoh's armies, the weight of individual conscience that had been artificially deferred for so long came crashing back down upon every inhabitant left alive on the earth, and it came with its long accrual of compounded interest. Earth's inhabitants were left to face their own consciences without any artificial means of deadening their guilt. Payback's a bitch!

All of Earth's living inhabitants, without exception, were struck with such terror and with such humiliating realization of their own individual guilt that they stumbled like drunkards and fell to the ground, petrified with a fear that far exceeded the agony of their physical torment. They were utterly helpless, left to writhe and bewail their ignominious state.

Those individuals who had remained outside The World Order and had never opted into its Neuro-Frame Array were also struck with horror, but their guilt came not so much by what they had done, but rather by what they had not done but knew they should have done. Theirs was more a guilt of omission than guilt of commission. Their blood ran cold, and they felt as if their hearts had frozen and dropped to the pit of their stomachs. They were left breathless with horror as the piercing sting of conscience overcame them. They were shackled by the dreadful chains of total hopelessness as they realized with undeniable clarity and inescapable shame that

they had procrastinated beyond the point of recovery. It was too late to fix what should have been fixed. It was too late to begin doing what should have been ongoing. It was too late to do what should have already been done. The time for choices and correction was passed. This was the time of consequence. The time for causes was finished. The time for effects had arrived.

Then, there were those who were among the spirits of the one-third, The New Order, who had lost the war on Antecedeon but had manipulated their way into the flesh via Spontaneous Creation of Matured Human Life, the Maker Project. These spirits had possessed human bodies they had, in effect, created for themselves through the hands and minds of mankind. They had possessed those bodies as new men at a time late in history when all the spirits among the two-thirds who had retained their individual agency on Antecedeon had finished being born into mortal bodies; the time when there were no spirits left to be born who had a right to be born into bodies of flesh and bone. The New Order spirits, or in other words the new men, possessing human bodies procured via The Maker Project, were the most terrified of all. The new men realized their time had come to be forever ripped out of those bodies they had no right to inhabit.

They knew the time they had anticipated in utter trepidation was upon them, and they would, within moments be crushed into a singularity, confined in utter blackness from which there was no escape, tortured for eternity by indescribable agony as if being burned alive and forever unable to quench the fire. As the light in the east grew

brighter, these demonic souls shrieked and howled in fits of rage, convulsing violently, contorting and mutilating themselves into grotesque, hideous, unnatural disfigurement, clinging hopelessly to every possible sensation the flesh could afford, desperate to retain their hold on the bodies they had created for themselves through the manipulation and artistry of mankind. The new men, after all their feigned poise and charm and high-mindedness, were reduced to their own demonic and diabolical nature. They reacted like deranged, unruly children, refusing to give up the toys they knew they were never supposed to possess. They had played themselves as elite and dignified pillars of global society, positioning themselves at the highest echelons of The World Order. Now, however, they were reduced and exposed for what they had been all along. One might suppose nobody would care much at this juncture, what with everyone being consumed by their own guilt and their own pain as the intensity of the light seared them physically as well as spiritually. But, in fact, the exposure of the new men added to the agony of the rest of the inhabitants of Earth. The rest of the inhabitants of Earth shamefully acknowledged that they should have discerned and resisted or prevented such abominations, but they had instead allowed themselves to be led about by every whim and fancy these new men had dangled in front of them.

Just minutes after the strange light had begun its exponential intensification, all hell shook. A rapid-fire series of unnaturally fierce earthquakes originated deep below the floors of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans simultaneously. In a planet-scale staccato played in sub-bass octaves, the earth's

crust fractured, opening a gargantuan chasm running north and south nearly the entire polar circumference of the earth, practically splitting the planet's crust in half. The deafening crack of solid rock put the loudest thunderstorms to shame.

Screams of death and terror and agony rent the air in every fragment of population around the world. Terrified survivors were shocked and dumbfounded as they individually perceived their own names and their own deepest, darkest, dirtiest secrets and misdeeds uttered repeatedly by the reverberations of the deafening, thunderous cracking of the ground and the structures around them. This phenomenon was not an audible hallucination as many would have been quick to surmise. It was somewhat like when you look at a cloud formation and you perceive various shapes resembling animals or objects. But, instead of looking at clouds and seeing random shapes of animals and objects, you were hearing earsplitting, thunderous sounds and perceiving specific, personal, well articulated language being uttered about you and at you. This was not a matter of letting your imagination perceive random words amid ambient sounds. This was actually hearing your own name and your own shameful acts audibly synthesized with acute, unmistakable clarity, rendered by the deep, crisp, sonic percussions of fracturing bedrock and grinding rubble. There was nothing subtle or ambiguous about it. The sound pressure levels were excruciating. Eardrums ruptured, hemorrhaging profusely. Bones shook, teeth rattled, skin rippled. It was impossible to stand upright. While all this was occurring, there was no sun-block in the world that could prevent the scorching of

your flesh. There was no distraction or comforting influence that could dilute the searing of your conscience.

After your eardrums had been blown out, your mind's eye flashed with images of everything you had ever said or done or felt or thought or wished or intended or experienced or witnessed. Then, without missing a beat, every mind's eye flashed with the complete life experience of every other human being who had ever lived upon the earth. It was like getting an instantaneous flash download from every individual member of the human race ever to have lived upon the Earth, all at the same time, while simultaneously flash uploading your own personal life experience to every person who had ever lived on Earth; friends, family, strangers, past and present, all in an instant. The migraine headaches that ensued were unbearable. But this was not like information overload; it was not a rush of unintelligible, indigestible, incomprehensible data. It was not some mass trauma-induced hallucination. Nothing like this had ever occurred in the history of mankind on the earth. This was undeniably real, and you knew it. Everyone knew it. In some unexplainable way, all souls living and dead were enabled to perceive and understand and feel with unmistakable clarity every flash that flooded into their minds, all in a single instant. Then, just as suddenly as these flashes had started, they ceased. The awestruck inhabitants of Earth were left writhing in total recall, subjected to the full and scathing awareness of their own lives. They were also left to experience the unsupported weight of total, involuntary empathy for the lives of every man, woman, and child who had ever been born since

mankind was upon the earth. They were left to experience the conditions of the tumultuous world around them while squirming beneath these added burdens from which they were powerless to escape.

Beneath the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, the earth's crust breached violently from pole to pole. Ocean water and slurries of seabed sediments and shattered bedrock plummeted into gaping, cavernous voids in the earth's crust and below the crust. Continent sized pockets of oil and natural gas that had lain undiscovered for thousands of years were abruptly ripped wide open. Inrushing sea water forced oil and natural gas out of these pockets with eruptive force. Natural gas ballooned upward to the surface in a torrent of bubbles the size of large islands and small continents, causing tsunamis that dwarfed all previous tsunamis ever recorded. Crude oil ascended to the surface in thick, black, billowing masses the size of small continents, churning with natural gas and sulfurous eruptions.

Oil-laden tsunamis pummeled coastal regions around the globe. The ring of quakes that split the earth's crust forced vast regions of lowlands upward, creating titanic mountain ranges. The central and Midwestern regions of the North American continent, running from the Arctic Ocean, down through central Canada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and on southward through Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and neighboring states to the Gulf of Mexico all heaved upward, forming one contiguous mountain range so immense that it dwarfed the Rockies. Extruded peaks exceeded the height of the Himalayas and reached well

into the stratosphere. The unprecedented displacement of land mass and the opening of cavernous sub-sea pockets altered sea levels in ways no one had ever considered possible. No one had ever postulated a drop in sea level. At first, no one noticed. Tsunamis had been so overwhelming and enormous that in spite of the draining of the oceans, humungous swells heaved many miles inland.

Over a period of less than a day, ocean waters rushed into vast sub-sea voids and subterranean cave systems that had been opened by the quakes, causing sea level to drop thousands of feet. Water being heavier than oil created a unique and catastrophic change in ocean composition; the remaining liquid on the surface of the earth was almost entirely crude oil. The seas literally became black, like the blood of a dead man.

Yesterday, the earth was 71 percent covered by oceans of water. Today, the earth became a very different planet, a planet only 20 percent covered by oceans, and those oceans were oceans of crude oil. The atmosphere was mixed with humungous volumes of natural gas, and the muggy, blackened air reeked of sulfur and the coppery scent of blood. The earth was poised on the verge of becoming a planet-sized incendiary bomb.

Significant portions of Earth's mass were displaced dramatically and abruptly. Earth's rotation was altered as its center of mass shifted off-axis. The earth began whipping around like a wobbling top or a washing machine basket severely out of balance on spin cycle.



Then, things got weird. Abruptly and inexplicably, the whole atmosphere and space itself ripped wide open as if sliced like an orange peel along the equatorial plane, and then peeled violently toward the North and South Poles like opposing umbrellas turned inside out and rolled together from the edges toward the center. By some inexplicable means, each surviving human being and animal was held physiologically intact, fully conscious and alert, in spite of the nearly instantaneous drop in atmospheric pressure to a total vacuum. It was as if some intelligent being were emphatic that every living creature clearly behold and experience the fulfillment of a portent so profound and imperative that not even air itself should stand between them and it.

The moon was shoved northward and out of sight in a split second as if it were a toy. In a fraction of a second, the sun was bisected through its equator. In the same split second, the northern hemisphere of the sun was flattened northward into a plane, like a giant sheet of paper and then coiled up like a massive stain on an inside-out umbrella being rolled together from the edges inward, toward the earth's North Polar sky. The southern solar hemisphere was flattened southward at the same time, and also coiled up like a stain on an inside-out umbrella being rolled from the edges inward, but it was rolled toward the earth's South Polar sky. Earth's axis was shifted straight up and down, so the equatorial plane coincided with the ecliptic plane.

All the stars north of the ecliptic plane were flung northward as if some cosmic shock wave from below the ecliptic had blown them apart, scattering them like leaves.

A fraction of a second later, they were rolled together like dust particles in a horizontal tornado that encircled Earth's northern hemisphere like a cosmic torus. That cosmic torus of violently roiling stars was then abruptly compressed toward the North Polar sky like a convex, upside-down cone with its apex resting on the North Pole and its mass extending steeply northward and slightly outward. All the stars south of the ecliptic plane were flung southward as if some cosmic shock wave from above the ecliptic had blown them apart, scattering them like leaves. In the same fraction of a second, they were also rolled together like dust particles in a horizontal tornado, but this one encircled Earth's southern hemisphere like another cosmic torus. This cosmic torus full of stars was then abruptly compressed toward the South Polar sky like a convex cone with its apex resting on the South Pole and its mass extending steeply southward and slightly outward.

As these things occurred, all living beings on the earth could immediately perceive the source of the light on the eastern horizon. It was a man. They shuddered to realize that they knew exactly who he was, and they could not deny it even if they tried. He was someone they had known and long forgotten, or hated, or utterly ignored, or pretended never existed. They recognized him and dreaded him, for they knew that he knew them individually and intimately. They knew he was keenly aware of all their hidden acts of treachery as intimately as if they had committed their acts against him personally. Every living creature was stripped of utterance; their tongues were paralyzed, their minds seized.

When Moses parted the Red Sea, and Pharaoh's armies tried to follow the Israelites through the parted waters, Moses released the sea and it came crashing back in on Pharaoh's minions. That had been a foreshadowing of future events of much broader scope. After all, history tends to repeat itself.

Suddenly, the fabric of space that had been peeled open like opposing, inside-out umbrellas came crashing back. The stars were flung about like dust from a couple of cosmic blankets being slammed together. The sun's north and south hemispheres collided violently, sending an expanding, disc-shaped shock front outward along the ecliptic plane. In a few hours, it would slam into the earth like a cosmic tsunami of white-hot plasma.

Earth's filthy, contaminated, dark atmosphere came crashing back in from the Polar Regions toward the equator like two humungous tsunamis colliding head-on at supersonic speeds. Fierce winds whipped across the terrain in longitudinal directions with such ferocity and force that solid mountains were literally ablated and eroded away like sand dunes. Hundreds of thousands of people and animals were shredded like blood-soaked crepe paper in a sand blaster. As the atmospheric fronts collided along the equator, equatorial barometric pressure surged and crushed surface life and obliterated infrastructure like confetti. People in equatorial latitudes crumpled like ripe grapes, instantly shriveling into big, bloody, roughly human-shaped raisins. Animals met the same demise.

All the while, the intense light emanating from the man on the eastern horizon illuminated the earth with intense

red brightness. In the intense, penetrating light, the ground upon which you stood appeared increasingly transparent and red, revealing itself as a ghostly, frail crust, like a thin, labyrinthine structure of ice. You got the terrifying sensation that at any moment it might crack beneath you, leaving you to fall from a great height, a height of thousands of miles. You could see all the way through the planet to the other side, and you felt as if you would fall through it and burn up on your way down.

The fireworks began. No one knew for sure what sparked it off, or if it started in more than one region. Perhaps lightning, perhaps magma, perhaps collateral fires from demolished infrastructures, perhaps the suddenly intensifying light from the man on the eastern horizon, or a combination of ignition sources. Explosive flame fronts spread across the globe at supersonic speeds, razing what was left of mankind's presence on Earth's surface. Enormous walls of flame devoured nearly all organic matter in their path. Then, the solar shock front slammed into the earth, stripping away the atmosphere in a matter of seconds, ablating surface terrain, and knocking the earth out of its orbit.

The now blinding light radiating from the figure on the eastern horizon had intensified orders of magnitude brighter than the white-hot plasma engulfing the earth, orders of magnitude brighter than what used to be the sun on a clear day. Light emanating from that exquisitely brilliant being on the eastern horizon shone through the very particles of matter, leaving nary a hint of a shadow. It filled all voids as if it were a weightless, frictionless fluid of zero viscosity.

It filled the infinite range of the electromagnetic spectrum such that there was no particle of matter so small that this light could not directly influence it. There was neither distance so great nor matter so dense that this light could not penetrate it. It revealed everything. Nothing could remain in darkness. Nothing was left hidden. There was no way to escape the light. The light surged toward infinite intensity, flash vaporizing all flesh and bone and every fiber of every living creature on Earth, including all those who had attempted to hide themselves in the most deeply fortified subterranean bunkers and caverns and crevices. All living creatures, including the new men, were reduced to vapor and ash in an instant. The human death toll exceeded 100 billion in the blink of an eye.

The spirits of all deceased life were displaced violently away from the earth, scattered, blown outward in every direction. It was as if the light were a sudden and fierce wind blasting millennia of dust off the face of the earth in one furious, explosive puff.

Then, in an instant, by some immeasurable power wielded by the man from whom the light on the eastern horizon emanated, the earth itself was removed from its place in space. The entire planet was instantly plucked up, physically flipped upside down, pole to pole, and deposited into some deep and vast expanse of intergalactic space where there were no stars, no other planets, not even a dim glimmer of light from distant galaxies. Earth was left entirely alone, utterly forsaken, its surface left blackened and covered in filth and debris, frozen in the pitch black depths of an expanse of

space so vast no instrument of mortal man could have detected any light from any source. Not that there were any such instruments left functional on Earth, and much less any living soul left upon the earth.

The spirits of the deceased no longer pertained to Earth; they were all displaced, abruptly scattered to other places, places commensurate with their individual thoughts and words and deeds since they had left Antecedeon. Some fared better than others, based on the choices they had made during their mortal lives. The less iniquitous spirits of the deceased were resurrected within a relatively short period of time. They were resurrected to some degree of eternal life, but they could never form families or have children. They were resurrected onto a world other than Earth, and they had no more access to Earth.

The more iniquitous spirits of the deceased were resurrected after a relatively long wait, some waiting as long as a millennium to be resurrected. They were resurrected onto different worlds than the less iniquitous souls. They could never form families. They could never have children. During the period of time in which they awaited their resurrection, the more iniquitous spirits were imprisoned in the same terrifying and ignominious state of total darkness and torment as the one-third, The New Order, who had been exiled from Antecedeon. After their resurrection they were released from that state of torment and inherited worlds commensurate with the manner in which they had spent their mortal probations on Earth.

The one-third, The New Order, those spirits who had been exiled from Antecedeon, having forever forfeited their individual agency, would never be resurrected. How could they ever be resurrected? They had forfeited their right to be born into mortal bodies of flesh and bone. They had no right to mortal bodies of their own to begin with, thus they had no right to a resurrection to any degree of eternal life. In other words, they were eternally dead. The bodies they had possessed as new men were not theirs to keep; such bodies were never supposed to have been created. Those bodies were abominations, and they were destroyed forever. The spirits of the one-third were swiftly banished to their final and eternal place of darkness and torment from which they could never escape, and from which they would never be released. They would never see Earth again. They inherited nothing. They would never again occupy or influence flesh of any kind. They were eternally confined to the torturous and horrific singularity they had dreaded since their exile from Antecedeon.

All in all, not a single, solitary soul that had ever pertained to Earth had merited the fullness of eternal life, the life the great governor and patriarch enjoyed with some of his generations and some among the generations of his progenitors. Those who had been assigned to Earth as the seat of their mortal probation had lost their rights to the earth; they would never see Earth again. The earth was dead. There was no spirit or flesh of any kind left upon it or within it or anywhere around it.

The children of men had neglected and refused to turn their hearts to their fathers. The fathers had neglected and refused to turn their hearts to their children. They had not bound themselves together or sealed themselves together as families, as they could have done, as they should have done, while every opportunity had been given them to do so.

Jesus Christ, the Great Mediator, the True Messiah, the Firstborn of the Great Governor and Patriarch, had returned to the earth as he had promised. He had returned to the earth he had created for so many of those he had loved. But, because the inhabitants of the earth had all neglected and refused to turn their hearts to their fathers and to their children, the earth was utterly wasted at his coming, just as he had warned. The inhabitants of Earth had not kept their second estate. No one inherited the earth. History had repeated itself on Earth, just as it had on Mars.

Earth was left adrift and alone in the vast, cold depths of distant, intergalactic space, forever expelled from the universe in which it had been created, and from the universe in which it had succumbed to its mortality. The once beautiful, blue and white, marble-like planet that had been created to cradle and sustain mankind was left a blackened, forgotten, lacerated relic, fractured and desolate; a barren ash world, utterly wasted and devoid of life, forsaken, abandoned, useless, eternally FUBAR!



LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

THE END!

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

## Postface

This story is a work of fiction. It is intended to provoke thought. It should be noted that there are some elements of fact, both theological and scientific, woven into the story. The most important fact of all is the undeniable truth that Jesus Christ, who created this earth and everything observable by man and then some, will return to this earth very soon. No one knows exactly when. What that day holds for each of us depends solely upon our individual choices and the intentions of our hearts, not upon our individual circumstances.

This earth will not meet the final fate described at the end of this story; quite the opposite, in fact. A final doom similar to that described at the end of this story may have happened to other inhabited worlds, and may yet happen to other inhabited worlds, but will not happen to Earth.

This earth will fill the measure of its creation; it will become a celestial world inherited only by those who will have become truly meek and kept the covenants and

ordinances prerequisite to a celestial inheritance. Everyone else will be relocated to live on other worlds, some terrestrial and some telestial and some devoid of any degree of glory. Such individuals will live without marriage, without families, and without children. They will have no more access to this earth after this earth is celestialized.

In this story, numerous scriptural events and facts have been creatively embellished for dramatic effect. A few unembellished scriptural references are provided here. Interested readers may search for themselves and come to their own informed conclusions. The references provided on the following pages are by no means exhaustive. They are intended to serve as a starting point for anyone inclined to search related topics further.

Dream Log Entry: 0945 Hours, Friday, 11 December 2009. I awoke to write as much as I could remember of what I had just read in a dream. In the dream, I was reading unfamiliar scripture; scripture that either has not yet been written or is not had among men at this time, perhaps scripture that has been written but withheld for whatever purpose. This is not the first dream I have had in my life where I have dreamed I was reading unfamiliar scripture, but it is the first time I have attempted to write what I was reading. As for prior dreams, I cannot remember even the topic of the scriptures I had been reading. After waking from this particular dream, I remember something specific.

I saw at least two paragraphs. The words had been printed in serif type on a page in a book of scripture. I tried to recall the words, but only the following sentence remains

clearly visible in my mind, as clearly as when I saw it in the dream: “Behold, it is exact.”

I can only paraphrase a couple of sentences, and then make mention of what I recall as the context and the topic being addressed in the verses. I cannot recall the rest of the words. They faded from my mind in the very act of attempting to write them with pen and paper immediately after waking. Perhaps I am not supposed to remember the exact words, but rather understand the general principle being taught, and witness the fact that there are scriptures yet to come forth, scriptures we do not yet have.

Paraphrasing, I can recall reading something to the effect of: “And I came to receive, as he [Jesus] did, the washing of feet. Jesus came unto many [of his prophets and apostles] to give an accounting as the victims. Behold, it is exact.”

If I remember correctly, in the context of the verses I saw in my dream, Jesus had come to some of his prophets and apostles to receive the washing of feet. In other words, in this particular case, it was Jesus who was receiving the ordinance of the washing of feet at the hands of his servants. The context and spirit of the verses I saw, though I cannot remember the words, gave me the impression that in this particular case, Jesus receiving the washing of feet by his servants had something specific to do with Jesus giving to them a very personal, individual accounting, as if Jesus himself were each and every victim of the terrible crimes done to individual victims throughout Earth’s history. I have the impression that Jesus also delegated specific individuals of his choosing to act in his place to receive the washing of feet

in this context. I have the impression that this process took considerable time, that Jesus, and those whom he had chosen for this specific purpose, took the time to receive the ordinance of washing of feet many, many times, by the hands of many, many of his servants in various places around the world. Each time Jesus, or one of those whom he had appointed to this purpose, received the washing of feet by his servants, Jesus was in effect serving as a proxy on behalf of every victim, one at a time, to give an individual accounting of that particular victim's experiences, and his accounting is exact. I was impressed to understand that Jesus, having truly borne, through his atonement, the precise pains and injustices experienced by every victim ever to live upon the earth, can and will offer an accounting of every detail of each victim's experiences as if such experiences had been done unto him personally, for he knows them all. I have the impression that those whom Jesus had chosen to act in his place to receive the washing of feet, which is a specific ordinance, would have some capacity as he does to understand as he understands and to feel and see as he feels and sees, to have a keen and complete empathy and love for those for whom he acts. Pondering carefully what I saw in the verses of scripture in my dream, I do not know if Jesus delegated both the receiving of the ordinance of washing of feet and the giving an account as the victims, or if he delegated only the receiving of the ordinance of washing of feet, but then he himself gave the accounting as the victims. Based on the words I saw, and the context and spirit of what I saw, it seems Jesus delegated only the receiving of the ordinance of washing of feet, and

that he himself personally gave each account as the victims, one at a time, until all had been accounted, every whit.

As I compare my impressions with what I know to be true, I find these impressions to be consistent with every point of doctrine I know at this point in my life, according to my understanding at the time of this writing. I also know that I do not know all things. I do not know the whole meaning of the ordinance of washing of feet. I do not know if the washing of feet has anything to do with the context of this particular dream. I am only relating what I saw and felt in my dream. I am not claiming it to be doctrine or revelation.

I know that Jesus took upon himself the afflictions of every individual who has ever lived and who will ever live on this earth. I know that inasmuch as perpetrators commit a crime or an injustice against even the least of their brethren, they have done it unto Jesus himself, and he has borne it. I know that the secret works of darkness will all be revealed in the last days, in due time. I know that all secrets will be, in effect, shouted from the housetops for all to know. I know that all wickedness will be exposed, and all who commit sin and refuse to repent will be exposed along with all their sins. The perpetrators of evil will be seen in plain light and will be recognized clearly for what they have become and for what they have done, and for what they have not done but should have done. I know that Jesus will cleanse his Church in the last days, and that only those who repent and keep their covenants, like the five virgins who kept oil prepared for their lamps in the parable of the ten virgins, will merit being called to stand at the right hand of Jesus when he presents his work

to his Father. I know that there is no other name and no other means by which any individual may come unto God our Father, but by Jesus only, and this because of his love and his infinite atonement. I know that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ. I know it by the power of the Holy Ghost, and I so testify in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



## References

Topics: Eternal families; vicarious work performed by the living on behalf of the dead; the urgent nature of vicarious work; only the meek will inherit the earth:

The Prophet Elijah was to plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to their fathers, Foreshadowing the great work to be done in the temples of the Lord in the dispensation of the fulness of times, for the redemption of the dead, and the sealing of the children to their parents, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse and utterly wasted at his coming. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 138.47-48)

Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead. For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit. (*The King James Bible*, 1<sup>st</sup> Peter 4.5-6)

Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead? (*The King James Bible*, 1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians 15.29)

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. (*The King James Bible*, Matthew 5.5)

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace. (*The King James Bible*, Psalms 37.11)

And the redemption of the soul is through him that quickeneth all things, in whose bosom it is decreed that the poor and the meek of the earth shall inherit it. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 88.17)

Topics: God's greatest work is to enable his children to become like him; the existence of innumerable worlds inhabited by children of God; the potential for mankind to become gods and goddesses:

And behold, the glory of the Lord was upon Moses, so that Moses stood in the presence of God, and talked with him face to face. And the Lord God said unto Moses: For mine own purpose have I made these things. Here is wisdom and it remaineth in me. And by the word of my power, have I created them, which is mine Only Begotten Son, who is full of grace and truth. And worlds without number have I created; and I also created them for mine own purpose; and by the Son I created them, which is mine Only Begotten. And the first man of all men have I called Adam, which is many. But only an account of this earth, and the inhabitants thereof, give I unto you. For behold, there are many worlds that have passed away by the word of my power. And there are many that now stand, and innumerable are they unto man; but all things are numbered unto me, for they are mine and I know them. And it came to pass that Moses spake unto the Lord, saying: Be merciful unto thy servant, O God, and tell me concerning this earth, and the inhabitants

thereof, and also the heavens, and then thy servant will be content. And the Lord God spake unto Moses, saying: The heavens, they are many, and they cannot be numbered unto man; but they are numbered unto me, for they are mine. And as one earth shall pass away, and the heavens thereof even so shall another come; and there is no end to my works, neither to my words. For behold, this is my work and my glory - to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. And now, Moses, my son, I will speak unto thee concerning this earth upon which thou standest; and thou shalt write the things which I shall speak. And in a day when the children of men shall esteem my words as naught and take many of them from the book which thou shalt write, behold, I will raise up another like unto thee; and they shall be had again among the children of men - among as many as shall believe. (*The Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 1.31-41)

Abraham received concubines, and they bore him children; and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac also and Jacob did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones, and are not angels but are gods. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 132.37)

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

Topics: The eternal nature of choice and consequence, or cause and effect; all space pertains to some dominion and is governed by some law:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated - And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 130.20-21)

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 130.18-19)

And there are many kingdoms; for there is no space in the which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or a lesser kingdom. And unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions. All beings who abide not in those conditions are not justified. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 88.37-39)



Topics: The nature of spirit matter; the difference between spirit bodies and bodies of flesh and bone; the eternal nature of agency and intelligence:

There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes; We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified we shall see that it is all matter. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 131.7-8)

[God] The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; [Christ] the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of Spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 130.22)

When the Savior shall appear we shall see him as he is. We shall see that he is a man like ourselves. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 130.1)

Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence. Behold, here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man; because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light. And every man whose spirit receiveth not the light is under condemnation. For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy; And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy. The elements are the tabernacle of God; yea, man is the tabernacle of God, even temples; and whatsoever temple is defiled, God shall destroy that temple. The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth. Light and truth forsake that evil one. *(The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Section 93.29-37)*

Topics: The state of the wicked inhabitants of the earth; their doom is terrible; the veil will be removed; the nature of mankind; the unchanging and unchangeable nature of God:

But, behold, in the last days, or in the days of the Gentiles - yea, behold all the nations of the Gentiles and also the Jews, both those who shall come upon this land and those who shall be upon other lands, yea, even upon all the lands of the earth, behold, they will be drunken with iniquity and all manner of abominations - And when that day shall come they shall be visited of the Lord of Hosts, with thunder and with earthquake, and with a great noise, and with storm, and with tempest, and with the flame of devouring fire. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Nephi 27.1-2)

And wo unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord! And their works are in the dark; and they say: Who seeth us, and who knoweth us? And they also say: Surely, your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay. But behold, I will show unto them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that I know all their works. For shall the work say of him that made it, he made me not? Or shall the thing framed say of him that

framed it, he had no understanding? (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Nephi 27.27)

But behold, the residue of the wicked have I kept in chains of darkness until the judgment of the great day, which shall come at the end of the earth; And even so will I cause the wicked to be kept, that will not hear my voice but harden their hearts, and wo, wo, wo, is their doom. But behold, verily, verily, I say unto you that mine eyes are upon you. I am in your midst and ye cannot see me; But the day soon cometh that ye shall see me, and know that I am; for the veil of darkness shall soon be rent, and he that is not purified shall not abide the day. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 38.5-8)

We have learned by sad experience that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 121.39)

For the natural man is an enemy to God, and has been from the fall of Adam, and will be, forever and ever, unless he yields to the enticings of the Holy Spirit, and putteth off the natural man and becometh a saint through the atonement of Christ the Lord, and becometh as a child, submissive, meek, humble, patient, full of love, willing to submit to all things which the Lord seeth fit to inflict upon him, even as a child doth submit to his father. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, Mosiah 3.19)

For I know that God is not a partial God, neither a changeable being; but he is unchangeable from all eternity to all eternity. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, Moroni 8.18)

Listen to the voice of the Lord your God, even Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, whose course is one eternal round, the same today as yesterday, and forever. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 35.1)

For behold, I am God; and I am a God of miracles; and I will show unto the world that I am the same yesterday, today, and forever; and I work not among the children of men save it be according to their faith. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Nephi 27.23)

And I do this that I may prove unto many that I am the same yesterday, today, and forever; and that I speak forth my words according to mine own pleasure. And because that I have spoken one word ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; for my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be until the end of man, neither from that time henceforth and forever. Wherefore, because that ye have a Bible ye need not suppose that it contains all my words; neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Nephi 29.9-10)

Topics: The social nature of mankind will continue after death and after the resurrection; the individual nature of God the Father and of his Son, Jesus Christ; the nature of the world upon which God resides; the final state of the earth:

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. (*The King James Bible*, John 14.23)

And that same sociality which exists among us here will exist among us there, only it will be coupled with eternal glory, which glory we do not now enjoy. The appearing of the Father and the Son, in that verse [John 14:23], is a personal appearance; and the idea that the Father and the Son dwell in a man's heart is an old sectarian notion, and is false. In answer to the question — Is not the reckoning of God's time, angel's time, prophet's time, and man's time, according to the planet on which they reside? I answer, Yes. But there are no angels who minister to this earth but those who do belong or have belonged to it. The angels do not reside on a planet like this earth; But they reside in the presence of God, on a globe like a sea of glass and fire, where all things for their glory are manifest, past,

present, and future, and are continually before the Lord. The place where God resides is a great Urim and Thummim. This earth, in its sanctified and immortal state, will be made like unto crystal and will be a Urim and Thummim to the inhabitants who dwell thereon, whereby all things pertaining to an inferior kingdom, or all kingdoms of a lower order, will be manifest to those who dwell on it; and this earth will be Christ's. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 130.2-9)



Topics: The existence of mankind as spirits prior to birth; the purpose for which the earth was created; the purpose of mortal life; war in heaven:

Thus saith the Lord your God, even Jesus Christ, the Great I AM, Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the same which looked upon the wide expanse of eternity, and all the seraphic hosts of heaven, before the world was made; The same which knoweth all things, for all things are present before mine eyes; I am the same which spake, and the world was made, and all things came by me. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 38.1-3)

Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born. And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will

go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever. And the Lord said: Whom shall I send? And one answered like unto the Son of Man: Here am I, send me. And another answered and said: Here am I, send me. And the Lord said: I will send the first. And the second was angry, and kept not his first estate; and, at that day, many followed after him. (*The Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham 3.22-28)

Topics: Degrees of eternal life; Celestial, Terrestrial, and Telestial degrees or kingdoms compared to the brightness of the sun, the moon, and the stars, respectively:

These are they who are just men made perfect through Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who wrought out this perfect atonement through the shedding of his own blood. These are they whose bodies are celestial, whose glory is that of the sun, even the glory of God, the highest of all, whose glory the sun of the firmament is written of as being typical. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 76.69-70)

And again, we saw the terrestrial world, and behold and lo, these are they who are of the terrestrial, whose glory differs from that of the church of the Firstborn [Jesus Christ] who have received the fulness of the Father, even as that of the moon differs from the sun in the firmament. Behold, these are they who died without law; And also they who are the spirits of men kept in prison, whom the Son [Jesus Christ] visited, and preached the gospel unto them, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh; Who received not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but

afterwards received it. These are they who are honorable men of the earth, who were blinded by the craftiness of men. These are they who receive of his glory, but not of his fulness. These are they who receive of the presence of the Son, but not of the fulness of the Father. Wherefore, they are bodies terrestrial, and not bodies celestial, and differ in glory as the moon differs from the sun. These are they who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus; wherefore, they obtain not the crown over the kingdom of our God. And now this is the end of the vision which we saw of the terrestrial, that the Lord commanded us to write while we were yet in the Spirit. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 76.71-80)

And again, we saw the glory of the telestial, which glory is that of the lesser, even as the glory of the stars differs from that of the glory of the moon in the firmament. These are they who received not the gospel of Christ, neither the testimony of Jesus. These are they who deny not the Holy Spirit. These are they who are thrust down to hell. These are they who shall not be redeemed from the devil until the last resurrection, until the Lord, even Christ

the Lamb, shall have finished his work.  
*(The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus  
Christ of Latter-day Saints, Section 76.81-85)*

And the glory of the telestial is one, even as the glory of the stars is one; for as one star differs from another star in glory, even so differs one from another in glory in the telestial world; For these are they who are of Paul, and of Apollos, and of Cephas. These are they who say they are some of one and some of another - some of Christ and some of John, and some of Moses, and some of Elias, and some of Esaias, and some of Isaiah, and some of Enoch; But received not the gospel, neither the testimony of Jesus, neither the prophets, neither the everlasting covenant. Last of all, these all are they who will not be gathered with the saints, to be caught up unto the church of the Firstborn, and received into the cloud. These are they who are liars, and sorcerers, and adulterers, and whoremongers, and whosoever loves and makes a lie. These are they who suffer the wrath of God on earth. These are they who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. These are they who are cast down to hell and suffer the wrath of Almighty God, until the fulness of times, when Christ shall have subdued all enemies

under his feet, and shall have perfected his work; When he shall deliver up the kingdom, and present it unto the Father, spotless, saying: I have overcome and have trodden the wine-press alone, even the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God. Then shall he be crowned with the crown of his glory, to sit on the throne of his power to reign forever and ever. But behold, and lo, we saw the glory and the inhabitants of the telestial world, that they were as innumerable as the stars in the firmament of heaven, or as the sand upon the seashore; And heard the voice of the Lord saying: These all shall bow the knee, and every tongue shall confess to him who sits upon the throne forever and ever; For they shall be judged according to their works, and every man shall receive according to his own works, his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared; And they shall be servants of the Most High; but where God and Christ dwell they cannot come, worlds without end. This is the end of the vision which we saw, which we were commanded to write while we were yet in the Spirit. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 76.98-113)

And the spirit and the body are the soul of man. And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul. And the redemption of the soul is through him that quickeneth all things, in whose bosom it is decreed that the poor and the meek of the earth shall inherit it. Therefore, it must needs be sanctified from all unrighteousness, that it may be prepared for the celestial glory; For after it hath filled the measure of its creation, it shall be crowned with glory, even with the presence of God the Father; That bodies who are of the celestial kingdom may possess it forever and ever; for, for this intent was it made and created, and for this intent are they sanctified. And they who are not sanctified through the law which I have given unto you, even the law of Christ, must inherit another kingdom, even that of a terrestrial kingdom, or that of a telestial kingdom. For he who is not able to abide the law of a celestial kingdom cannot abide a celestial glory. And he who cannot abide the law of a terrestrial kingdom cannot abide a terrestrial glory. And he who cannot abide the law of a telestial kingdom cannot abide a telestial glory; therefore he is not meet for a kingdom of glory. Therefore he must abide a kingdom which is not a kingdom of glory. And again,

verily I say unto you, the earth abideth the law of a celestial kingdom, for it filleth the measure of its creation, and transgresseth not the law - Wherefore, it shall be sanctified; yea, notwithstanding it shall die, it shall be quickened again, and shall abide the power by which it is quickened, and the righteous shall inherit it. For notwithstanding they die, they also shall rise again, a spiritual body. They who are of a celestial spirit shall receive the same body which was a natural body; even ye shall receive your bodies, and your glory shall be that glory by which your bodies are quickened. Ye who are quickened by a portion of the celestial glory shall then receive of the same, even a fulness. And they who are quickened by a portion of the terrestrial glory shall then receive of the same, even a fulness. And also they who are quickened by a portion of the telestial glory shall then receive of the same, even a fulness. And they who remain shall also be quickened; nevertheless, they shall return again to their own place, to enjoy that which they are willing to receive, because they were not willing to enjoy that which they might have received. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 88.15-32)



And again, verily I say unto you, that which is governed by law is also preserved by law and perfected and sanctified by the same. That which breaketh a law, and abideth not by law, but seeketh to become a law unto itself, and willeth to abide in sin, and altogether abideth in sin, cannot be sanctified by law, neither by mercy, justice, nor judgment. Therefore, they must remain filthy still. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 88.34-35)

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

Topics: Satan's rebellion against God; Satan's attempt to usurp the individual agency of man; Satan covets the power and glory of God:

And I, the Lord God, spake unto Moses, saying: That Satan, whom thou hast commanded in the name of mine Only Begotten, is the same which was from the beginning, and he came before me, saying - Behold, here am I, send me, I will be thy son, and I will redeem all mankind, that one soul shall not be lost, and surely I will do it; wherefore give me thine honor. But, behold, my Beloved Son, which was my Beloved and Chosen from the beginning, said unto me - Father, thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever. Wherefore, because that Satan rebelled against me, and sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him, and also, that I should give unto him mine own power; by the power of mine Only Begotten, I caused that he should be cast down; And he became Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of all lies, to deceive and to blind men, and to lead them captive at his will, even as many as would not hearken unto my voice. (*The Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 4.1-4)

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

Topics: Christ lives; many inhabited worlds created by Christ; inhabitants of those worlds are literal sons and daughters of God; Christ redeems all except those who have had full knowledge of Christ and have received the Holy Ghost and then deny that knowledge; sons of perdition to be resurrected to the same state of eternal condemnation as Satan and the spirits who followed Satan:

And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father - That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God. And this we saw also, and bear record, that an angel of God who was in authority in the presence of God, who rebelled against the Only Begotten Son whom the Father loved and who was in the bosom of the Father, was thrust down from the presence of God and the Son, And was called Perdition, for the heavens wept over him - he was Lucifer, a son of the morning. And we beheld, and lo, he is fallen! is fallen, even a son of the morning! And while we were yet in the Spirit, the Lord commanded us that we

should write the vision; for we beheld Satan, that old serpent, even the devil, who rebelled against God, and sought to take the kingdom of our God and his Christ - Wherefore, he maketh war with the saints of God, and encompasseth them round about. And we saw a vision of the sufferings of those with whom he made war and overcame, for thus came the voice of the Lord unto us: 'Thus saith the Lord concerning all those who know my power, and have been made partakers thereof, and suffered themselves through the power of the devil to be overcome, and to deny the truth and defy my power - They are they who are the sons of perdition, of whom I say that it had been better for them never to have been born; For they are vessels of wrath, doomed to suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels in eternity; Concerning whom I have said there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come - Having denied the Holy Spirit after having received it, and having denied the Only Begotten Son of the Father, having crucified him unto themselves and put him to an open shame. These are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels - And the only ones on whom the second death shall have any power; Yea,

verily, the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the due time of the Lord, after the sufferings of his wrath. For all the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and the glory of the Lamb, who was slain, who was in the bosom of the Father before the worlds were made. And this is the gospel, the glad tidings, which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us - That he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness; That through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him; Who glorifies the Father, and saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition who deny the Son after the Father has revealed him. Wherefore, he saves all except them - they shall go away into everlasting punishment, which is endless punishment, which is eternal punishment, to reign with the devil and his angels in eternity, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, which is their torment - And the end thereof, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows; Neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, except to

them who are made partakers thereof; Nevertheless, I, the Lord, show it by vision unto many, but straightway shut it up again; Wherefore, the end, the width, the height, the depth, and the misery thereof, they understand not, neither any man except those who are ordained unto this condemnation. And we heard the voice, saying: Write the vision, for lo, this is the end of the vision of the sufferings of the ungodly. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 76.22-49)



Topics: Other worlds; the age of the earth; time allotted for mankind's mortal presence on Earth; one day for God equates to one millennium on Earth; inhabitants of Earth are more wicked than inhabitants of other worlds:

And I, Abraham, had the Urim and Thummim, which the Lord my God had given unto me, in Ur of the Chaldees; And I saw the stars, that they were very great, and that one of them was nearest unto the throne of God; and there were many great ones which were near unto it; And the Lord said unto me: These are the governing ones; and the name of the great one is Kolob, because it is near unto me, for I am the Lord thy God: I have set this one to govern all those which belong to the same order as that upon which thou standest. And the Lord said unto me, by the Urim and Thummim, that Kolob was after the manner of the Lord, according to its times and seasons in the revolutions thereof; that one revolution was a day unto the Lord, after his manner of reckoning, it being one thousand years according to the time appointed unto that whereon thou standest. This is the reckoning of the Lord's time, according to the reckoning of Kolob. (*The Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham 3.1-4)

[Question]. What are we to understand by the book which John saw, which was sealed on the back with seven seals?

[Answer]. We are to understand that it contains the revealed will, mysteries, and the works of God; the hidden things of his economy concerning this earth during the seven thousand years of its continuance, or its temporal existence.

[Question]. What are we to understand by the seven seals with which it was sealed?

[Answer]. We are to understand that the first seal contains the things of the first thousand years, and the second also of the second thousand years, and so on until the seventh. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 77.6-7)

[Question]. What are we to understand by the sounding of the trumpets, mentioned in the 8<sup>th</sup> chapter of Revelation?

[Answer]. We are to understand that as God made the world in six days, and on the seventh day he finished his work, and sanctified it, and also formed man out of the dust of the earth, even so, in the beginning of the seventh thousand years will the Lord God sanctify the earth, and complete the salvation of man, and judge all things, and shall redeem

all things, except that which he hath not put into his power, when he shall have sealed all things, unto the end of all things; and the sounding of the trumpets of the seven angels are the preparing and finishing of his work, in the beginning of the seventh thousand years — the preparing of the way before the time of his coming. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 77.12)

And Enoch said unto the Lord: How is it that thou canst weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity? And were it possible that man could number the particles of the earth, yea, millions of earths like this, it would not be a beginning to the number of thy creations; and thy curtains are stretched out still; and yet thou art there, and thy bosom is there; and also thou art just; thou art merciful and kind forever; And thou hast taken Zion to thine own bosom, from all thy creations, from all eternity to all eternity; and naught but peace, justice, and truth is the habitation of thy throne; and mercy shall go before thy face and have no end; how is it thou canst weep? The Lord said unto Enoch: Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave

unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency; And unto thy brethren have I said, and also given commandment, that they should love one another, and that they should choose me, their Father; but behold, they are without affection, and they hate their own blood; And the fire of mine indignation is kindled against them; and in my hot displeasure will I send in the floods upon them, for my fierce anger is kindled against them. Behold, I am God; Man of Holiness is my name; Man of Counsel is my name; and Endless and Eternal is my name, also. Wherefore, I can stretch forth mine hands and hold all the creations which I have made; and mine eye can pierce them also, and among all the workmanship of mine hands there has not been so great wickedness as among thy brethren. But behold, their sins shall be upon the heads of their fathers; Satan shall be their father, and misery shall be their doom; and the whole heavens shall weep over them, even all the workmanship of mine hands; wherefore should not the heavens weep, seeing these shall suffer? But behold, these which thine eyes are upon shall perish in the floods; and behold, I will shut them up; a prison have I prepared for them. And That

which I have chosen hath pled before my face. Wherefore, he suffereth for their sins; inasmuch as they will repent in the day that my Chosen shall return unto me, and until that day they shall be in torment; Wherefore, for this shall the heavens weep, yea, and all the workmanship of mine hands. And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Enoch, and told Enoch all the doings of the children of men; wherefore Enoch knew, and looked upon their wickedness, and their misery, and wept and stretched forth his arms, and his heart swelled wide as eternity; and his bowels yearned; and all eternity shook. (*The Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 7.29-41)

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK

Topics: Satan sought to exalt himself above God; Satan will not prevail in the end; those who choose to follow Satan will be destroyed:

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof;

that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evildoers shall never be renowned. Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. For I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant, and son, and nephew, saith the Lord. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts. The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand: (*The King James Bible*, Isaiah 14.9-24)



Topics: War in heaven; every law given by God is a spiritual law with eternal ramifications; one-third forfeited their agency and followed Satan:

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 12.7-9)

Wherefore, verily I say unto you that all things unto me are spiritual, and not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal; neither any man, nor the children of men; neither Adam, your father, whom I created. Behold, I gave unto him that he should be an agent unto himself; and I gave unto him commandment, but no temporal commandment gave I unto him, for my commandments are spiritual; they are not natural nor temporal, neither carnal nor sensual. And it came to pass that Adam, being tempted of the devil - for, behold, the devil was before Adam, for he rebelled against me,

saying, Give me thine honor, which is my power; and also a third part of the hosts of heaven turned he away from me because of their agency; And they were thrust down, and thus came the devil and his angels; And, behold, there is a place prepared for them from the beginning, which place is hell. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 29.34-38)

Topics: The resurrection of the dead; the state of spirits while awaiting their resurrection; Jesus Christ among the spirits of the deceased during the period between Christ's death and Christ's resurrection:

And there were gathered together in one place an innumerable company of the spirits of the just, who had been faithful in the testimony of Jesus while they lived in mortality; And who had offered sacrifice in the similitude of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, and had suffered tribulation in their Redeemer's name. All these had departed the mortal life, firm in the hope of a glorious resurrection, through the grace of God the Father and his Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ. I beheld that they were filled with joy and gladness, and were rejoicing together because the day of their deliverance was at hand. They were assembled awaiting the advent of the Son of God into the spirit world, to declare their redemption from the bands of death. Their sleeping dust was to be restored unto its perfect frame, bone to his bone, and the sinews and the flesh upon them, the spirit and the body to be united never again to be divided, that they might receive a fulness of joy. While this vast multitude waited and conversed, rejoicing in the hour of their deliverance from the chains

of death, the Son of God appeared, declaring liberty to the captives who had been faithful; And there he preached to them the everlasting gospel, the doctrine of the resurrection and the redemption of mankind from the fall, and from individual sins on conditions of repentance. But unto the wicked he did not go, and among the ungodly and the unrepentant who had defiled themselves while in the flesh, his voice was not raised; Neither did the rebellious who rejected the testimonies and the warnings of the ancient prophets behold his presence, nor look upon his face. Where these were, darkness reigned, but among the righteous there was peace; And the saints rejoiced in their redemption, and bowed the knee and acknowledged the Son of God as their Redeemer and Deliverer from death and the chains of hell. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 138.12-23)

Topics: The spirits of deceased prophets continue their work among the spirits of the deceased; individual spirits were assigned to be born into mortality at specific times for specific purposes; the purpose of temples:

Thus was it made known that our Redeemer spent his time during his sojourn in the world of spirits, instructing and preparing the faithful spirits of the prophets who had testified of him in the flesh; That they might carry the message of redemption unto all the dead, unto whom he could not go personally, because of their rebellion and transgression, that they through the ministration of his servants might also hear his words. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 138.36-37)

All these and many more, even the prophets who dwelt among the Nephites and testified of the coming of the Son of God, mingled in the vast assembly and waited for their deliverance, For the dead had looked upon the long absence of their spirits from their bodies as a bondage. These the Lord taught, and gave them power to come forth, after his resurrection from the dead, to enter into his Father's kingdom, there to be crowned with immortality and eternal life, And continue

thenceforth their labor as had been promised by the Lord, and be partakers of all blessings which were held in reserve for them that love him. The Prophet Joseph Smith, and my father, Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and other choice spirits who were reserved to come forth in the fulness of times to take part in laying the foundations of the great latter-day work, Including the building of the temples and the performance of ordinances therein for the redemption of the dead, were also in the spirit world. I observed that they were also among the noble and great ones who were chosen in the beginning to be rulers in the Church of God. Even before they were born, they, with many others, received their first lessons in the world of spirits and were prepared to come forth in the due time of the Lord to labor in his vineyard for the salvation of the souls of men. I beheld that the faithful elders of this dispensation, when they depart from mortal life, continue their labors in the preaching of the gospel of repentance and redemption, through the sacrifice of the Only Begotten Son of God, among those who are in darkness and under the bondage of sin in the great world of the spirits of the dead. The dead who repent will be redeemed, through

obedience to the ordinances of the house of God, And after they have paid the penalty of their transgressions, and are washed clean, shall receive a reward according to their works, for they are heirs of salvation. Thus was the vision of the redemption of the dead revealed to me, and I bear record, and I know that this record is true, through the blessing of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, even so. Amen. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 138.49-60)

LAVANWAY

EARTH SINK



Topics: resurrection to immortality is accompanied by a state of happiness or misery in consequence of choices and desires pursued during mortal life:

The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul; yea, and every limb and joint shall be restored to its body; yea, even a hair of the head shall not be lost; but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, Alma 40.23)

And it is requisite with the justice of God that men should be judged according to their works; and if their works were good in this life, and the desires of their hearts were good, that they should also, at the last day, be restored unto that which is good. And if their works are evil they shall be restored unto them for evil. Therefore, all things shall be restored to their proper order, every thing to its natural frame - mortality raised to immortality, corruption to incorruption-raised to endless happiness to inherit the kingdom of God, or to endless misery to inherit the kingdom of the devil, the one on one hand, the other on the other - The one raised to happiness according to his desires of happiness, or good according to his desires of

good; and the other to evil according to his desires of evil; for as he has desired to do evil all the day long even so shall he have his reward of evil when the night cometh. And so it is on the other hand. If he hath repented of his sins, and desired righteousness until the end of his days, even so he shall be rewarded unto righteousness. (*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, Alma 41.3-6)

Topics: Signs of the last days; events of the sixth and seventh millennium of Earth's temporal or mortal existence preceding the second coming of Christ:

And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up. And his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power; and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper, and practise, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people. And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many: he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes; but he shall be broken without hand. (*The King James Bible*, Daniel 8.23-25)

And the people shall be oppressed, every one by another, and every one by his neighbor: the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable. (*The King James Bible*, Isaiah 3.5)

What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? Saith the Lord God of hosts. Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are

haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: Therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, The rings, and nose jewels, The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, The glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty. Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war. And her gates shall lament and mourn; and she being desolate shall sit upon the ground. (*The King James Bible*, Isaiah 3.15-26)

Wherefore, I the Lord God will send forth flies upon the face of the earth, which shall take hold of the inhabitants thereof, and shall eat their flesh, and shall cause maggots to come in upon them; And their tongues shall be stayed that they shall not utter against me; and their flesh shall fall from off their bones, and their eyes from their sockets; And it shall come to pass that the beasts of the forest and the fowls of the air shall devour them up. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 29.18-20)

[Question]. When are the things to be accomplished, which are written in the 9<sup>th</sup> chapter of Revelation?

[Answer]. They are to be accomplished after the opening of the seventh seal, before the coming of Christ. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 77.13)

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as

a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand? (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 6.12-17)

And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 7.1)

And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 8.1)

And there shall be silence in heaven for the space of half an hour; and immediately after shall the curtain of heaven be unfolded, as a

scroll is unfolded after it is rolled up, and the face of the Lord shall be unveiled; (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 88.95)

And the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the alter, and cast it into the earth: and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake. And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 8.5-6)

And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the seven angels, Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.1)

The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 8.7)

And the first went, and poured out his vial upon the earth; and there fell a noisome and grievous sore upon the men which had the mark of the beast, and upon them which

worshipped his image. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.2)

And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea: and the third part of the sea became blood; And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 8.8-9)

And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man: and every living soul died in the sea. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.3)

And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood: and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 8.10-11)

And the third angel poured out his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters; and they



became blood. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.4)

And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shown not for a third part of it, and the night likewise. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 8.12)

And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues: and they repented not to give him glory. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.8-9)

And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have

power. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and there faces were as the faces of men. And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months. And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 9.1-11)

And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness; and they gnawed their tongues for pain, And blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.10-11)

And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God, Saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men. And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them. And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths. For their power is in their mouth, and in their tails: for their tails were

like unto serpents, and had heads, and with them they do hurt. And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk: neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 9.13-21)

And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared. And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame. And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue

Armageddon. (*The King James Bible*,  
Revelation 16.12-16)

And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell: and great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath. And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found. And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent: and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great. (*The King James Bible*, Revelation 16.17-21)

And when I shall put thee out, I will cover the heaven, and make the stars thereof dark; I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set

darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord GOD.  
(*The King James Bible*, Ezekiel 32.7-8)

But wo unto him that has the law given, yea,  
that has all the commandments of God, like  
unto us, and that transgresseth them, and that  
wasteth the days of his probation, for awful is  
his state! O that cunning plan of the evil one!  
O the vainness, and the frailties, and the  
foolishness of men! When they are learned  
they think they are wise, and they hearken not  
unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside,  
supposing they know of themselves,  
wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it  
profiteth them not. And they shall perish.  
(*The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Jesus  
Christ*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Nephi 9.27-28)

Wherefore, verily I say, let the wicked take  
heed, and let the rebellious fear and tremble;  
and let the unbelieving hold their lips, for the  
day of wrath shall come upon them as a  
whirlwind, and all flesh shall know that I am  
God. And he that seeketh signs shall see signs,  
but not unto salvation. Verily, I say unto you,  
there are those among you who seek signs,  
and there have been such even from the  
beginning; But, behold, faith cometh not by  
signs, but signs follow those that believe. Yea,

signs come by faith, not by the will of men, nor as they please, but by the will of God. Yea, signs come by faith, unto mighty works, for without faith no man pleaseth God; and with whom God is angry he is not well pleased; wherefore, unto such he showeth no signs, only in wrath unto their condemnation. Wherefore, I, the Lord, am not pleased with those among you who have sought after signs and wonders for faith, and not for the good of men unto my glory. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 63.6-12)

For not many days hence and the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man; and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light; and the moon shall be bathed in blood; and the stars shall become exceedingly angry, and shall cast themselves down as a fig that falleth from off a fig-tree. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and

the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion; and surely, men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people. And angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying: Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come. Behold, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. And immediately there shall appear a great sign in heaven, and all people shall see it together. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 88.87-93)

I, the Lord, am angry with the wicked; I am holding my Spirit from the inhabitants of the earth. I have sworn in my wrath, and decreed wars upon the face of the earth, and the wicked shall slay the wicked, and fear shall come upon every man; And the saints also shall hardly escape; nevertheless, I, the Lord, am with them, and will come down in heaven from the presence of my Father and consume the wicked with unquenchable fire. (*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Section 63.32-34)



Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. And it shall be, as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him. The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled: for the Lord hath spoken this word. The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away, the haughty people of the earth do languish. The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate: therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left. (*The King James Bible*, Isaiah 24.1-6)

Fear, and the pit, and the snare, are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth. And it shall come to pass, that he who fleeth from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit; and he that cometh up out of the midst of the pit shall be taken in the snare: for the windows from on

high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again. (*The King James Bible*, Isaiah 24.17-20)

To purchase paperback copies of EARTH SINK directly from the author with free shipping worldwide, please send a certified check or money order in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank in the amount of \$24.95 per copy, payable to:

Ilyan Kei Lavanway  
P.O. Box 237844  
Cocoa, FL 32926  
USA

You may also send \$24.95 in U.S. dollars by PayPal to:  
[ilyanlavanway@yahoo.com](mailto:ilyanlavanway@yahoo.com)

Please visit the author's websites and blogs:

<http://www.wix.com/ilyanlavanway/earth-sink>

<http://www.wix.com/ilyanlavanway/books>

<http://conspiracyparanormal.blogspot.com>

<http://ebooksscifi.wordpress.com>

<http://earthsink.blogspot.com>

Ask your local library for a copy of EARTH SINK.

<http://www.worldcat.org/title/earth-sink/oclc/653082398>

Also available as an eBook.

**Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication**  
***(Provided by Quality Books, Inc.)***

Lavanway, Ilyan Kei.

Earth sink / Ilyan Kei Lavanway.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9768004-3-9

ISBN-10: 0-9768004-3-8

1. Human beings--Fiction. 2. Good and evil--Fiction.  
3. Theological anthropology--Fiction. 4. Science  
fiction. I. Title.

PS3612.A9326E27 2010

813'.6

QBI10-600096

**Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication**  
***(Provided by Quality Books, Inc.)***

Lavanway, Ilyan Kei.

Earth sink / Ilyan Kei Lavanway.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9768004-3-9

ISBN-10: 0-9768004-3-8

1. Human beings--Fiction. 2. Good and evil--Fiction.  
3. Theological anthropology--Fiction. 4. Science  
fiction. I. Title.

PS3612.A9326E27 2010

813'.6

QBI10-600096





